

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,
AND
Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME *the* SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

THE PROPHECESS.
THE QUEEN OF CO-
RINTH.
BONDUCA.

THE KNIGHT OF THE
BURNING PESTLE.
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

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THE
WORKS

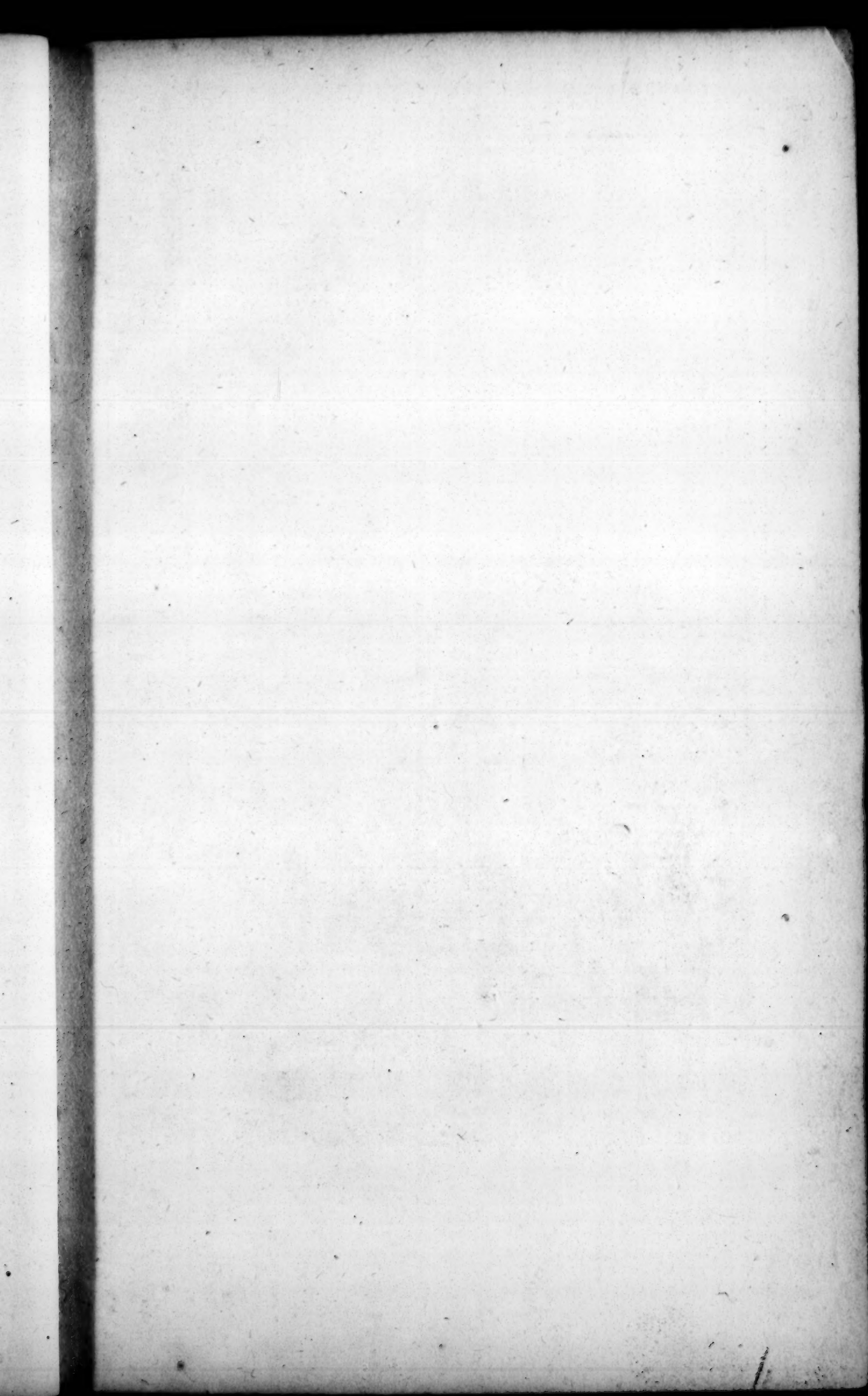
OF

JOHN CALVIN

VOLUME

THE INSTITUTIONS







The Prophetess

Vol. 4, p. 2035.

THE
PROPHETESS.

A
Tragical History.



Printed in the YEAR 1711,

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Charinus, *Emperor of Rome.*

Cosroe, *King of Persia.*

Diocles, *of a private Soldier elected Co-Emperor.*

Maximinian, *Nephew to Diocles, and Emperor by his Donation.*

Volutius Aper, *Murthrer of Numerianus, the late Emperor.*

Niger, *a noble Soldier, Servant to the Emperor.*

Camurius, *a Captain, and Creature of Aper's.*

Persian Lords.

Senators.

Soldiers.

Guard.

Suitors.

Ambassadors.

Lictors.

Flamen.

Attendants.

Shepherd.

Country-men.

Geta, *a Jester, Servant to Diocles, a merry Knave.*

W O M E N.

Aurelia, *Sister to Charinus.*

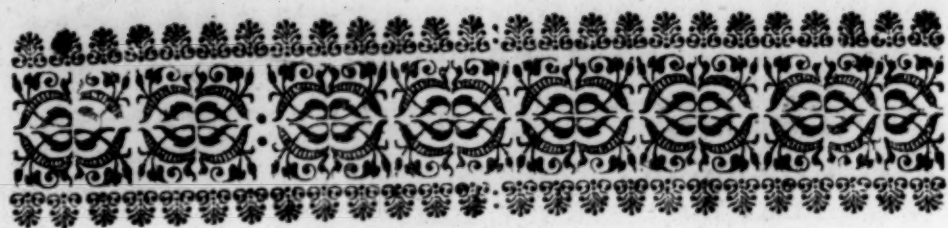
Cassana, *Sister to Cosroe, a Captive, waiting on Aurelia.*

Delphia, *a Prophetess.*

Drusilla, *Neice to Delphia, in love with Diocles.*

S C E N E R O M E.

T H E



THE PROPHETESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and Niger.

CHARINUS.



YOU buz into my Head strange likelihoods,
And fill me full of Doubts: But what
Proofs, *Niger*, (Brother
What Certainties, that my most noble
Came to his end by Murther? Tell me
Assure me by some Circumstance. (that,

Nig. I will, Sir.

And as I tell you truth, so the Gods prosper me.
I have often nam'd this *Aper*.

Cha. True, ye have done:

And in mysterious Senses I have heard ye
Break out o'th' sudden, and abruptly.

Nig. True, Sir.

Fear of your Unbelief, and the Time's giddiness,
Made me I durst not then go farther. So your Grace
Out of your wonted Goodness to give credit, (please
I shall unfold the Wonder.

Aur. Do it boldly:

You shall have both our hearty Loves, and Hearings.

Nig. This *Aper* then, this too much honour'd Villain,
(For he deserves no mention of a good Man)
Great Sir, give Ear: This most ungrateful, spiteful,
Above the memory of Mankind mischievous,
With his own bloody Hands——

Cha.

Cha. Take heed.

Nig. I am in, Sir ;

And if I make not good my Story—

Aur. Forward :

I see a Truth would break out : Be not fearful.

Nig. I say, this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,
Cut off your Brother's Hopes, his Life, and Fortunes ;
The honour'd *Numerianus* fell by him,
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treacherously:
For in his Litter, as he bore him Company,
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him ;
Yet still he fills the faithful Soldiers Ears
With stories of his weakness ; of his Life ;
That he dare not venture to appear in open,
And shew his warlike Face among the Soldiers ;
The tenderness and weakness of his Eyes,
Being not able to endure the Sun yet.
Slave that he is, he gives out this Infirmary
(Because he would dispatch his Honour too)
To arise from Wantonness, and love of Women,
And thus he juggles still.

Aur. O most pernicious,
Most bloody, and most base ! Alas, dear Brother,
Art thou accus'd, and after Death thy Memory
Loaden with Shames and Lies ? Those pious Tears
Thou daily shower'dst upon my Father's Monument,
(When in the *Persian* Expedition
He fell unfortunately by a stroak of Thunder)
Made thy Defame and Sins ? Those wept out Eyes,
The fair Examples of a noble Nature,
Those holy drops of Love, turn'd by Depravers
(Malicious poison'd Tongues) to thy Abuses ?
We must not suffer this.

Cha. It shows a truth now :
And sure this *Aper* is not right nor honest,
He will not come near me.

Nig. No, he dare not :
He has an Inmate here, that's call'd a Conscience,
Bids him keep off.

Cha. My Brother honour'd him,

Made him first Captain of his Guard, his next Friend ;
Then to my Mother (to assure him nearer)
He made him Husband

Nig. And withal Ambitious:
For when he trod so nigh, his false Feet itch'd, Sir,
To step into the State.

Aur. If ye believe, Brother,
Aper a bloody Knave, as 'tis apparent,
Let's leave disputing, and do something Noble.

Cha. Sister, be rul'd. I am not yet so powerful,
To meet him in the Field: He has under him
The flower of all the Empire, and the strength,
The *Britain* and the *German* Cohorts; pray ye be patient.
Niger, how stands the Soldier to him?

Nig. In Fear, more, Sir,
Than Love or Honour: He has lost their fair Affections,
By his most covetous and greedy Gripping.
Are ye desirous to do something on him,
That all the World may know ye lov'd your Brother?
And do it safely too, without an Army?

Cha. Most willingly.

Nig. Then send out a Proscription,
Send suddenly: And to that Man that executes it,
(I mean, that brings his Head) add a fair Payment,
No common Sum: Then ye shall see, I fear not,
Even from his own Camp, from those Men that follow
Follow, and flatter him, we shall find one, (him,
And if he miss, one hundred that will venture it.

Aur. For his Reward, it shall be so, dear Brother,
So far I'll honour him that kills the Villain,
For so far runs my Love to my dead Brother,
Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,
He shall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be denied.

Cha. You shall not, Sister.
But ye shall know, my Love shall go along too:
See a Proscription drawn; and for his Recompence,
My Sister, and half Partner in the Empire;
And I will keep my Word.

Aur. Now ye do bravely.

Nig.

Nig. And though it cost my Life, I'll see it publish'd:

Cha. Away then, for the business.

Nig. I am gone, Sir:

You shall have all dispatch'd to Night.

Cha. Be prosperous.

Aur. And let the Villain fall.

Nig. Fear nothing, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Delphia and Drusilla.

Dru. 'Tis true, that *Diocles* is courteous,
And of a pleasant Nature, sweet and temperate;
His Cousin *Maximinian*, proud and bloody.

Del. Yes, and mistrustful too, my Girl; take heed,
Although he seem to love thee, and affect
Like the more Courtier, curious Complement,
Yet have a care.

Dru. You know all my Affection,
And all my Heart-desires, is set on *Diocles*.
But, Aunt, how coldly he requites this courtesie,
How dull and heavily he looks upon me,
Although I woo him sometimes beyond modesty,
Beyond a Virgin's care: How still he slights me,
And puts me still off with your Prophecy,
And the performance of your late Prediction,
That when he is Emperor, then he will marry me:
Alas, what hope of that?

Del. Peace, and be patient,
For though he be now a Man most miserable,
Of no Rank, nor no badge of Honour on him,
Bred low and poor, no Eye of favour shining;
And though my sure Prediction of his rising,
Which can no more fail, than the Day or Night does,
Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him,
Have found some rubs and stops, yet hear me, Niece,
And hear me with a Faith, it shall come to him.
I'll tell thee the occasion.

Dru. Do, good Aunt:
For yet I am ignorant.

Del.

Del. Chiding him one Day
 For being too near and sparing for a Soldier,
 Too griping, and too greedy: He made answer,
 When I am *Cæsar*, then I will be liberal.
 I presently inspir'd with holy fire,
 And my Prophetick Spirit burning in me,
 Gave answer from the Gods; and this it was,
Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:
 Thou shalt be Emperor, O *Diocles*,
 When thou hast kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time,
 As giving credit to my words, he has imploy'd
 Much of his life in hunting. Many Boars
 Hideous and fierce, with his own Hands he has kill'd too,
 But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
 Should raise him to the Empire: Be not sad, Niece,
 E'er long he shall: Come, let's go entertain him;
 For by this time, I guess, he comes from hunting:
 And by my art, I find this very instant
 Some great design's afoot.

Dru. The Gods give good, Aunt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta, with a Boar.

Dio. Lay down the Boar.

Geta. With all my Heart, I am weary on't;
 I shall turn Jew, if I carry many such burthens.
 Do you think, Master, to be Emperor
 With killing Swine? ye may be an honest Butcher,
 Or ally'd to a seemly Family of Sowse-wives.
 Can you be such an Ass, my reverend Master,
 To think these Springs of Pork will shoot up *Cæsars*?

Max. The Fool says true.

Dio. Come leave your fooling, Sirrah,
 And think of what thou shalt be when I am Emperor.

Geta. Would it would come with thinking, for then
 O' my Conscience I should be at least a Senator.

Max. A Sowter;
 For that's a place more fitted to thy Nature,
 If there could be such an expectation.

Or

Or say the Devil could perform this wonder,
Can such a Rascal as thou art hope for Honour?
Such a Log-carrying Lowt?

Geta. Yes, and bear it too,
And bear it swimmingly. I am not the first Afs, Sir,
Has born good Office, and perform'd it reverently.

Dio. Thou being the Son of a Tiler, canst thou hope to be
a Senator? (to be an Emperor?)

Geta. Thou being the Son of a Tanner, canst thou hope

Dio. Thou say'st true, *Geta*, there's a stop indeed;
But yet the bold and virtuous ———

Geta. Ye are right, Master,
Right as a Gun: For we the virtuous,
Though we be Kennel-rakers, Scabs, and Scoundrels,
We the discreet and bold: And yet, now I remember it,
We Tilers may deserve to be Senators;
And there we step before you thick-skin'd Tanners,
For we are born three Stories high; no base ones,
None of your groundlings, Matter.

Dio. I like thee well,
Thou hast a good Mind, as I have, to this Honour.

Geta. As good a mind, Sir, of a simple Plaisterer---
And when I come to execute my Office,
Then you shall see.

Max. What?

Geta. An Officer in fury;
An Officer as he ought to be: Do you laugh at it?
Is a Senator, in hope, worth no more Reverence?
By these Hands I'll clap you by th' Heels the first hour of it.

Max. O' my Conscience, the Fellow believes.

Dio. Ay, do, do, *Geta*,
For if I once be Emperor ———

Ger. Then will I,
(For wise Men must be had to prop the Republick)
Not bate ye a single Ace of a sound Senator.

Dio. But what shall we do the whilst?

Geta. Kill Swine, and sowse 'em,
And eat 'em when we have Bread.

Max. Why didst thou run away
When the Boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?

Geta.

Geta. No indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine Honour too:
I took a Tree, 'tis true, gave way to the Monster;
Hark what Discretion says, let Fury pass;
From the Tooth of a mad Beast, and the Tongue
Of a Slanderer, preserve thine Honour.

Dio. He talks like a full Senator.
Go, take it up, and carry it in: 'tis a huge one;
We never kill'd so large a Swine; so fierce too
I never met with yet.

Max. Take heed, it stirs again;
How nimbly the Rogue runs up! he climbs like a Squirrel.

Dio. Come down ye Dunce, is it not dead?

Geta. I know not.

Dio. His Throat is cut, and his Bowels out.

Geta. That's all one,
I am sure his Teeth are in; and for any thing I know,
He may have Pigs of his own Nature in's Belly.

Dio. Come, take him up I say, and see him dress'd,
He is fat, and will be lusty Meat; away with him,
And get some of him ready for our Dinner.

Geta. Shall he be roasted whole,
And serv'd up in a Sowce-tub? a portly service,
I'll run i'th' Wheel my self.

Max. Sirrah, leave your prating,
And get some piece of him ready presently,
We are weary both, and hungry.

Geta. I'll about it.

What an inundation of Brewiss shall I swim in? [*Exit.*]

Dio. Thou art ever dull and melancholy, Cousin,
Distrustful of my hopes.

Max. Why, can ye blame me?
Do Men give credit to a Juggler?

Dio. Thou know'st she is a Prophetess.

Max. A small one,
And as small Profit to be hop'd for by her.

Dio. Thou art the strangest Man; how does thy hurt?
The Boar came near you, Sir.

Max. A scratch, a scratch. (angry.)

Dio. It akes and troubles thee, and that makes thee

Max. Not at the Pain, but at the Practice, Uncle,
The

The butcherly base custom of our lives now:
 Had a brave Enemy's Sword drawn so much from me;
 Or danger met me in the head o'th' Army,
 To have blush'd thus in my Blood, had been mine Honour.
 But to live base, like Swine-herds, and believe too,
 To be fool'd out with Tales, and old Wives Dreams,
 Dreams, when they are drunk.

Dio. Certain, you much mistake her.

Max. Mistake her? hang her: To be made her Purveyors,
 To feed her old Chaps; to provide her daily,
 And bring in Feasts, whilst she sits farting at us,
 And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends.

Dio. Prithee be wise: Dost thou think, *Maximinian*,
 So great a Reverence, and so staid a Knowledge—

Max. Sur-reverence, you would say: What Truth?
 What Knowledge?

What any thing, but eating, is good in her?
 'Twould make a Fool prophecy to be fed continually:
 What do you get? your labour and your danger,
 Whilst she sits bathing in her larded fury.
 Inspir'd with full deep Cups, who cannot Prophecy?
 A Tinker, out of Ale, will give Predictions:
 But who believes?

Dio. She is a holy *Druid*,
 A Woman noted for that Faith, that Piety,
 Belov'd of Heav'n.

Max. Heav'n knows, I do not believe it.
 Indeed, I must confess, they are excellent Jugglers;
 Their Age upon some Fools too flings a confidence;
 But what grounds have they, what elements to work on?
 Show me but that; the Sieve and Sheers? a learned one.
 I have no patience to dispute this Question,
 'Tis so ridiculous; I think the Devil does help 'em:
 Or rather, mark me well, abuse 'em, Uncle:
 For they are as fit to deal with him; these old Women,
 They are as jump and squar'd out to his nature—

Dio. Thou hast a perfect malice.

Max. So I would have
 Against these purblind Prophets; for look ye, Sir, Old

Old Women will lie monstrosly, so will the Devil,
Or else he has had much wrong: upon my knowledge,
Old Women are malicious, so is he;
They are proud, and covetous, revengeful, lecherous,
All which are excellent Attributes of the Devil.
They would at last seem holy, so would he;
And to vail over these Villanies, they would Prophecie;
He gives them leave now and then to use their cunnings,
Which is to kill a Cow, or blast a Harvest,
Make young Pigs pipe themselves to Death, choak Poultry,
And chase a Dairy-wench into a Feaver
With pumping for her Butter.
But when he makes these Agents to raise Emperors,
When he disposes Fortune as his Servant,
And tyes her to old Wives Tails——

Dio. Go thy ways,
Thou art a learned Scholar, against credit.
You hear the Prophecy?

Max. Yes, and I laugh at it,
And so will any Man can tell but twenty,
That is not blind, as you are blind and ignorant.
Do you think she knows your Fortune?

Dio. I do think it.

Max. I know she has the Name of a rare Soothsayer,
But do you in your Conscience believe her holy?
Inspired with such Prophetick fire?

Dio. Yes in my Conscience.

Max. And that you must upon necessity
From her words be a *Cæsar*?

Dio. If I live.

Max. There's one stop yet.

Dio. And follow her Directions.

Max. But do not juggle with me.

Dio. In faith, Cousin,
So full a truth hangs ever on her Prophecies,
That how I should think otherwise.

Max. Very well, Sir;
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
She knows her own Fate?

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Max. There's one stop yet.

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Dio. In faith, Cousin,

So full a truth hangs ever on her Prophecies,
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Max. Very well, Sir;
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
She knows her own Fate?

Dio. I believe it certain.

Max. Dare you but be so wise to let me try it,
For I stand doubtful.

Dio. How?

Max. Come nearer to me;
Because her cunning Devil shall not prevent me;
Close, close, and hear; if she can turn this Destiny,
I'll be of your Faith too.

Dio. Forward, I fear not.
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing.

Enter Delphia.

I am so confident——

Max. 'Faith so am I too,
That I shall make her Devil's sides hum.

Dio. She comes here,
Go take your stand.

Max. Now holly, or you howl for't. [Exit.]

Dio. 'Tis pity this young Man should be so stubborn.
Valiant he is, and to his Valour temperate,
Only distrustful of Delays in Fortune;
I love him dearly well.

Del. Now my Son *Diocles*,
Are ye not weary of your Game to day?
And are ye well?

Dio. Yes, Mother, well and lusty;
Only ye make me hunt for empty Shadows. (Day;

Del. You must have Patience, *Rome* was not built in one
And he that hopes, must give his hopes their currents.
You have kill'd a mighty Boar.

Dio. But I am no Emperor.
Why do ye fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering Expectation hour by hour?
Rise early, and sleep late? to feed your Appetites,
Forget my Trade, my Arms? forsake mine Honour,
Labour and sweat to arrive at a base Memory?
Oppose my self to hazards of all sorts,
Only to win the barbarous Name of Butcher?

Del. Son, you are wise.

Dio. But you are cunning, Mother;
And with that Cannon, and the Faith I give ye,
Ye lead me blindly to no End, no Honour.

You

You find ye are daily fed, you take no Labour,
Your Family at Ease, they know no Market,
And therefore to maintain this, you speak darkly,
As darkly still ye nourish it, whilst I,
Being a credulous and obsequious Coxcomb,
Hunt daily, and sweat hourly, to find out
To clear your Mystery; kill Boar on Boar,
And make your Spits and Pots bow with my Bounties:
Yet I still poorer, further still——

Del. Be provident,
And tempt not the Gods Dooms; stop not the Glory
They are ready to fix on ye. Ye are a Fool then;
Chearful and grateful Takers the Gods love,
And such as wait their Pleasures with full hopes;
The doubtful and distrustful Man Heav'n frowns at.
What I have told you by my Inspiration,
I tell ye once again, must and shall find ye.

Dio. But when; or how?

Del. *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*

Dio. I have kill'd many.

Del. Not the Boar they point ye;
Nor must I reveal further, 'till you clear it.
The lots of glorious Men are wrapt in Mysteries,
And so deliver'd: Common and slight Creatures,
That have their Ends as open as their Actions,
Easie and open Fortunes follow.

Max. I shall try
How deep your Inspiration lies hid in ye;
And whether your brave Spirit have a Buckler
To keep this Arrow off, I'll make you smook else.

Dio. Knowing my Fortune so precisely, punctually,
And that it must fall without contradiction,
Being a Stranger of no tie unto ye,
Methinks you should be studied in your own,
In your own Destiny, methinks, most perfect,
And every hour, and every minute, Mother,
So great a care should Heav'n have of her Ministers;
Methinks your Fortunes both ways should appear to ye,
Both to avoid, and take. Can the Stars now,
And all those influences you receive into ye,

Or secret Inspirations ye make shew of,
 It an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
 To pour it self upon your Life, deliver ye?
 Can they now say, Take heed?

Del. Ha? pray ye come hither. (ye,

Max. I would know that: I fear your Devil will cozen
 And stand as close as ye can, I shall be with ye.

Del. I find a present Ill.

Dio. How?

Del. But I scorn it.

Max. Do ye so? do ye so?

Del. Yes, and laugh at it, *Diocles.*

Is it not strange, these wild and foolish Men
 Should dare to oppose the power of Destiny?
 That Power the Gods shake at? Look yonder, Son.

Max. Have ye spy'd me? then have at ye.

Del. Do, shoot boldly.

Hit me and spare not, if thou canst.

Dio. Shoot, Cousin.

Max. I cannot, mine Arm's dead, I have no feeling;
 Or if I could shoot, so strong is her arm'd Virtue,
 She would catch the Arrow flying.

Del. Poor doubtful People,
 I pity your weak Faiths.

Dio. Your mercy, Mother,
 And from this Hour a Deity, I crown ye.

Del. No more of that.

Max. O let my Prayers prevail too,
 Here like a Tree, I dwell else: Free me Mother,
 And greater than great Fortune, I'll adore thee.

Del. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in ye.

Dio. Now I believe your words most constantly,
 And when I have that Power ye have promis'd to me---

Del. Remember then your Vow: my Niece *Drusilla*,
 I mean, to marry her, and then ye prosper.

Dio. I shall forget my Life else.

Del. I am a poor weak Woman; to me no Worship.

Enter Niger, Geta, and Soldiers.

Get. And shall he have, as you say, that kills this *Aper*?

Del. Now mark and understand.

Nig.

Nig. The Proscription's up,
I'th' Market-place 'tis up, there ye may read it,
He shall have half the Empire.

Get. A pretty Farm, i'faith.

Nig. And the Emperor's Sister, bright *Aurelia*,
Her to his Wife.

Get. Ye say well, Friend; but hark ye,
Who shall do this?

Nig. You, if ye dare.

Get. I think so:

Yet I could poison him in a Pot of Perry,
He loves that veng'ancely: But when I have done this,
May I lye with the Gentlewoman?

Nig. Lye with her? what else, Man?

Get. Yes, Man,

I have known a Man married, that never lay with his Wife.
Those dancing days are done.

Nig. These are old Soldiers,
And poor, it seems. I'll try their Appetites.
'Save ye brave Soldiers.

Max. Sir, ye talk'd of Proscriptions?

Nig. 'Tis true, there is one set up from the Emperor
Against *Volutius Aper*.

Dio. *Aper*?

Del. Now;

Now have ye found the Boar?

Dio. I have the meaning;
And blessed Mother.———

Nig. He has scorn'd his Master,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble Brother to him.

Dio. He lives here, Sir,
Sickly and weak.

Nig. Did you see him?

Max. No.

Nig. He is murdered;
So ye shall find it mention'd from the Emperor,
And honest faithful Soldiers, but believe it;
For, by the Gods, you will find it so, he is murdered,
The manner how, read in the large Proscription.

Del. It is most true, Son; and he cozens ye,
Aper's a Villain false.

Dio. I thank ye, Mother,
 And dare believe ye: Hark ye, Sir, the Recompence?
 As ye related.

Nig. Is as firm as Faith, Sir;
 Bring him alive or dead.

Max. You took a fit time, (him not,
 The General being out o'th' Town; for though we love
 Yet had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.

Dio. 'Tis *Niger*, now I know him; honest *Niger*,
 A true sound Man, and I believe him constantly:
 Your business may be done, make no great hurry
 For your own safety.

Nig. No, I am gone, I thank ye. [Exit.

Dio. Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.

Max. I'll pray and work too.

Dio. I'll to the Market-place, and read the Offer,
 And now I have found the Boar.

Del. Find your own Faith too,
 And remember what ye have vow'd.

Dio. O Mother.

Del. Prosper.

Get. If my Master and I do this, there's two Emperors,
 And what a show will that make? how we shall bounce it?
 [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Drusilla and Delphia.

Dru. **L**Eave us, and not vouchsafe a parting kiss
 To her that in his hopes of Greatness lives,
 And goes along with him in all his Dangers?

Del. I grant 'twas most inhuman.

Dru. O you give it
 Too mild a Name; 'twas more than barbarous,
 And you a Partner in't.

Del.

Del. I, *Druzilla*?

Dru. Yes,

You have blown his swoln Pride to that vastness,
As he believes the Earth is in his Fathom,
This makes him quite forget his humble Being:
And can I hope that he, that only fed
With the imagin'd Food of future Empire,
Disdains even those that gave him Means, and Life,
To nourish such Desires, when he's possiest
Of his ambitious Ends (which must fall on him,
Or your Predictions are false) will ever
Descend to look on me?

Del. Were his Intent

Perfidious as the Seas or Winds, his Heart
Compos'd of Falshood; yet the benefit,
The greatness of the good he has from you,
(For what I have conferr'd, is thine, *Druzilla*)
Must make him firm, and thankful: But if all
Remembrance of the Debts he stands engag'd for,
Find a quick Grave in his Ingratitude,
My powerful Art, that guides him to this height,
Shall make him curse the hour he e'er was rais'd,
Or sink him to the Center.

Dru. I had rather

Your Art could force him to return that Ardour
To me, I bear to him; or give me Power
To moderate my Passions: Yet I know not,
I should repent your grant, though you had sign'd it,
(So well I find he's worthy of all Service.)
But to believe that any check to him
In his main Hopes, could yield content to me,
Were Treason to true Love, that knows no Pleasure,
The Object that it doats on ill affected.

Del. Pretty Simplicity, I love thee for't,
And will not sit an idle looker on,
And see it cozen'd; dry thy innocent Eyes,
And cast off jealous Fears, (yet Promises
Are but Lip-comforts) and but Fancy ought
That's possible in Nature, or in Art,
That may advance thy Comfort, and be bold

To tell thy Soul 'tis thine, therefore speak freely.

Dru. You new create me. To conceal from you
My virgin Fondness, were to hide my Sickneſs
From my Phyſician. O dear Aunt, I languish
For want of *Diocles* fight: He is the Sun
That keeps my Blood in a perpetual Spring;
But in his abſence, cold benumbing Winter
Seizes on all my Faculties. Would you bind me
(That am your Slave already) in more Fetters,
And (in the place of Service) to adore you?
O bear me then (but 'tis impoſſible,
I fear, to be effected) where I may
See how my *Diocles* breaks thorow his Dangers,
And in what heaps his Honours flow upon him,
That I may meet him, in the height and pride
Of all his Glories; and there (as your Gift)
Challenge him, as mine own.

Del. Enjoy thy Wiſhes:

This is an eaſie Boon, which, at thy years,
I could have given to any; but now grown
Perfect in all the hidden Myſteries
Of that inimitable Art, which makes us
Equal even to the Gods, and Natures Wonders,
It ſhall be done, as fits my Skill and Glory:
To break thorow Bolts, and Locks, a Scholars prize
For Thieves, and Pick-locks: To paſs thorow an Army
Cover'd with Night, or ſome diſguiſe, the Practice
Of poor and needy Spies: No, my *Drufilla*,
From *Ceres* I will force her winged Dragons,
And in the Air hung over the Tribunal;
The Muſick of the Spheres attending on us.
There, as his good Star, thou ſhalt ſhine upon him,
If he prove true, and as his Angel guard him.
But if he dare be falſe, I, in a moment
Will put that glorious Light out, with ſuch horreur,
As if the eternal Night had ſeiz'd the Sun,
Or all things were return'd to the firſt Chaos,
And then appear like Furies.

Dru. I will do
Whate'er you ſhall command.

Del.

Del. Rest then assur'd,
I am the Mistress of my Art, and fear not.

[*Soft Musick.* *Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Aper, Camurius, Guard, a Litter covered.

Aper. Your care of your sick Emperor, Fellow-sol^r
In colours to the Life, doth shew your Love, (diers,
And zealous Duty: O continue in it.
And though I know you long to see and hear him,
Impute it not to Pride, or Melancholy,
That keeps you from your Wishes; such State-vices
(Too too familiar with great Princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the Life
Of good *Numerianus*: Let your patience
Be the Physician to the wounded Eyes,
(Wounded with pious sorrow for his Father)
Which Time and your strong Patience will recover,
Provided it prove constant.

1 *Guard.* If he counterfeit,
I will hereafter trust a prodigal Heir,
When he weeps at his Father's Funeral.

2 *Guard.* Or a young Widow, following a Bed-rid
(After three years groaning) to the Fire. (Husband,

3 *Guard.* Note his Humility, and with what soft Mur-
He does enquire his Pleasures. (murs

1 *Guard.* And how soon
He is instructed.

2 *Guard.* How he bows again too.

Aper. All your commands (dread *Cesar*) I'll impart
To your most ready Soldier, to obey them;
So take your rest in peace. It is the Pleasure
Of mighty *Cesar* (his thanks still remembered
For your long Patience, which a Donative,
Fitting his State to give, shall quickly follow)
That you continue a strict Guard upon
His sacred Person, and admit no Stranger
Of any other Legion, to come near him;
You being most trusted by him. I receive

Your

Your answer in your silence. Now *Camurius*,
 Speak without Flattery: Hath thy *Aper* acted
 This Passion to the Life?

Cam. I would applaud him,
 Where he saluted *Cæsar*: But I fear
 These long protracted Counsels will undo us;
 And 'tis beyond my Reason, he being Dead,
 You should conceal your self, or hope it can
 Continue undiscover'd.

Aper. That I have killed him,
 Yet feed these ignorant Fools with hopes he lives,
 Has a main end in't. The *Pannonian* Cohorts
 (That are my own, and sure) are not come up,
 The *German* Legions waver; and *Charinus*,
 Brother to this dead Dog. (Hells plagues on *Niger*,)
 Is jealous of the Murther; and, I hear,
 Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
 Till I have power to justifie the Act,
 To shew my self the Author: Be therefore careful
 For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded
 How the Tribunes and Centurions stand affected)
 That none come near the Litter. If I find them
 Firm on my part, I dare profess my self,
 And then live *Aper's* Equal.

Cam. Does not the Body
 Begin to putrifie?

Aper. That exacts my haste:
 When, but even now, I feign'd Obedience to it,
 As I had some great business to impart,
 The Scent had almost choak'd me; be therefore curious,
 All keep at distance. [Exit.]

Cam. I am taught my Parts;
 Haste you, to perfect yours.

Guard. I had rather meet
 An Enemy in the Field, then stand thus nodding
 Like to a Rug-gown'd Watch-man.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta.

Geta. The Watch at Noon?
 This is a new device.

Cam. Stand.

Dio.

Dio. I am Arm'd
Against all danger.

Max. If I fear to follow,
A Coward's name pursue me.

Dio. Now my Fate
Guide and direct me.

Cam. You are rude and sawey,
With your forbidden Feet to touch this Ground,
Sacred to *Cæsar* only, and to these
That do attend his Person. Speak, what are you?

Dio. What thou, nor any of thy Faction are,
Nor ever were: Soldiers, and honest Men.

Cam. So blunt?

Geta. Nay, you shall find he's good at the sharp too.

Dio. No instruments of Craft, Engines of Murder,
That serve the Emperor only with oil'd Tongues,
Sooth and applaud his Vices, play the Bawds
To all his Appetites; and when you have wrought
So far upon his Weakness, that he's grown
Odious to the Subject and himself,
And can no further help your wicked Ends,
You rid him out of the way.

Cam. Treason?

Dio. 'Tis truth,
And I will make it good.

Cam. Lay Hands upon 'em,
Or kill them suddenly.

Geta. I am out at that;
I do not like the Sport.

Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any Virtue worth a *Roman*,
Or does retain the memory of the Oath
He made to *Cæsar*, that dares lift his Sword
Against the Man that (careless of his Life)
Comes to discover such a horrid Treason,
As when you hear 't, and understand how long
You've been abus'd, will run you mad with Fury?
I am no Stranger, but (like you) a Soldier,
Train'd up one from my Youth: And there are some
With whom I have serv'd, and (not to praise my self)

Must

Must needs confess they have seen *Diocles*
In the late *Britain* Wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common Man.

1 Guard. *Diocles?*

2 Guard. I know him,
The bravest Soldier of the Empire.

Cam. Stand;
If thou advance an Inch, thou art dead.

Dio. Die thou,
That durst oppose thy self against a Truth
That will break out, though Mountains cover it.

Get. I fear this is a sucking Pig; no Boar,
He falls so easie.

Dio. Hear me, fellow Soldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an Act of Justice, and no Murther,
Cut me in Pieces: I'll disperse the Cloud
That hath so long obscur'd a bloody Act
Ne'er equal'd yet; you all know with what Favours
The good *Numerianus* ever grac'd
The Provost *Aper*?

Guard. True.

Dio. And that those Bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had learn'd
The Elements of Honesty and Truth)
In Loyal Duty: But Ambition never
Looks backward on Desert, but with blind haste
Boldly runs on. But I lose time. You are here
Commanded by this *Aper* to attend
The Emperor's Person, to admit no Stranger
To have access unto him, or come near his Litter,
Under pretence, forsooth, his Eyes are sore
And his Mind troubled; no, my Friends, you are cozen'd,
The good *Numerianus* now is past
The Sense of Wrong or Injury.

Guard. How? Dead?

Dio. Let your own Eyes inform you.

Get. An Emperor's Cabinet?

Fough, I have known a Charnel-house smell sweeter.
If Emperor's Flesh have this favour, what will mine do,
When I am rotten?

1 Guard.

1 *Guard*. Most unheard of Villany.

2 *Guard*. And with all Cruelty to be reveng'd.

3 *Guard*. Who is the Murtherer? Name him, that
Punish it in his Family. (we may

Dio. Who but *Aper*?

The barbarous and most ingrateful *Aper*?

His desperate Poniard printed on his Breast

This deadly Wound; Hate to vow'd Enemies

Finds a full Satisfaction in Death,

And Tyrants seek no farther. He, a Subject,

And bound by all the Ties of Love and Duty,

Ended not so; but does deny his Prince,

(Whose Ghost forbid Passage to his rest,

Mourns by the *Stygian* Shore,) his Funeral-Rites.

Nay, weep not; let your Loves speak in your Anger,

And, to confirm you gave no Suffrage to

The damned Plot, lend me your helping Hands

To wreak the Parricide; and if you find

That there is Worth in *Diocles* to deserve it,

Make him your Leader.

Guard. A *Diocles*, a *Diocles*.

Dio. We'll force him from his Guards. And now

If you have any good for me in store, (my Stars,

Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar. [*Exeunt*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Delphia and Drusilla in a Throne drawn by Dragons.

Del. Fix here, and rest a while your Sail-stretch'd Wings

That have out-stript the Winds; the Eye of Heav'n

Durst not behold your Speed, but hid it self

Behind the grossest Clouds; and the pale Moon

Pluck in her silver Horns, trembling for fear

That my strong Spells should force her from her Sphere;

Such is the Power of Art.

Dru. Good Aunt, where are we?

Del. Look down, *Drusilla*, on these lofty Towers,

These spacious Streets, where every private House

Appears a Palace to receive a King:

The Site, the Wealth, the Beauty of the Place,

Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious *Rome*,
Rome, the great Mistress of the conquer'd World.

Dru. But without *Diocles*, it is to me
 Like any Wilderness we have pass'd o'er:
 Shall I not see him?

Del. Yes, and in full Glory,
 And glut thy greedy Eyes with looking on
 His prosperous Success: Contain thy self;
 For though all things beneath us are transparent,
 The sharpest sighted, were he Eagle-ey'd,
 Cannot discover us; nor will we hang
 Idle Spectators to behold his Triumph.

Enter *Diocles*, *Maximinian*, *Guard*, *Aper*, *Senators*,
Geta, *Officers*, *with Litter*.

But when Occasion shall present it self,
 Do something to add to it. See, he comes.

Dru. How God-like he appears? With such a Grace
 The Giants that attempted to scale Heav'n,
 When they lay dead on the *Phlegrean* Plain,
Mars did appear to *Jove*. *Del.* Forbear.

Dio. Look on this,
 And when with Horror thou hast view'd thy Deed,
 Thy most accursed Deed, be thine own Judge,
 And see (thy Guilt consider'd) if thou canst
 Perswade thy self, whom thou stand'st bound to hate,
 To hope or plead for Mercy.

Aper. I confess
 My Life's a Burden to me.

Dio. Thou art like thy Name,
 A cruel Boar, whose Snout hath rooted up
 The fruitful Vineyard of the Common-Wealth:
 I long have hunted for thee, and since now
 Thou art in the Toil, it is in vain to hope
 Thou ever shalt break out; thou dost deserve
 The Hangman's Hook, or be punished
More Majorum, whipt with Rods to Death,
 Or any way, that were more terrible.
 Yet, since my future Fate depends upon thee,
 Thus, to fulfil great *Delphia's* Prophecy,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the Honour
 To fall by *Diocles* Hand. Shine clear, my Stars,
 That usher'd me to taste this common Air,

In my Entrance to the World, and give Applause
To this great Work.

[Musick.]

Del. Strike Musick from the Spheres.

Dru. O now you honour me.

Dio. Ha? In the Air?

All. Miraculous.

Max. This shews the Gods approve
The Person, and the Act: Then if the Senate
(For in their Eyes I read the Soldiers Love)
Think *Diocles* worthy to supply the Place
Of dead *Numerianus*, as he stands
His Heir, in his Revenge, with one Consent
Salute him Emperor.

Sen. Long live *Diocles*,
Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all Titles
That are peculiar only to the *Cæsars*,
We gladly throw upon him.

Guard. We confirm it,
And will defend his Honour with our Swords
Against the World; raise him to the Tribunal.

1 Sen. Fetch the Imperial Robes, and as a Sign
We give him absolute Power of Life and Death,
Bind this Sword to his side.

2 Sen. Omit no Ceremony
That may be for his Honour.

S O N G.

Max. Still the Gods
Express that they are pleas'd with this Election.

Geta. My Master is an Emperor, and I feel
A Senators Itch upon me: Would I could hire
These fine invisible Fiddlers to play to me
At my Instalment.

Dio. I embrace your Loves,
And hope the Honours that you heap upon me,
Shall be with Strength supported. It shall be
My Study to appear another *Atlas*,
To stand firm underneath this Heav'n of Empire,
And bear it boldly. I desire no Titles,
But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep
The Name I had, being a private Man,

Only

Only with some small Difference ; I will add
To *Diocles* but two short Syllables,
And be call'd *Dioclesianus*.

Geta. That is fine ;
I'll follow the Fashion ; and when I am a Senator,
I will be no more plain *Geta*, but be call'd
Lord *Getianus*.

Dru. He ne'er thinks of me,
Nor of your Favour.

Enter Niger.

Del. If he dares prove false,
These Glories shall be to him as a Dream,
Or an enchanted Banquet.

Niger. From *Charinus*, who with Joy hath heard
Of your Proceedings, and confirms your Honour ;
He, with his beauteous Sister, fair *Aurelia*,
Are come in Person, like themselves attended,
To gratulate your Fortune. [*Loud Musick.*]

Enter Charinus, Aurelia and Attendants.

Dio. For thy News,
Be thou in *France* Pro-Consul ; let us meet
The Emperor with all Honour, and embrace him.

Dru. O Aunt I fear this Princess doth eclipse
Th'Opinion of my Beauty, though I were
y self to be the Judge.

Del. Rely on me.

Char. 'Tis Virtue, and not Birth that makes us noble :
Great Actions speak great Minds, and such should govern ;
And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a Brother,
A Fellow, and Co-partner in the Empire,
I do embrace you ; may we live so far
From Difference, or emulous Competition,
That all the World may say, Although two Bodies,
We have one Mind.

Aur. When I look on the Trunk
Of dear *Numerianus*, I should wash
His Wounds with Tears, and pay a Sister's Sorrow
To his sad Fate ; but since he lives again
In your most brave Revenge, I bow to you,

As

As to a Power that gave him second Life,
And will make good my promise. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,
And that in being your Wife, I shall not bring
Disquiet and Dishonour to your Bed,
Although my Youth and Fortune should require
Both to be su'd and sought to, here I yield
My self at your Devotion.

Dio. O you Gods,
Teach me how to be thankful; you have pour'd
All blessings on me, that ambitious Man
Could ever fancy: 'Till this happy Minute
I ne'er saw Beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a Woman. I shall live
To serve and honour you, upon my Knees
I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,
This day I am doubly married, to the Empire,
And your best self.

Del. False and perfidious Villain.——

Dru. Let me fall headlong on him: O my Stars!
This I foresaw and fear'd.

Cha. Call forth a *Flamen*.

This Knot shall now be ty'd.

Del. But I will loose it,
If Art or Hell have any strength.

Enter a Flamen.

[*Thunder and Lightning.*

Cha. Prodigious!

Max. How soon the day's o'ercast?

Fla. The signs are fatal;

Juno smiles not upon this Match, and shews too
She has her Thunder.

Dio. Can there be a stop
In my full Fortune?

Cha. We are too violent,
And I repent the haste: we first should pay
Our latest duty to the dead, and then
Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the Body,
And when we have plac'd his Ashes in his Urn,
We'll try the Gods again; for wise Men say,
Marriage and Obsequies do not suit one day.

[*Sen. Ex.*
Del.

Del. So, 'tis defer'd yet, in despite of falsehood :
 Comfort, *Drusilla*, for he shall be thine,
 Or wish, in vain, he were not. I will punish
 His Perjury to the height. Mount up, my Birds;
 Some Rites I am to perform to *Hecate*,
 To perfect my designs; which once perform'd,
 He shall be made obedient to thy Call,
 Or in his Ruin I will bury all. [*Ascends in the Throne.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Maximinian, solus.

Max. **W**Hat powerful Star shin'd at this Man's Na-
 tivity,
 And bless'd his homely Cradle with full Glory?
 What throngs of People press and buz about him,
 And with their humming flatteries sing him *Cæsar*?
 Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him?
 How the fierce-minded Soldier steals in to him,
 Adores and courts his Honour? at his Devotion
 Their Lives, their Virtues and their Fortunes laying?
Charinus sues, the Emperor entreats him,
 And as a brighter flame, takes his Beams from him :
 The bless'd and bright *Aurelia*, she doats on him,
 And as the God of Love, burns Incense to him;
 All Eyes live on him. Yet I am still *Maximinian*,
 Still the same poor and wretched thing, his Servant.
 What have I got by this? where lies my Glory?
 How am I rais'd and honour'd? I have gone as far
 To woo this purblind Honour, and have pass'd
 As many dangerous Expeditions,
 As noble, and as high; nay, in his Destiny,
 Whilst 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,
 And done as much, sweat thorough as many Perils;
 Only the Hangman of *Volutius Aper*,
 Which I mistook, has made him Emperor,
 And me his Slave.

Enter

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.

Del. Stand still, he cannot see us,
'Till I please; mark him well, this discontentment
I have forc'd into him, for thy cause, *Drusilla*.

Max. Can the Gods see this,
See it with justice, and confer their blessings
On him, that never flung one grain of Incense
Upon their Altars? never bow'd his Knee yet;
And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck equally,
And whilst he was a gleaner, have been praying,
Contemning his base covetous——

Del. Now we'll be open.

Max. Bless me, and with all Reverence.

Del. Stand up, Son,
And wonder not at thy ungrateful Uncle;
I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.

Max. O Mother, did I stand the tenth part to ye
Engag'd and fetter'd, as mine Uncle does,
How would I serve, how would I fall before ye?
The poorer Powers we worship.

Del. Peace, and flatter not;
Necessity and Anger draws this from ye,
Of both which I will quit ye: For your Uncle
I spoke this Honour, and it fell upon him,
Fell to his full content: he has forgot me,
For all my care, forgot me and his Vow too;
As if a Dream had vanish'd, so h'as lost me,
And I him, let him now stand fast. Come hither;
My care is now on you.

Max. O blessed Mother!

Del. Stand still, and let me work. So now, *Maximinian*,
Go, and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia*;
Believe what I have done, concerns ye highly.
Stand in her view, make your Addresses to her;
She is the Stair of Honour. I'll say no more,
But Fortune is your Servant: go.

Max. With Reverence;——
All this as holy Truths.

Del. Believe, and prosper.

E c 2

[Exit.]

Drus.

Dru. Yet all this cures not me, but as much credit,
As much belief from *Dioclesian*.

Enter Geta, Lictors, and Suitors with Petitions.

Del. Be not dejected; I have warn'd ye often;
The proudest thoughts he has, I'll humble. Who's this?
O 'tis the Fool and Knave grown a grave Officer.
Here's hot and high Preferment.

Geta. What's your Bill?
For Gravel for the *Appian* way, and Pills?
Is the way Rheumatick?

1 Suit. 'Tis Piles, and't please you.

Geta. Remove me those Piles to Port *Esquiline*,
Fitter the Place, my Friend: you shall be paid.

1 Suit. I thank your Worship.

Geta. Thank me when ye have it,
Thank me another way, ye are an Ass else.
I know my Office; you are for the Streets, Sir.
Lord, how ye throng! that Knave has eaten Garlick,
Whip him and bring him back.

3 Suit. I beseech your Worship,
Here's an old reckoning for the Dung and Dirt, Sir.

Geta. It stinks like thee, away. Yet let him tarry,
His Bill shall quit his Breath. Give your Petitions
In seemly sort, and keep your Hats off, decently.
For scowring the Water-courses thorow the Cities?
A fine Periphrasis of a Kennel-raker.
Did ye scour all, my Friend? ye had some business;
Who shall scour you? you are to be paid, I take it,
When Surgeons swear you have performed your Office.

4 Suit. Your Worship's merry.

Geta. We must be sometimes witty,
To nick a Knave; 'tis as useful as our Gravity.
I'll take no more Petitions, I am pester'd,
Give me some rest.

4 Suit. I have brought the Gold, and't please ye,
About the Place ye promised.

Geta. See him enter'd.
How does your Daughter?

4 Suit. Better your Worship thinks of her.

Geta. This is with the least, But let me see your Daughter.
'Tis

Tis a good forward Maid, I'll join her with ye.
I do beseech ye leave me.

Lict. Ye see the Edile's busie.

Geta. And look to your Places, or I'll make ye smoak else.
Sirrah, I drank a Cup of Wine at your House Yesterday,
A good smart Wine.

Lict. Send him the piece, he likes it.

Geta. And eat the best wild Boar at that same Farmer's.

2 Suit. I have half left yet: your Worship shall command it.

Geta. A bit will serve; give me some rest; Gods help me,
How shall I labour when I am a Senator?

Del. 'Tis a fit place indeed. 'Save your Mastership;
Do you know us, Sir?

Geta. These Women are still troublesome.
There be Houses providing for such wretched Women,
And some small Rents, to set ye a Spinning.

Dru. Sir,
We are no Spinsters; nor, if you look upon us,
So wretched as you take us.

Del. Does your Mightiness,
That is a great destroyer of your Memory,
Yet understand our Faces?

Geta. 'Prithee keep off, Woman;
It is not fit I should know every Creature.
Although I have been familiar with thee heretofore,
I must not know thee now, my Place neglects thee.
Yet, because I deign a glimpse of your remembrances,
Give me your Suits, and wait me a Month hence.

Del. Our Suits are, Sir, to see the Emperor,
The Emperor *Dioclesian*, to speak to him,
And not to wait on you. We have told you all, Sir.

Geta. I laugh at your simplicity, poor Women;
See the Emperor? Why you are dece v'd; now
The Emperor appears but once in seven Years,
And then he shines not on such Weeds as you are.
Forward, and keep your State, and keep Beggars from me.

Dru. Here is a pretty Youth. [Exeunt.]

Enter Diocles.

Del. He shall be pretty,
Or I will want my will, since ye are so high, Sir,
I'll raise ye higher, or my Art shall fail me.
Stand close, he comes.

Dio. How am I cross'd and tortur'd?
My most wish'd Happiness, my lovely Mistress,
'That must make good my hopes, and link my Greatness,
Yet sever'd from mine Arms? Tell me, high Heav'n,
How have I sin'd, that you should speak in Thunder,
In horrid Thunder, when my Heart was ready
To leap into her Breast? the Priest was ready?
The joyful Virgins and the young Men ready?
When *Hymen* stood with all his flames about him
Blessing the Bed? the House with full joy sweating?
And expectation, like the *Roman* Eagle,
Took stand, and call'd all Eyes? It was your Honour;
And e'er you give it full, do you destroy it?
Or was there some dire Star? some Devil that did it?
Some sad malignant Angel to mine Honour?
With you, I dare not rage.

Del. With me thou canst not,
Though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted,
I'll fright thee more. With me thou canst not quarrel;
I rais'd the Thunder to rebuke thy falshood;
Look here, to her thy falshood. Now be angry,
And be as great in Evil as in Empire.

Dio. Bless me, ye Powers.

Del. Thou hast full need of Blessing.
'Twas I, that at thy great Inauguration,
Hung in the Air unseen: 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various Musicks, and sweet sounding Airs;
'Twas I inspir'd the Soldiers Heart with wonder,
And made him throw himself with Love and Duty,
Low as thy Feet; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy Honesty,
Thy Vow and Faith; that once forgot and slighted,
Aurelia in regard, the Marriage ready,
The Priest and all the Ceremonies present,
'Twas I that thundred loud, 'twas I that threatned,
'Twas

'Twas I that cast a dark Face over Heav'n,
And smote ye all with terror.

Dru. Yet consider,
As ye are noble, as I have deserv'd ye;
For yet ye are free: If neither Faith nor Promise,
The deeds of elder Times, may be remembred,
Let these new-dropping Tears; for I still love ye,
These Hands held up to Heav'n.

Dio. I must not pity ye;
'Tis not wise in me.

Del. How? Not wise?

Dio. Nor honourable.

A Princess is my Love, and doats upon me:
A fair and lovely Princess is my Mistress.
I am an Emperor; consider, Prophetes,
Now my Embraces are for Queens and Princesses,
For Ladies of high Mark, for divine Beauties:
To look so low as this cheap common Sweetness,
Would speak me base, my Names and Glories nothing.
I grant I made a Vow, what was I then?
As she is now, of no sort, (Hope made me promise)
But now I am; to keep this Vow, were monstrous,
A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.

Del. Take heed, proud Man.

Dru. Princes may love with Titles,
But I with Truth.

Del. Take heed; here stands thy Destiny;
Thy Fate here follows.

Dio. Thou doating Sorcerers,
Would'st have me love this Thing, that is not worthy
To kneel unto my Saint? To kiss her Shadow?
Great Princes are her Slaves; selected Beauties
Bow at her beck, the mighty *Persian's* Daughter
(Bright as the breaking East, as the Mid-day Glorious)
Waits her Commands, and grows proud in her Pleasures.
I'll see her honour'd; some Watch I shall think of,
That shall advance ye both; mean time I'll favour ye.

[Exit.]

Del. Mean time I'll haunt thee. Cry not, Wench, be con-
Ever long, thou shalt more pity him (observe me) (fident,

And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st him:
My Art and I are yet Companions. Come, Girl. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Geta, and Lictors.

Geta. I am too merciful, I find it, Friends,
Of too soft a Nature to be an Officer;
I bear too much Remorse.

1 Lic't. 'Tis your own fault, Sir;
For look you, one so newly warm in Office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true Justice,
Hit where it will, the more ye whip and hang, Sir,
(Though without cause; let that declare it self afterward)
The more ye are admired.

Geta. I think I shall be. —

2 Lic't. Your Worship is a Man of a spare Body,
And prone to Anger.

Geta. Nay, I will be angry,
And, the best is, I need not shew my Reason.

2 Lic't. You need not, Sir, your Place is without Reason;
And what you want in Growth and full Proportion,
Make up in Rule and Rigour.

Geta. A rare Counsellor;
Instruct me further. Is it fit, my Friends,
The Emperor my Master *Dioclesian*
Should now remember or the Times or Manners
That call'd him plain down *Diocles*?

1 Lic't. He must not,
It stands not with his Royalty.

Geta. I grant ye,
I being then the Edile *Getianus*,
A Man of Place, and Judge, it is held requisite
I should commit to my consideration
Those Rascals of removed and ragged Hours,
That with unreverend Mouths call'd me Slave *Geta*?

2 Lic't. You must forget their Names; your Honour

Geta. I do forget; but I'll hang their Natures: (bids ye.)
I will ascend my Place, which is of Justice;
And Mercy, I forget thee.

Suid. A rare Magistrate;

Anon

Another *Solon* sure.

Geta. Bring out the Offenders. (be.

1 *Lict.* There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will
But if you please touch some things of those Natures.

Geta. And am I ready, and mine Anger too?
The Melancholy of a Magistrate upon me,
And no Offenders to execute my Fury?
Ha? No Offenders, Knaves?

1 *Lict.* There are Knaves indeed, Sir,
But we hope shortly to have 'em for your Worship.

Geta. No Men to hang or whip? Are you good Officers,
That provide no Fuel for a Judge's Fury? (ye,
In this Place something must be done; this Chair, I tell
When I sit down, must favour of Severity:
Therefore I warn ye all, bring me lewd People,
Or likely to be lewd; Twigs must be cropt too;
Let me have evil Persons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but say so,
That I may have fit matter for a Magistrate;
And let me work. If I sit empty once more,
And lose my longing, as I am true *Edile*,
And as I hope to rectify my Country,
You are those Scabs I will scratch off from the Common-
You are those Rascals of the State I treat of, (wealth:
And you shall find and feel.——

2 *Lict.* You shall have many,
Many notorious People.

Geta. Let 'em be People,
And take ye notorious to your selves. Mark me, my Lictors,
And you the rest of my Officials;
If I be angry, as my Place will ask it,
And want fit matter to dispose my Authority,
I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not stay longer,
Nor enquire no further into your Offences:
It is sufficient that I find no Criminals,
And therefore I must make some; if I cannot,
Suffer my self; for so runs my Commission.

Suit. An admirable, zealous and true Justice.

1 *Lict.* I cannot hold; if there be any People,
Of what degree soever, or what quality,

That

That would behold the wonderful works of Justice
In a new Officer, a Man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wonder
At the most wise and gracious *Getiamus*.

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.

Geta. This qualifies a little. What are these?

Del. You shall not mourn still: Times of Recreation,
To allay this sadness, must be sought. What's here?
A superstitious Flock of senseless People
Worshipping a Sign in Office?

Geta. Lay hold on her,
And hold her fast,
She'll slip thorow your Fingers like an Eel else;
I know her tricks; hold her, I say, and bind her,
Or hang her first, and then I'll tell her wherefore.

Del. What have I done?

Geta. Thou hast done enough to undo thee;
Thou hast pressed to the Emperor's Presence without my
I being his Key and Image. (Warrant,

Del. You are an Image indeed,
And of the coursest stuff, and the worst making
That e'er I look'd on yet; I'll make as good an Image of an

Geta. Besides, thou art a Woman of a lewd Life. (As.

Del. I am no Whore, Sir, nor no common Fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the People, vitious.

Geta. Thou art to me a damnable lewd Woman,
Which is as much as all the People swore it;
I know thou art a keeper of tame Devils:
And whereas great and grave Men of my Place
Can by the Laws be allow'd but one apiece,
For their own Services and Recreations;
Thou, like a traiterous Quean, keep'st twenty Devils;
Twenty in ordinary.

Del. Pray ye, Sir, be pacified,
If that be all; and if ye want a Servant,
You shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing,
Faithful, and diligent, and a wise Devil too;
Think for what End.

Geta. Let her alone, 'tis useful;
We Men of Business must use speedy Servants:

Let me see your Family.

Del. Think but one, he is ready.

Geta. A Devil for intelligence? No, no,
He will lie beyond all Travellers. A State-devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own Weapon.
For Execution? He will hang me too.
I would have a handsom, pleasant and a fine She-devil,
To entertain the Ladies that come to me;
A travell'd Devil too, that speaks the Tongues,
And a neat carving Devil. [Musick.]

Enter a She-devil.

Del. Be not fearful.

Geta. A pretty brown Devil'faith; may I not kiss her?

Del. Yes and embrace her too; she is your Servant.

Fear not, her Lips are cool enough.

Geta. She is marvellous well mounted; what's her Name?

Del. *Lucifera.*

Geta. Come hither, *Lucifera*, and kiss me.

Del. Let her sit on your Knee.

Geta. The Chair turns, hey-boys:

Pleasant i'faith, and a fine facetious Devil. [Dance.]

Del. She would whisper in your Ear, and tell ye won-

Geta. Come, what's her Name? [ders.]

Del. *Lucifera.* (burnt to Ashes.)

Geta. Come, *Lucie*, come speak thy Mind. I am certain
[Exeunt.]

I have a kind of Glass-house in my Cod-piece.

Are these the flames of State? I am roasted over,

Over, and over-roasted. Is this Office?

The pleasures of Authority? I'll no more on't,

Till I can punish Devils too; I'll quit it.

Some other Trade now, and some course less dangerous,

Or certainly I'll Tile again for two-pence. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Cassana, Ambassadors,
and Attendants.*

Aur. Néver dispute with me, you cannot have her,
Nor name the greatness of your King; I scorn him:
Your

Your Knees to me are nothing; should he bow too,
It were his Duty, and my Power to flight him.

Cba. She is her Woman; never sue to me,
And in her Power to render her, or keep her;
And she, my Sister, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own snatch'd from her.

Amb. We desire not,
But for what Ransom she shall please to think of,
Jewels, or Towns, or Provinces.

Aur. No ransom.

No, not your King's own Head, his Crown upon it,
And all the low Subjections of his People.

Amb. Fair Princes should have tender Thoughts.

Aur. Is she too good
To wait upon the mighty Emperor's Sister?
What Princess of that Sweetness, or that Excellence,
Sprung from the proudest, and the mightiest Monarchs,
But may be highly blest to be my Servant?

Caf. 'Tis most true, mighty Lady.

Aur. Has my fair Usage
Made you so much despise me and your Fortune,
That ye grow weary of my Entertainments?
Henceforward, as ye are, I will command ye,
And as you were ordain'd my Prisoner,
My Slave, and one I may dispose of any way,
No more my fair Companion; tell your King so:
And if he had more Sisters, I would have 'em,
And use 'em as I please. You have your Answer.

Amb. We must take some other way, Force must
compel it. [*Exe.*

Enter Maximinian.

Max. Now if thou be'st a Prophetess, and can'st do
Things of that Wonder that thy Tongue delivers,
Can'st raise me too, I shall be bound to speak thee:
I half believe, confirm the other to me,
And Monuments to all succeeding Ages,
Of thee, and of thy Piety.—Now she eyes me.
Now work great Power of Art; she moves unto me:
How sweet, how fair, and lovely her Aspects are?
Her Eyes are like bright *Evan* Flames shot through me.

Aur.

Aur. O my fair Friend, where have you been?

Max. What am I?

What does she take me for? Work still, work strongly.

Aur. Where have you fled, my Loves and my Embraces?

Max. I am beyond my Wits.

Aur. Can one poor Thunder,
Whose Causes are as common as his Noises,
Make ye defer your lawful and free Pleasures?
Strike Terror to a Soldier's Heart, a Monarch's?
Thorow all the Fires of angry Heav'n; thorow Tem-
That sing of nothing but Destruction, (pests,
Even underneath the Bolt of *Jove*, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,
And flie into your Arms.

Max. I shall be mighty,
And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;
For certain, a most handsome Man.

Cha. Fie, Sister,
What a forgetful Weakness is this in ye?
What a light Presence? These are Words and Offers
Due only to your Husband, *Dioclesian*;
This free Behaviour only his.

Aur. 'Tis strange,
That only empty Names compel Affections:
This Man, ye see, give him what Name or Title,
Let it be ne'er so poor, ne'er so despis'd, Brother,
This lovely Man——

Max. Though I be hang'd, I'll forward;
For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not.

Aur. This rare and sweet young Man, see how he looks,

Max. I'll juggle hard, dear Uncle. (Sir.

Aur. This Thing, I say,
Let him be what he will, or bear what Fortune,
This most unequall'd Man, this spring of Beauty,
Deserves the Bed of *Juno*.

Cha. You are not mad.

Max. I hope she be; I am sure I am little better.

Aur. O fair, sweet Man!

Cha. For Shame refrain this Impudence. (Blessing:

Max. Would I had her alone, that I might seal this
Sure,

Sure, sure she should not beg: If this continue,
As I hope Heav'n it will, Uncle, I'll nick ye,
I'll nick ye, by this Life. Some would fear killing
In the Pursuit now of so rare a Venture:

Enter Diocles.

I am covetous to die for such a Beauty.
Mine Uncle comes; now, if she stand, I am happy.

Cha. Be right again, for Honour's sake.

Dio. Fair Mistress ———

Aur. What Man is this? Away. What sawcy Fellow?
Dare any such base Groom press to salute me?

Dio. Have ye forgot me, Fair, or do you jest with me?
I'll tell ye what I am: Come, pray ye look lovely.
Nothing but Frowns and Scorns?

Aur. Who is this Fellow?

Dio. I'll tell ye who I am; I am your Husband:

Aur. Husband to me?

Dio. To you. I am *Dioclesian*.

Max. More of this Sport, and I am made, old Mother:
Effect but this thou hast begun.

Dio. I am he, Lady,
Reveng'd your Brother's Death; flew cruel *Aper*:
I am he the Soldier courts, the Empire honours,
Your Brother loves; am he, my lovely Mistress,
Will make you Empress of the World.

Max. Still excellent:

Now I see too, mine Uncle may be cozen'd.
An Emperor may suffer like another.

Well said, old Mother, hold but up this Miracle.

Aur. Thouly'ft, thou art not he; thou a brave Fellow?

Cha. Is there no Shame, no Modesty in Women?

Aur. Thou one of high and full Mark?

Dio. Gods, what ails she?

Aur. Generous and noble? Fie thou liest most basely.
Thy Face, and all Aspect upon thee, tells me
Thou art a poor *Dalmatian* Slave, a low thing
Not worth the Name of *Roman*: Stand off farther.

Dio. What may this mean?

Aur. Come hither, my *Endymion*;
Come, shew thy self, and all Eyes be blessed in thee.

Dio. Hah? what is this?

Aur.

Aur. Thou fair Star that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full Brightness:
Look, here's a Face now, of another making,
Another Mold; here's a divine Proportion,
Eyes fit for *Phæbus* self, to gild the World with;
And there's a Brow arch'd like the State of Heav'n;
Look how it bends, and with what Radiance,
As if the Synod of the Gods sate under:
Look there, and wonder; now behold that Fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an Ax out.

Max. Old Woman, though I cannot givethee recom-
Yet, certainly, I'll make thy Name as glorious. (pence,

Dio. Is this in truth?

Cha. She is mad, and you must pardon her.

Dio. She hangs upon him, see.

Cha. Her Fit is strong now:

Be not you passionate.

Dio. She kisses.

Cha. Let her;

'Tis but the Fondness of her Fit.

Dio. I am fool'd,

And if I suffer this.

Cha. Pray ye, Friend, be pacify'd,

This will be off anon: She goes in.

[Exit Aurelia.

Dio. Sirrah.

Max. What say you, Sir?

Dio. How dare thy Lips, thy base Lips?

Max. I am your Kinsman, Sir, and no such base one:

I sought no Kisses, nor I had no Reason

To kick the Princess from me; twas no Manners:

I never yet compell'd her, of her Courtesie

What she bestows, Sir, I am thankful for.

Dio. Be gone, Villain.

Max. I will, and I will go off with that Glory,

And magnifie my Fate.

[Exit.

Dio. Good Brother leave me,

I am to my self a trouble now.

Cha. I am sorry for't.

You'll find it but a Woman-Fit to try ye.

Dio. It may be so; I hope so.

Cha.

Cha. I am asham'd, and what I think I blush at. [*Exit*]

Dio. What Misery hath my great Fortune bred me?
And how far must I suffer? Poor and low States,
Though they know Wants and Hungers, know not these,
Know not these killing Fates: Little contents them,
And with that little they live, Kings commanding,
And ordering both their Ends and Loves. O Honour!
How greedily Men seek thee; and once purchased,
How many Enemies to Man's Peace bring'st thou?
How many Griefs and Sorrows, that like Sheers,
Like fatal Sheers, are sheering off our Lives still?
How many sad Eclipses do we shine through?

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla veil'd.

When I presum'd I was blest'd in this fair Woman.

Del. Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'st him.

Dio. When all my Hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
Even for the greatest and the happiest Monarch,
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely?
By mine own Kinsman cross'd? O Villain Kinsman!
Curse of my Blood; because a little younger,
A little smother fac'd: O false, false Woman,
False and forgetful of thy Faith; I'll kill him.
But can I kill her Hate too? No, he woes not,
Nor worthy is of Death, because she follows him,
Because she courts him: Shall I kill an Innocent?
O *Diocles*! Would thou hadst never known this,
Nor surfeited upon this sweet Ambition,
That now lyes bitter at thy Heart: O Fortune,
That thou hast none to Fool and blow like Bubbles,
But Kings, and their Contents!

Del. What think ye now, Girl?

Dru. Upon my Life, I pity his Misfortune.
See how he weeps; I cannot hold.

Del. Away Fool;

He must weep bloody Tears before thou hast him.
How fare ye now, brave *Dioclesian*?

What? Lazy in your Loves? Has too much pleasure
Dull'd your most mighty Faculties?

Dio. Art thou there?

More to torment me? Dost thou come to mock me?

Del.

Del. I do, and I do laugh at all thy sufferings.
I that have wrought 'em come to scorn thy wailings;
I told thee once, This is thy Fate, this Woman,
And as thou usest her, so thou shalt prosper.
It is not in thy power to turn this Destiny,
Nor stop the torrent of those Miseries
(If thou neglect'st her still) shall fall upon thee.
Sigh that thou art dishonest, false of Faith,
Proud, and dost think no Power can cross thy Pleasures;
Thou wilt find a Fate above thee.

Dru. Good Aunt, speak mildly;
See how he looks and suffers.

Dio. I find and feel, Woman,
That I am miserable.

Del. Thou art most miserable.

Dio. That as I am the most, I am most miserable.
But didst thou work this?

Del. Yes, and will pursue it.

Dio. Stay there, and have some pity; fair *Drusilla*,
Let me persuade thy Mercy, thou hast lov'd me,
Although I know my Suit will sound unjustly
To make thy Love the means to lose it self,
Have pity on me.

Dru. I will do.

Del. Peace, Neice.

Although this softness may become your Love,
Your Care must scorn it. Let him still condemn thee,
And still I'll work; the same Affection
He ever shews to thee, be it sweet or bitter,
The same *Aurelia* shall shew him; no further:
Nor shall the wealth of all his Empire free this.

Dio. I must speak fair. Lovely young Maid, forgive me,
Look gently on my Sorrows: You that grieve too,
I see it in your Eyes, and thus I meet it.

Dru. O Aunt, I am blest'd.

Dio. Be not both young and cruel,
Again I beg it, thus.

Enter Aurelia.

Dru. Thus, Sir, I grant it.
He's mine own now, Aunt.

Del. Not yet, Girl; thou art cozen'd. (ence?

Aur. O my dear Lord, how have I wrong'd your Pati-
How wandred from the truth of my Affections?

How, like a wanton Fool, shun'd that I lov'd most?

But you are full of Goodness to forgive, Sir,

As I of Grief to beg, and Shame to take it:

Sure I was not my self, some strange Illusion,

Or what you please to pardon.

Dio. All, my Dearest;

All my Delight; and with more pleasure take thee,

Than if there had been no such Dream; for certain,

It was no more.

Aur. Now you have seal'd Forgiveness,

I take my leave, and the Gods keep your goodness.

[*Exit.*

Del. You see how kindness prospers; be but so kind

To marry her, and see then what new Fortunes,

New Joys, and Pleasures; far beyond this Lady,

Beyond her Greatness too.

Dio. I'll die a Dog first.

Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her

In spite of all thy Spirits, and thy Witchcrafts.

Del. Thou shalt not, Fool.

Dio. I will, old doating Devil;

And wert thou any thing but Air and Spirit,

My Sword should tell thee.

Del. I contemn thy Threatnings,

And thou shalt know I hold a Power above thee.

We must remove *Aurelia*: Come, farewell Fool,

When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.

Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross my Pleasures.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

SO full of Matter is our History,
Yet mix'd, I hope, with sweet Variety,
The Accidents not vulgar too, but rare,

And

*And fit to be presented, that there wants
Room in this narrow Stage, and Time to express
In Action to the Life, our Dioclesian
In his full Lustre: Yet (as the Statuarie,
That by the large size of Alcides Foot,
Guess'd at his whole proportion) so we hope,
Your apprehensive Judgments will conceive
Out of the Shadow we can only shew,
How fair the Body was; and will be pleased,
Out of your wonted Goodness, to behold,
As in a silent Mirror, what we cannot
With fit conveniency of Time, allow'd
For such Presentments, cloath in Vocal Sounds.
Yet with such Art the Subject is convey'd,
That every Scene and Passage shall be clear
Even to the grossest Understander here.*

[Loud Musick

Dumb Shew.

*Enter (at one Door) Delphia, Ambassadors, they
whisper together; they take an Oath upon her Hand;
She circles them (kneeling) with her Magick Rod;
They rise and draw their Swords. Enter (at the other
Door) Dioclesian, Charinus, Maximinian, Niger, Aure-
lia, Cassana, Guard; Charinus and Niger perswading Au-
relia; She offers to imbrace Maximinian, Diocles draws
his Sword, keeps off Maximinian, turns to Aurelia,
kneels to her, lays his Sword at her Feet, she scornfully
turns away: Delphia gives a sign; the Ambassadors and
Soldiers rush upon them, seise on Aurelia, Cassana, Cha-
rinus, and Maximinian; Dioclesian and others offer to
rescue them, Delphia raises a Mist: Exeunt Ambassadors
and Prisoners, and the rest discontented.*

*The skilful Delphia finding by sure Proof
The Presence of Aurelia dim'd the Beauty
Of her Drusilla; and in spight of Charms,
The Emperor her Brother, Great Charinus,
Still urg'd her to the Love of Dioclesian,
Deals with the Persian Legats, that were bound*

F f 2

For

*For the Ransom of Cassiana, to remove
 Aurelia, Maximinian, and Charinus
 Out of the sight of Rome; but takes their Oaths
 (In lieu of her Assistance) that they shall not,
 On any terms, when they were in their Power,
 Presume to touch their Lives: This yielded to,
 They lye in Ambush for 'em. Dioclesian
 Still mad for fair Aurelia, that doated
 As much upon Maximinian, twice had kill'd him,
 But that her Frown restrain'd him: He pursues her
 With all Humility, but she continues
 Proud and disdainful The Sign given by Delphia,
 The Persians break thorow, and seize upon
 Charinus and his Sister, with Maximinian,
 And free Cassiana. For their speedy Rescue,
 Enraged Dioclesian draws his Sword,
 And bids his Guard assist him: Then too weak
 Had been all Opposition and Resistance,
 The Persians could have made against their Fury,
 If Delphia by her Cunning had not rais'd
 A foggy Mist, which as a Cloud conceal'd them,
 Deceiving their Pursuers. Now be pleas'd,
 That your Imaginations may help you
 To think them safe in Persia, and Dioclesian
 For this Disaster circled round with Sorrow,
 Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future Fortunes
 We will present in Action; and are bold
 In that which follows, that the most shall say,
 'Twas well begun, but the End crown'd the Play.*

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Diocles, Niger, Senators, and Guard.

*Dio. Talk not of Comfort; I have broke my Faith,
 And the Gods fight against me: And proud Man,
 However magnified, is but as Dust
 Before the raging Whirlwind of their Justice.
 What is it to be great? Ador'd on Earth?
 When the immortal Powers that are above us*

Turn

Turn all our Blessings into horrid Curses,
And laugh at our Resistance, or Prevention
Of what they purpose? O the Furies that
I feel within me! Whip'd on, by their Angers,
For my Tormentors. Could it else have been
In Nature, that a few poor fugitive *Persians*,
Unfriended, and unarm'd too, could have rob'd me
(In *Rome*, the World's *Metropolis*, and her Glory;
In *Rome*, where I command, environ'd round
With such invincible Troops that know no fear,
But want of noble Enemies) of those Jewels
I priz'd above my Life, and I want Power
To free them, if those Gods I have provok'd
Had not given spirit to the Undertakers,
And in their deed protected 'em?

Nig. Great *Cesar*,
Your Safety does confirm you are their care,
And that howe'er their practices reach others,
You stand above their Malice.

1 Sen. *Rome* in us
Offers (as means to further your Revenge)
The Lives of her best Citizens,
And all they stand possess'd of.

1 Guard. Do but lead us on
With that invincible and undaunted Courage
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
The Minion of Conquest, married rather
To glorious Victory, and we will drag
(Though all the Enemies of Life conspire
Against our Undertakings) the proud *Persian*
Out of his strongest hold.

2 Guard. Be but your self,
And do not talk but do.

3 Guard. You have Hands and Swords,
Limbs to make up a well proportion'd Army,
That only want in you an Head to lead us.

Dio. The Gods reward your Goodness; and believe,
Howe'er (for some great Sin) I am mark'd out
The object of their Hate, though *Jove* stood ready
To dart his three-fold Thunder on this Head,

It could not fright me from a fierce Pursuit
Of my Revenge: I will redeem my Friends,
And with my Friends mine Honour; at least fall
Like to my self, a Soldier.

Nig. Now we hear
Great *Dioclesian* speak.

Dio. Draw up our Legions.
And let it be your care, my much lov'd *Niger*,
To hasten the remove: And Fellow-soldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious Marches.

i Guard. Die he accurs'd
That thinks of Rest or Sleep, before he sets
His Foot on *Persian* Earth.

Nig. We know our Glory:
The Dignity of *Rome*, and what's above
All can be urg'd, the Quiet of your Mind,
Depends upon our haste.

Dio. Remove to Night;
Five days shall bring me to you.

All. Happiness
To *Cesar*, and glorious Victory.

[*Exeunt.*

Dio. The cheerfulness of my Soldiers gives assurance
Of good success abroad; if first I make
My Peace at home here. There is something chides me,
And sharply tells me, that my breach of Faith
To *Delphia* and *Drusilla*, is the ground
Of my Misfortunes: And I must remember,
While I was lov'd, and in great *Delphia's* Grace,
She was as my good Angel, and bound Fortune
To prosper my Designs; I must appease her:
Let others pay their Knees, their Vows, their Prayers
To weak imagin'd Powers; she is my All,
And thus I do invoke her. Knowing *Delphia*,
Thou more than Woman, and though thou vouchsafest
To grace the Earth with thy celestial Steps,
And taste this grosser Air, thy heav'nly Spirit
Hath free access to all the secret Counsels
Which a full Senate of the Gods determine
When they consider Man: The Brass-leav'd Book

Of Fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,
And fashionest the Destinies of Men
At thy wish'd pleasure: Look upon thy Creature,
And as thou twice hast pleased to appear
To reprehend my Falshood, now vouchsafe
To see my low Submission. [*Delphia and Drusilla appear.*]

Del. What's thy Will?

False, and unthankful, (and in that deserving
All human Sorrows) dar'st thou hope from me
Relief or Comfort?

Dio. Penitence does appease

Th'incens'd Powers, and Sacrifice takes off
Their heavy Angers; thus I tender both:
The Master of great *Rome*, and in that, Lord
Of all the Sun gives heat and being to,
Thus sues for Mercy: Be but as thou wert,
The Pilot to the Bark of my good Fortunes,
And once more steer my Actions to the Port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my Faith to this sweet Virgin,
Join with those Powers that punish Perjury,
To make me an Example, to deter
Others from being false.

Dru. Upon my Soul

You may believe him; nor did he e'er purpose
To me but nobly; he made Tryal how
I could endure Unkindness; I see Truth
Triumphant in his Sorrow. Dearest Aunt,
Both credit him, and help him; and on assurance
That what I plead for, you cannot deny,
I raise him thus, and with this willing Kiss
I seal his Pardon.

Dio. O that I e'er look'd

Beyond this Abstract of all Womans goodness.

Del. I am thine again; thus I confirm our League;
I know thy Wishes, and how much thou suffer'st
In Honour for thy Friends; thou shalt repair all,
For to thy Fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
To pass the *Persian* Gulf; remove all lets
That may molest thy Soldiers in their March

That pass by Land; and Destiny is false,
 If thou prove not Victorious: Yet remember,
 When thou art rais'd up to the highest point
 Of human Happiness, such as move beyond it
 Must of necessity descend. Think on't,
 And use those Blessings that the Gods pour on you
 With moderation.

Dio. As their Oracle
 I hear you, and obey you, and will follow
 Your grave directions.

Del. You will not repent it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, Soldiers, and Ensigns.

Nig. How do you like your entrance to the War?
 When the whole Body of the Army moves,
 Shews it not gloriously?

Geta. 'Tis a fine May-game;
 Put eating and drinking I think are forbad in't,
 (I mean, with leasure) we walk on, and feed
 Like hungry Boys that haste to School; or as
 We carried Fish to the City, dare stay no where,
 For fear our Ware should stink.

i Guard. That's the necessity
 Of our speedy March.

Geta. Sir, I do love my ease,
 And though I hate all Seats of Judicature,
 I mean in the City, for conveniency,
 I still will be a Justice in the War,
 And ride upon my Foot-cloth. I hope a Captain
 (And a Gown'd Captain too) may be dispens'd with.
 I tell you, and do not mock me, when I was poor,
 I could endure like others, Cold and Hunger;
 But since I grew rich, let but my Finger ake,
 Or feel but the least pain in my great Toe,
 Unless I have a Doctor, mine own Doctor,
 That may assure me, I am gone.

Nig. Come, fear not;
 You shall want nothing.

i Guard.

1 *Guard.* We will make you fight
As you were mad.

Geta. Not too much of fighting, Friend;
It is thy Trade, that art a common Soldier;
We Officers, by our place, may share the Spoil,
And never sweat for't.

2 *Guard.* You shall kill for practice
But your dozen or two a Day.

Geta. Thou talk'st as if
Thou wert lousing thy self; but yet I will make danger,
If I prove one of the Worthies, so: However,
I'll have the fear of the Gods before my Eyes,
And do no hurt, I warrant you.

Nig. Come, march on,
And humour him for our Mirth.

1 *Guard.* 'Tis a fine Peak-goose.

Nig. But one that fools to the Emperor, and in that,
A wise Man and a Soldier.

1 *Guard.* True Morality.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cosroe, Cassana, Persians; and Charinus, Maximinian, Aurelia, (bound) with Soldiers.

Cos. Now by the *Persian* Gods, most truly welcome,
Encompass'd thus with Tributary Kings,
I entertain you. Lend your helping Hands
To seat her by me; and thus rais'd, bow all,
To do her Honour: O, my best *Cassana*,
Sister, and Partner of my Life and Empire,
We'll teach thee to forget with present Pleasures
Thy late Captivity; and this proud *Roman*,
That us'd thee as a Slave, and did disdain
A Princely Ransom, shall, if she repine,
Be forc'd by various Tortures to adore
What she of late contemn'd.

Cas. All Greatness ever
Attend *Cosroe*: Though *Persia* be stil'd

The

The Nurse of Pomp and Pride; we'll leave to *Rome*
 Her Native Cruelty. For know, *Aurelia*,
 A *Roman* Princess, and a *Cesar's* Sister,
 Though now, like thee captiv'd, I can forget,
 Thy barbarous Usage: and though thou to me,
 When I was in thy Power, didst shew thy self
 A most insulting Tyranness, I to thee
 May prove a gentle Mistress.

Aur. O my Stars,
 A Mistress? can I love, and owe that Name
 To Flesh and Blood? I was born to command,
 Train'd up in Sovereignty; and I, in Death,
 Can quit the Name of Slave: She that scorns Life,
 May mock Captivity.

Cha. *Rome* will be *Rome*
 When we are nothing; and her Pow'rs the same
 Which you once quak'd at.

Max. *Dioclesian* lives;
 Hear it, and tremble: Lives, thou King of *Persia*,
 The Master of his Fortune, and his Honour:
 And though by devilish Arts we were surpriz'd,
 And made the Prey of Magick and of Theft,
 And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,
 And by a *Roman* War; and every Wrong
 We suffer here, with interest be return'd
 On the insulting Doer.

1 *Per.* Sure these *Romans*
 Are more than Men.

2 *Per.* Their great Hearts will not yield,
 They cannot bend to any adverse Fate,
 Such is their Confidence.

Cos. They then shall break.
 Why, you rebellious Wretches, dare you still
 Contend, when the least breath, or nod of mine
 Marks you out for the fire? or to be made
 The Prey of Wolves or Vultures? The vain Name
 Of *Roman* Legions, I slight thus, and scorn;
 And for that boasted Bug-bear, *Dioclesian*,
 Which you presume on, would he were the Master
 But of the Spirit, to meet me in the Field,

He

He soon should find, that our immortal Squadrons,
That with full numbers ever are supply'd,
(Could it be possible they should decay)
Dare front his boldest Troops, and scatter 'em,
As an high tousing Falcon on her Stretches,
Severs the fearful Fowl. And by the Sun,
The Moon, the Winds, the nourishers of Life,
And by this Sword, the instrument of Death,
Since that you fly not humbly to our Mercy,
But yet dare hope your liberty by Force;
If *Dioclesian* dare not attempt
To free you with his Sword, all Slavery
That Cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
Falls heavy on you.

Max. If the Sun keeps his Course,
And the Earth can bear his Soldiers March, I fear not.

Aur. Or Liberty, or Revenge.

Cha. On that I build too.

[A Trumpet.

Aur. A Roman Trumpet!

Max. 'Tis: Comes it not like
A Pardon to a Man condemn'd?

Enter Niger.

Cof. Admit him.
The purpose of thy coming?

Nig. My great Master,
The Lord of *Rome*, (in that all Power is spoken)
Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble Enemy,
And (in thy bold Resistance) worth his Conquest,
Defies thee, *Cosroe*.

Max. There is fire in this.

Nig. And to encourage thy laborious Powers
To tug for Empire, dares thee to the Field,
With this assurance, if thy Sword can win him,
Or force his Legions with thy barbed Horse,
But to forsake their Ground, that not alone
Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy Tent,
But all the Provinces and Kingdoms held
By the *Roman* Garrisons in this Eastern World,
Shall be delivered up, and he himself
Acknowledge thee his Sovereign. In return
Of this large Offer, he asks only this,

That

That 'till the doubtful Dye of War determine
 Who has most Power, and should command the other,
 Thou wouldst entreat thy Prisoners like their Births,
 And not their present Fortune; and to bring 'em
 Guarded, into thy Tent, with thy best Strengths,
 Thy ablest Men of War, and thou thy self
 Sworn to make good the Place. And if he fail
 (Maugre all Opposition can be made)
 In his own Person to compel his Way,
 And fetch them safely off, the Day is thine,
 And he, like these, thy Prisoner.

Cos. Though I receive this
 But as a *Roman* Brave, I do embrace it,
 And love the Sender. Tell him, I will bring
 My Prisoners to the Field, and without odds,
 Against his single Force, alone defend 'em;
 Or else with equal Numbers. Courage, noble Princes,
 And let Posterity record, that we
 This memorable Day restor'd to *Persia*,
 That Empire of the World, great *Philip's* Son
 Ravish'd from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.
 This our strong Comfort, that we cannot fall
 Ingloriously, since we contend for all.

[*Exeunt.*
Flourish, Alarms.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Geta, Guard and Soldiers.

Geta. I'll swear the Peace against 'em, I am hurt,
 Run for a Surgeon, or I faint.

1 Guard. Bear up Man,
 'Tis but a scratch.

Geta. Scoring a Man o'er the Coxcomb
 Is but a scratch with you: ——— o'your Occupation,
 Your scurvy scuffling Trade: I was told before
 My Face was bad enough; but now I look
 Like bloody Bone, and raw Head, to fright Children;
 I am for no use else.

2 Guard. Thou shalt fright Men.

1 Guard. You look so terrible now; but see your Face

In the Pummel of my Sword.

Geta. I die, I am gone.
Oh my sweet Physiognomy.

Enter three Persians.

2 Guard. They come;
Now fight, or die indeed.

Geta. I will scape this way :
I cannot hold my Sword: What would you have
Of a maim'd Man?

1 Guard. Nay, then I have a Goad
To prick you forward, Ox.

2 Guard. Fight like a Man,
Or die like a Dog.

Geta. Shall I, like *Cæsar* fall
Among my Friends? No Mercy? *Et tu Brute?*
You shall not have the Honour of my Death,
I'll fall by the Enemy first.

1 Guard. O brave, brave *Geta*; [*Persians driven off.*
He plays the Devil now.

Enter Niger.

Niger. Make up for Honour,
The *Persians* shrink. The Passage is laid open,
Great *Dioclesian* like a second *Mars*,
His strong Arm govern'd by the fierce *Bellona*,
Performs more than a Man: His Shield struck full
Of *Persian* Darts, which now are his Defence
Against the Enemies Swords, still leads the way.
Of all the *Persian* Forces, one strong Squadron,

[*Alarms continued.*

In which *Cosroe* in his own Person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted: Break through that,
The Day, and all is ours.

[*Retreat.*

All. Victory, Victory.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

S C E N E VI.

*Enter (in Triumph with Roman Ensigns) Guard, Dioclesian,
Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta; Cosroe,
Cassiana, Persians, as Prisoners; Delphia, Drusilla privately.*

Dio. I am rewarded in the Act: Your Freedom
To me's ten thousand Triumphs: You, Sir, share

In

In all my Glories. And unkind *Aurelia*,
 From being a Captive, still command the Victor.
 Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free:
 You I afford my pity; baser Minds
 Insult on the afflicted. You shall know,
 Virtue and Courage is admir'd and lov'd
 In Enemies, but more of that hereafter.
 Thanks to your Valour; to your Swords I owe
 This Wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
 My first poor Bondman. *Geta*, I am glad
 Thou art turn'd a Fighter.

Geta. 'Twas against my Will;
 But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine
 What Honours can be done to you beyond these,
 Transcending all Example; 'tis in you
 To will, in us to serve it.

Nig. We will have
 His Statue of pure Gold set in the Capitol,
 And he that bows not to it as a God,
 Makes forfeit of his Head.

Max. I burst with Envy;
 And yet these Honours, which conferr'd on me,
 Would make me pace on Air, seem not to move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
 I could rise higher still, I am a Man,
 And all these Glories, Empires heap'd upon me,
 Confirm'd by constant Friends and faithful Guards,
 Cannot defend me from a shaking Fever,
 Or bribe the uncorrupted Dart of Death
 To spare me one short Minute. Thus adorn'd
 In these triumphant Robes, my Body yields not
 A greater Shadow than it did when I
 Liv'd both poor and obscure; a Sword's sharp Point
 Enters my Flesh as far; Dreams break my Sleep
 As when I was a private Man; my Passions
 Are stronger Tyrants on me; nor is Greatness
 A saving Antidote to keep me from
 A Traitor's Poison. Shall I praise my Fortune,
 Or raise the building of my Happiness

On her uncertain Favour? Or presume
 She is my own, and sure, that yet was never
 Constant to any? Should my Reason fail me
 (As flattery oft corrupts it) here's an Example,
 To speak how far her Smiles are to be trusted;
 The rising Sun, this Morning, saw this Man
 The *Persian* Monarch, and those Subjects proud
 That had the Honour but to kiss his Feet;
 And yet e'er his diurnal Progress ends,
 He is the scorn of Fortune: But you'll say,
 That she forsook him for his want of Courage,
 But never leaves the Bold. Now by my hopes
 Of Peace and Quiet here, I never met
 A braver Enemy: And to make it good,
Cosroe, *Cassana*, and the rest, be free,
 And Ransomeless return.

Cos. To see this Virtue
 Is more to me than Empire; and to be
 O'ercome by you, a glorious Victory.

Max. What a Devil means he next?

Dio. I know that Glory
 Is like *Alcides* Shirt, if it stay on us
 Till Pride hath mix'd it with our Blood; nor can we
 Part with it at Pleasure, when we would uncase,
 It brings along with it both Flesh and Sinews,
 And leaves us living Monsters.

Max. Would it were come
 To my turn to put it on, I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No, I will not be pluck'd out by the Ears
 Out of this glorious Castle; uncompell'd
 I will surrender rather: Let it suffice,
 I have touch'd the height of human Happiness,
 And here I fix *Nil ultra*. Hitherto
 I have liv'd a Servant to ambitious Thoughts,
 And fading Glories; what remains of Life,
 I dedicate to Virtue; and to keep
 My Faith untainted, farewell Pride and Pomp,
 And circumstance of glorious Majesty,
 Farewel for ever. Nephew, I have noted,
 That you have long with sore Eyes look'd upon

My

My flourishing Fortune; you shall have possession
 Of my Felicity: I deliver up
 My Empire, and this Jem I priz'd above it,
 And all things else that made me worth your Envy,
 Freely unto you. Gentle Sir, your Suffrage,
 To strengthen this; the Soldiers love I doubt not;
 His Valour, Gentlemen, will deserve your Favours,
 Which let my Prayers further. All is yours.
 But I have been too liberal, and giv'n that
 I must beg back again.

Max. What am I faln from?

Dio. Nay, start not: It is only the poor Grange,
 The Patrimony which my Father left me,
 I would be Tenant to.

Max. Sir, I am yours:
 I will attend you there.

Dio. No, keep the Court,
 Seek you in *Rome* for Honour: I will labour
 To find content elsewhere. Disswade me not,
 By——, I am resolv'd. And now *Drusilla*,
 Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
 My Wife, if thy Love since hath felt no change,
 I am ready to perform it.

Dru. I still lov'd
 Your Person, not your Fortunes; in a Cottage,
 Being yours, I am an Empress.

Del. And I'll make
 The Change most happy.

Dio. Do me then the Honour,
 To see my Vow perform'd. You but attend
 My Glories to the Urn; where be it Ashes,
 Welcome my mean Estate; and as a due,
 Wish Rest to me, I Honour unto you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. **T**HE War with Glory ended, and Cosroe,
 Acknowledging his Fealty to Charinus,
 Dismiss'd in Peace, returns to Persia:
 The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,
 Are entertain'd with Triumphs: Maximinian,
 By the grace and intercession of his Uncle,
 Saluted Cæsar: but good Dioclesian,
 Weary of Pomp and State, retires himself
 With a small Train, to a most private Grange
 In Lombardy; where the glad Country strives
 With Rural Sports to give him Entertainment:
 With which delighted, he with ease forgets
 All specious Trifles, and securely tastes
 The certain Pleasures of a private Life.
 But oh Ambition, that eats into,
 With venom'd Teeth, true Thankfulness and Honour,
 And to support her Greatness, fashions Fears,
 Doubts, and Preventions to decline all dangers,
 Which in the place of Safety, prove her Ruin:
 All which he pleas'd to see in Maximinian,
 To whom, his confer'd Sovereignty was like
 A large Sail fill'd full with a fore-right Wind,
 That drowns a smaller Bark: And he once fall'n
 Into Ingratitude, makes no stop in Mischief,
 But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,
 Honour, and Empire, absolute Command;
 He being ill, long Great he cannot stand.

[Exit.
 Ye

SCENE II.

Enter Maximinian and Aurelia.

Aur. Why droops my Lord, my Love, my Life, my Cæsar?
 How ill this dullness doth comport with Greatness?
 Does not, with open Arms, your Fortune court you?
 Rome know you for her Master? I my self

Confess you for my Husband? love, and serve you?
If you condemn not these, and think them Curses,
I know no Blessings that ambitious Flesh
Could wish to feel beyond 'em.

Max. Best *Aurelia*,
The Parent and the Nurse to all my Glories,
'Tis not that thus embracing you, I think
There is a Heav'n beyond it, that begets
These sad Retirements; but the fear to lose
What it is Hell to part with: Better to have liv'd
Poor and obscure, and never scal'd the top
Of hilly Empire, than to die with fear
To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon
As we have reach'd it.

Aur. These are Pannick Terrors
You fashion to your self: Is not my Brother
(Your Equal and Co-partner in the Empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your Friend? the Soldier constant?
Hath not your Uncle *Dioclesian* taken
His last farewell o'th' World? What then can shake ye?

Max. The Thought I may be shaken, and assurance
That what we do possess is not our own,
But has depending on another's favour:
For nothing's more uncertain, my *Aurelia*,
Than Power that stands not on his proper Basis,
But borrows his Foundation. I'll make plain
My cause of doubts and fears; for what should I
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my most private Thoughts? Is not the Empire
My Uncle's gift? and may he not resume it
Upon the least distaste? Does not *Charinus*
Cross me in my designs? And what is Majesty
When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent Soldier
Call my Command his Donative? And what can take
More from our Honour? No, my wise *Aurelia*,
If I to you am more than all the World,
As sure you are to me; as we desire
To be secure, we must be absolute,
And know no Equal; when your Brother borrows
The little Splendor that he has from us,

And

And we are serv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live safe; but 'till then, we but walk
With heavy burthens on a Sea of Glass,
And our own weight will sink us.

Aur. Your Mother brought you
Into the World an Emperor; you perswade
But what I would have counsel'd: Nearness of Blood,
Respect of Piety, and Thankfulness,
And all the holy dreams of virtuous Fools,
Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition,
The maker of great Minds, and nurse of Honour,
Puts in for Empire. On then, and forget
Your simple Uncle; think he was the Master
(In being once an Emperor) of a Jewel,
Whose worth and use he knew not: For *Charinus*,
No more my Brother, if he be a stop
To what you purpose; he to me's a Stranger,
And so to be remov'd.

Max. Thou more than Woman,
Thou masculine Greatness, to whose soaring Spirit
To touch the Stars seems but an easie flight,
O how I glory in thee! those great Women
Antiquity is proud of, thou but nam'd,
Shall be no more remembred; but persevere,
And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,

Enter Charinus, Niger, and Guard.
To all Posterity, like another *Phebe*,
And so ador'd as she is.

Aur. Here's *Charinus*,
His Brow furrow'd with anger.

Max. Let him storm,
And you shall hear me Thunder.

Cha. He dispose of
My Provinces at his Pleasure? and confer
Those honours, that are only mine to give,
Upon his Creatures?

Nig. Mighty Sir, ascribe it
To his assurance of your Love and Favour,
And not to Pride or Malice.

Cha. No, good *Niger*,
 Courtesie shall not fool me; he shall know
 I lent a Hand to raise him, and defend him,
 While he continues good; but the same Strength,
 If Pride make him usurp upon my Right,
 Shall strike him to the Center. You are well met, Sir.

Max. As you make the Encounter: Sir, I hear,
 That you repine, and hold your self much griev'd,
 In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd
 The *Gallian* Proconsulship upon
 A Follower of mine.

Cha. 'Tis true, and wonder
 You durst attempt it.

Max. Durst, *Charinus*?

Cha. Durst;
 Again I speak it: Think you me so tame,
 So leaden and unactive, to sit down
 With such Dishonour? But, recall your Grant,
 And speedily; or by the *Roman*——
 Thou trip'st thine own Heels up, and hast no part
 In *Rome*, or in the Empire.

Max. Thou hast none,
 But by permission: Alas, poor *Charinus*,
 Thou shadow of an Emperor, I scorn thee,
 Thee, and thy foolish Threats: The Gods appoint him
 The absolute Disposer of the Earth,
 That has the sharpest Sword. I am sure, *Charinus*,
 Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel *Aper*
 Had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,
 An act that would have made a trembling Coward
 More daring than *Alcides*, thy base fear
 Made thee wink at it; then rose up my Uncle,
 For the Honour of the Empire, and of *Rome*,
 Against the Traytor, and among his Guards
 Punish'd the Treason: This bold daring act
 Got him the Soldiers Suffrages to be *Cesar*.
 And howsoever his too gentle Nature
 Allow'd thee the Name only, as his Gift,
 I challenge the Succession.

Cha. Thou art cozen'd.

When

When the Receiver of a courtesie
 Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
 'Tis but a Tryal, not a present Act.
 Thou hast in a few days of thy short Reign,
 In over-weening Pride, Riot and Lusts,
 Sham'd noble *Dioclesian*, and his Gift;
 Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto
 His certain knowledge, how the Empire groans
 Under thy Tyranny, but he will forsake
 His private Life, and once again resume
 His laid-by Majesty; or at least, make choice
 Of such an *Atlas* as may bear this burthen,
 Too heavy for thy Shoulders. To effect this,
 Lend your assistance, Gentlemen, and then doubt not
 But that this Mushroom, sprung up in a Night,
 Shall as soon wither. And for you, *Aurelia*,
 If you esteem your Honour more than Tribute
 Paid to your loathsome Appetite, as a Fury
 Fly from his loose Embraces; so farewell;
 E'er long you shall hear more. [Exeunt.

Aur. Are you struck Dumb,
 That you make no Reply?

Max. Sweet, I will do,
 And after talk: I will prevent their Plots,
 And turn them on their own accursed Heads.
 My Uncle? good, I must not know the Names
 Of Piety or Pity. Steel my Heart,
 Desire of Empire, and instruct me, that
 The Prince that over others would bear sway,
 Checks at no Let that stops him in his way. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter three Shepherds, and two Country-men.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great Man will continue here?

2 *Shep.* Continue here? what else? he has bought the
 great Farm;

A great Man, with a great Inheritance,
 And all the Ground about it, all the Woods too,
 And stock'd it like an Emperor. Now, all our sports again,

G g 3

And

And all our merry Gambols, our May-Ladies,
Our Evening Dances on the Green, our Songs,
Our Holiday good chear, our Bagpipes now, Boys,
Shall make the wanton Lasses skip again,
Our Sheep-shearings, and all our knacks.

3 *Shep.* But hark ye,
We must not call him Emperor.

1 *Countr.* That's all one,
He is the King of good Fellows, that's no Treason;
And so I'll call him still, though I be hang'd for't.
I grant ye, he has given his Honour to another Man,
He cannot give his Humour; he is a brave Fellow,
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither, *Ladon*,
What new Songs, and what Geers?

3 *Shep.* Enough; I'll tell ye,
He comes abroad anon to view his Grounds,
And with the help of *Thirsis*, and old *Egon*,
(If his whorson Cold be gone) and *Amaryllis*,
And some few more o'th' Wenches, we will meet him,
And strike him such new Springs, and such free welcomes,
Shall make him scorn an Empire, forget Majesty,
And make him blest the hour he liv'd here happy.

2 *Countr.* And we will second ye, we honest Carters,
We Lads o'th' lash, with some blunt Entertainment,
Our Teams to two pence, we'll give him some content,
Or we'll bawl fearfully.

3 *Shep.* He cannot expect now
His courtly Entertainments, and his rare Musicks,
And Ladies to delight him with their Voices;
Honest and chearful Toys from honest Meanings,
And the best Hearts they have. We must be neat all;
On goes my Ruffet Jerkin with blue Buttons. (net,

1 *Shep.* And my green floss I was married in; my Bon-
With my Carnation Point with silver Tags, Boys;
You know where I won it.

1 *Countr.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, *Alexis*. (vours,

1 *Shep.* And I shall find some Toys that have been fa-
And Nose-gays, and such Knacks; for there be Wenches.

3 *Shep.* My Mantle goes on too I play'd young *Paris* in,
And the new Garters *Amaryllis* sent me.

1 *Countr.*

1 *Countr.* Yes, yes; we'll all be handsome, and wash
Neighbour, I see a Remnant of *March Dust* (our Faces:
That's hatch'd into your Chaps: I pray ye be careful,

Enter Geta.

And mundifie your Muzzel.

2 *Countr.* I'll to th' Barbers,
It shall cost me I know what. Who's this?

3 *Shep.* Give room, Neighbours,
A great Man in our State; Gods blefs your Worship.

2 *Countr.* Encrease your Mastership.

Geta. Thanks, my good People;
Stand off, and know your Duties: As I take it
You are the labouring People of this Village,
And you that keep the Sheep. Stand farther off yet,
And mingle not with my Authority,
I am too mighty for your Company. (ship

3 *Shep.* We know it, Sir; and we desire your Wor-
To reckon us amongst your humble Servants,
And that our Country Sports, Sir,——

Geta. For your Sports, Sir,
They may be seen, when I shall think convenient,
When out of my Discretion, I shall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for Licence. Ye look upon me,
And look upon me seriously, as you knew me:
'Tis true, I have been a Rascal, as you are,
A Fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
Just such another Piece of Durt, so fashio'd:
But Time, that purifies all things of Merit,
Has set another Stamp. Come nearer now,
And be not fearful; I take off my Austerity;
And know me for the great and mighty Steward
Under this Man of Honour; know ye for my Vassals,
And at my Pleasure I can dispeople ye,
Can blow you and your Cattle out o'th'Country:
But fear me, and have Favour. Come, go a'long with
And I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em. (me,

3 *Shep.* I hope you will, Sir.

Geta. 'Tis not a thing impossible.
Perhaps I'll sing my self, the more to grace ye,
And if I like your Women.

3 *Shep.* We'll have the best, Sir,
Handsome young Girls.

Geta. The handsomer, the better.

Enter Delphia.

'May bring your Wives too, 'twill be all one Charge to
For I must know your Families. (ye ;

Del. 'Tis well said,

'Tis well said, honest Friends ; I know ye are hatching
Some pleasurable Sports for your great Landlord ;
Fill him with Joy, and win him a Friend to ye,
And make this little Grange seem a large Empire,
Let out with home Contents : I'll work his Favour,
Which daily shall be on ye.

3 *Shep.* Then we'll sing daily,
And make him the best Sports.

Del. Instruct 'em, *Geta*,
And be a merry Man again.

Geta. Will ye lend me a Devil,
That we may dance a while ?

Del. I'll lend thee two.

And Bag-Pipes that shall blow alone.

Geta. I thank ye ;

But I'll know your Devils of a cooler Complexion first.
Come, follow, follow ; I'll go sit and see ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diocles and Drusilla.

Del. Do ; and be ready an Hour hence, and bring 'em ;
For in the Grove you'll find him.

Dio. Come *Drusilla*,
The Partner of my best Contents : I hope now
You dare believe me.

Dru. Yes, and dare say to ye,
I think ye now most happy.

Dio. You say true, Sweet,
For by my ——— I find now by Experience,
Content was never Courtier.

Dru. I pray ye walk on, Sir ;
The cool Shades of the Grove invite ye.

Dio. O my dearest !
When Man has cast off his ambitious Greatness,
And sunk into the Sweetness of himself ;

Built

Built his Foundation upon honest Thoughts,
Not great, but good Desires his daily Servants;
How quietly he Sleeps! How joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his Possessions,
And from his willing labours feeds with Pleasure?
Here hang no Comets in the shapes of Crowns,
To shake our sweet contents; nor here, *Druzilla*,
Cares, like Eclipses, darken our Endeavours:
We love here without Rivals, kiss with Innocence;
Our Thoughts as gentle as our Lips, our Children
The double Heirs both of our Forms and Faiths.

Dru. I am glad ye make this right use of this sweetness,
This sweet Retiredness.

Dio. 'Tis sweet indeed, Love,
And every Circumstance about it, shews it.
How liberal is the Spring in every place here?
The artificial Court shews but a Shadow,
A painted imitation of this Glory.
Smell to this Flower, here Nature has her excellence:
Let all the Perfumes of the Empire pass this,
The carefull'st Lady's Cheek shew such a Colour,
They are gilded and adulterate Vanities.
And here in Poverty dwells noble Nature.
What pains we take to cool our Wines, to allay us,

[Musick below.]

And bury quick the fuming God to quench us,
Methinks this Chrystal Well? Ha? What strange Musick?
'Tis underneath, sure; how it stirs and joys me?
How all the Birds set on? The Fields redouble
Their odoriferous sweets? Hark how the Echoes——

Enter a Spirit from the Well.

Dru. See, Sir, those Flowers
From out the Well, spring to your Entertainment.

Enter Delphia.

Dio. Bless me.

Dru. Be not afraid, 'tis some good Angel
That's come to welcome ye.

Del. Go near and hear, Son.

S O N G.

Dio. O Mother, thank ye, thank ye, this was your Will.

Del.

Del. You shall not want delights to bless your Presence.
Now ye are honest, all the Stars shall honour ye.

Enter Shepherds and Dancers.

Stay, here are Country-shepherds, here is some sport too,
And you must grace it, Sir; 'twas meant to welcome ye;
A King shall never feel your Joy. Sit down, Son.

*A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeses; Pan leading
the Men, Ceres the Maids.*

Hold, hold, my Messenger appears; leave off, Friends,
Leave off a while, and Breathe.

Dio. What News? Ye are pale, Mother.

Del. No, I am careful of thy safety, Son,
Be not affrighted, but sit still; I am with thee.

Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, and Soldiers.

And now dance out your Dance. Do you know that Per-
Be not amaz'd, but let him shew his dreadfulest. (son?)

Max. How confident he sits amongst his Pleasures,
And what a chearful colour shews in's Face,
And yet he sees me too, the Soldiers with me.

Aur. Be speedy in your work, (you will be stopt else)
And then you are an Emperor.

Max. I will about it.

Dio. My Royal Cousin, how I joy to see ye,
You and your Royal Empress.

Max. You are too kind, Sir.

I come not to eat with ye, and to surfeit
In these poor Clownish Pleasures; but to tell ye
I look upon ye like my Winding-sheet,
The Coffin of my Greatness, nay, my Grave:
For whilst you are alive ———

Dio. Alive, my Cousin?

Max. I say, Alive. I am no Emperor;
I am nothing but mine own disquiet.

Dio. Stay, Sir.

Max. I cannot stay. The Soldiers doat upon ye.
I would fain spare ye; but mine own security
Compels me to forget you are my Uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me *Cæsar*:
For whilst you are remembred, I am buried.

Dio. Did not I make ye Emperor, dear Cousin,

The

The free gift from my special Grace?

Del. Fear nothing.

Dio. Did not I chuse this Poverty, to raise you?
That Royal Woman gave into your Arms too?
Bless'd ye with her bright Beauty? Gave the Soldier,
The Soldier that hung to me, fix'd him on ye?
Gave ye the World's command?

Max. This cannot help ye.

Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can ye be so base, Cousin,
So far from Nobleness, so far from Nature,
As to forget all this? To tread this Tie out?
Raise to your self so foul a Monument
That every common Foot shall kick asunder?
Must my Blood glue ye to your Peace?

Max. It must, Uncle;

I stand too loose else, and my Foot too feeble:
You gone once, and their Love retir'd, I am rooted.

Dio. And cannot this removed poor State obscure me?
I do not seek for yours, nor enquire ambitiously
After your growing Fortunes. Take heed, my Kinsman,
Ungratefulness and Blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious Tides——

Max. I must Sail thorow 'em:

Let 'em be Tides of Death, Sir, I must stem up.

Dio. Hear but this last, and wisely yet consider:
Place round about my Grange a Garrison,
That if I offer to exceed my Limits,
Or ever in my common Talk name Emperor,
Ever converse with any greedy Soldier,
Or look for Adoration, nay, for Courtesie
Above the days Salute.—Think who has fed ye,
Think, Cousin, who I am. Do ye slight my Misery?
Nay, then I charge thee; nay, I meet thy Cruelty.

Max. This cannot serve, prepare: Now fall on, Soldiers,
And all the Treasure that I have.

[Thunder and Lightning.

Sold. The Earth shakes;
We totter up and down; we cannot stand, Sir;
Methinks the Mountains tremble too.

2 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* The flashes
How thick and hot they come? We shall be burn'da ll.

Del. Fall on, Soldiers:
You that sell innocent Blood, fall on full bravely.

Sold. We cannot stir.

Del. You have your liberty,
So have you, Lady. One of you come do it.

[*A Hand with a Bolt appears above.*
Do you stand amaz'd? Look o'er thy Head, *Maximinian*,
Look, to thy Terror, what over-hangs thee:
Nay, it will nail thee Dead; look how it threatens thee:
The Bolt for Vengeance on ungrateful Wretches;
The Bolt of innocent Blood; read those hot Characters,
And spell the will of Heav'n. Nay, lovely Lady,
You must take part too, as spur to Ambition.
Are ye humble? Now speak, my part's ended.
Does all your Glory shake?

Max. Hear us, great Uncle,
Good and great Sir, be pitiful unto us;
Below your Feet we lay our Lives, be merciful:
Begin you, Heav'n will follow.

Aur. Oh, it shakes still.

Max. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
Our base and foul intentions. Stand between us;
For faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven.
We are sorry for our Sins. Take from us, Sir,
That glorious weight that made us swell, that poison'd
That mass of Majesty I laboured under, (us;
(Too heavy and too mighty for my Manage)
That my poor innocent Days may turn again,
And my Mind, pure, may purge me of these Curses;
By your old Love, the Blood that runs between us.

[*The Hand taken in.*

Aur. By that Love once ye bare to me, by that, Sir,
That blessed Maid enjoys——

Dio. Rise up, dear Cousin,
And be your Words your Judges: I forgive ye,
Great as ye are, enjoy that Greatness ever,
Whilst I mine own Content make mine own Empire.
Once more I give ye all; learn to deserve it,

And

And live to love your Good more than your Greatness.
Now shew your Loves to entertain this Emperor,
My honest Neighbours. *Geta*, see all handsome.
Your Grace must pardon us, our House is little;
But such an ample welcome as a poor Man
And his true Love can make you and your Empress.
Madam, we have no Dainties.

Aur. 'Tis enough, Sir;

We shall enjoy the riches of your Goodness.

Sold. Long live the good and gracious *Dioclesian*.

Dio. I thank ye, Soldiers, I forgive your rashness.
And, Royal Sir, long may they love and honour ye.

[*Drums March afar off.*]

What Drums are those?

Del. Meet 'em, my honest Son,

They are thy Friends, *Charinus* and the old Soldiers
That come to rescue thee from thy hot Cousin.

But all is well, and turn all into welcomes:

Two Emperors you must entertain now.

Dio. O dear Mother,

I have Will enough, but I want Room and Glory. (rily,

Del. That shall be my care. Sound your Pipes now mer-
And all your handsome Sports. Sing 'em full welcomes.

Dio. And let 'em know, our true Love breeds more
Stories

And perfect Joys, than Kings do, and their Glories

[*Exeunt.*]





Queen of Corinth.

THE
QUEEN
OF
CORINTH,
A
Tragi-Comedy.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

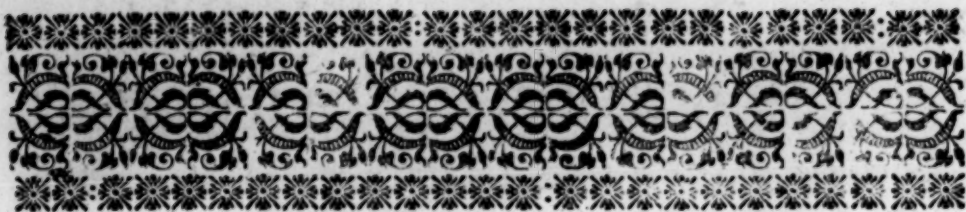
A Genor, *Prince of Argos.*
Theanor, *Son to the Queen of Corinth, a vicious Prince.*
Leonidas, *the Corinthian General, Brother to Merione.*
Euphanes, *A noble young Gentleman, Favourite to the Queen.*
Crates, *Elder Brother to Euphanes, a malicious Beaufeseu.*
Conon, *Euphanes's Confident, and Fellow-Traveller.*
Neanthes, }
Soficles, } *Courtiers.*
Eraton, }
Onos, or Lamprias, *a very foolish Traveller.*
Tutor and }
Uncle } *to Onos, two foolish Knaves.*
Gentlemen, *Servants to Agenor.*
A Page to Lord Euphanes.
Marshal, Vintner, Drawers.

W O M E N.

Merione, *A virtuous Lady, honourably sollicitated by Prince Agenor.*
Beliza, *A noble Lady, Mistress to Euphanes.*
Queen of Corinth, *A wise and virtuous Widow, Mother of Theanor.*

SCENE CORINTH.

T H E



T H E
QUEEN of *Corinth*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Neanthes, Soficles, and Eraton.

E R A T O N.



HE General is returned then?

Nean. With much Honour.

Sof. And Peace concluded with the Prince of *Argos*?

Nean. To the Queen's Wishes: The Conditions sign'd

So far beyond her Hopes, to the Advantage
Of *Corinth*, and the good of all her Subjects;
That though *Leonidas*, our brave General,
Ever came home a fair and great Example,
He never yet return'd, or with less Loss
Or more deserved Honour.

Era. Have you not heard
The Motives to this general good?

Nean. The main one
Was Admiration first in young *Agenor*,
(For by that Name we know the Prince of *Argos*)
Of our *Leonidas* Wisdom and his Valour;
Which though an Enemy, first in him bred Wonder,
That Liking, Love succeeded that, which was
Followed by a Desire to be a Friend,
Upon what Terms soever to such Goodness.
They had an Enterview; and that their Friendship

Might with our Peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor yielding up all such strong Places
 As he held in our Territories, should receive
 (With a sufficient Dower, paid by the Queen)
 The fair *Merione* for his Wife.

Era. But how
 Approves the Queen of this? since we well know,
 Nor was her Highness ignorant, that her Son
 The Prince *Theanor* made Love to this Lady,
 And in the noblest way.

Nean. Which she allowed of,
 And I have heard from some familiar with
 Her nearest Secrets, she so deeply priz'd her,
 Being from an Infant train'd up in her Service,
 (Or to speak better, rather her own Creature)
 She once did say, That if the Prince should steal
 A Marriage without her Leave, or Knowledge,
 With this *Merione*, with a little Suit
 She should grant both their Pardons; whereas now
 To shew her self forsooth a *Spartan* Lady,
 And that 'tis in her Power, now it concerns
 The common good, not alone to subdue
 Her own Affections, but command her Son's;
 She has not only forc'd him with rough Threats
 To leave his Mistress, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his Entrance into *Corinth*,
 To wait upon his Rival.

Sof. Can it be
 The Prince should sit down with this Wrong?

Nean. I know not,
 I am sure I should not.

Era. Trust me, nor I,
 A Mother is a Name, but put in Ballance (him?
 With a young Wench 'tis nothing; wheredid you leave

Nean. Near *Vesta's* Temple, for there he dismiss'd me,
 And full of troubled Thoughts, calling for *Crates*:
 He went with him, but whither, or to what Purpose,
 I am a Stranger.

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Era. They are come back, *Neantbes*.

The.

The. I like the Place well.

Cra. Well, Sir? it is built
As if the Architect had been a Prophet,
And fashion'd it alone for this Night's Action;
The Vaults so hollow, and the Walls so strong,
As *Dian* there might suffer Violence,
And with loud Shrieks in vain call *Jove* to help her;
Or should he hear, his Thunder could not find
An Entrance to it.

The. I give up my self
Wholly to thy Direction, worthiest *Crates*;
And yet the desperate Cure that we must practise
Is in it self so foul, and full of Danger,
That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
To die not seeking Help, or that Help being
So deadly, to pursue it.

Cra. To those Reasons
I have already urg'd, I will add these.
For but consider, Sir——

Era. It is of weight
What-e'er it be, that with such vehement Action,
Of Eye, Hand, Foot, may all his Body's Motion,
Crates incites the Prince to.

Nean. Then observe,
With what variety of Passions he
Receives his Reasons; now he's pale, and shakes
For Fear or Anger; now his natural Red
Comes back again, and with a pleasing Smile
He seems to entertain it; 'tis resolv'd on,
Be it what 'twill; to his Ends may it prosper,
Though the State sink for't.

Cra. Now you are a Prince
Fit to rule others, and in shaking off
The Bonds in which your Mother fetters you,
Discharge your Debt to Nature, she's your Guide,
Follow her boldly, Sir.

The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall.

Cra. Yet still disguise your Malice
In your Humility.

The. I am instructed.

Cra. Though in your Heart there rage a thousand Tem-
All Calmness in your Looks. (pests,

The. I shall remember.

Cra. And at no hand, tho' these are us'd as Agents,
Acquaint them with your Purpose, 'till the Instant
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to consider; when 'tis done, Reward
Or Fear will keep them silent; yet you may
Grace them as you pass by, 'twill make them surer,
And greedier to deserve you.

The. I'll move only
As you would have me: Good-day, Gentlemen;
Nay, spare this ceremonious Form of Duty
To him that brings Love to you, equal Love,
And is in nothing happier, than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.

Sof. I am o'er-joy'd, I know not
How to reply; but——

Era. Hang all butts; my Lord,
For this your bounteous Favour——

Nean. Let me speak,
If to feed Vultures here, after the Halter
Has done his Part, or if there be a Hell
To take a Swinge or two there, may deserve this.

Sof. We are ready.

Era. Try us any way.

Nean. Put us to it.

The. What Jewels I have in you?

Cra. Have these Souls,
That for a good Look, and a few kind Words,
Part with their Essence?

The. Since you will compel me
To put that to the Tryal, which I doubt not,
Crates, may be, suddenly will instruct you
How, and in what to shew your Loves; obey him
As you would bind me to you.

Cra. 'Tis well-grounded;
Leave me to rear the Building.

Nean. We will do.

Era.

Cra. I know it.

Era. Any thing you'll put us to.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Leonidas, Merione, Beliza, and Servants.

Leo. Sister, I reap the Harvest of my Labours
In your Preferment, be you worthy of it,
And with an open Bosom entertain
A greater Fortune than my Love durst hope for;
Be wise, and welcome it: Play not the coy
And foolish Wanton, with the offered Bounties
Of him that is a Prince. I was woo'd for you,
And won, *Merione*; then if you dare
Believe the Object that took me was worthy,
Or trust my Judgment, in me think you were
Court'd, sued to, and conquer'd.

Mer. Noble Brother,
I have and still esteem you as a Father,
And will as far obey you; my Heart speaks it:
And yet without your Anger, give me leave
To say, That in the Choice of that on which
All my Life's Joys or Sorrows have dependance,
It had been fit, if e'er you had made a full
And absolute Grant of me to any other,
I should have us'd mine own Eyes, or at least
Made you to understand, whether it were
Within my Power to make a second Gift
Of my poor self.

Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
The Prince *Theanor's* Love; let not that cheat you;
His Vows were but meer Courtship; all his Service
But Practice how to entrap a credulous Lady:
Or grant it serious, yet you must remember
He's not to love, but where the Queen his Mother
Must give Allowance, which to you is barr'd up,
And therefore study to forget that ever
You cherish'd such a Hope.

Mer. I would I could.

Leo. But brave *Agenor*, who is come in Person

H h 3

To

To celebrate this Marriage, for your Love
 Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand Lives,
 That must have fall'n under the Sword of War
 Had not this Peace been made; which general good
 Both Countries owe to his Affection to you:
 O happy Sister, ask this noble Lady,
 Your bosom Friend (since I fail in my Credit)
 What Palm *Agenor's* Name, above all Princes
 That *Greece* is proud of, carries, and with Lustre.

Bel. Indeed Fame gives him out for excellent;
 And Friend, I doubt not but when you shall see him,

Enter a Servant.

He'll so appear to you. Art sure 'tis he?

Ser. As I live Madam —

Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my Joy.

'Tis my *Euphanes*.

Ser. Yes.

Bel. And he's in Health?

Ser. Most certainly Madam.

Bel. I'll see him instantly.

So prethee tell him.

[*Exit Ser.*]

Mer. I yield my self too weak
 In Argument to oppose you; you may lead me
 Whither you please.

Leo. 'Tis answer'd like my Sister;
 And if in him you find not ample cause
 To pray for me, and daily on your Knees,
 Conclude I have no Judgment.

Mer. May it prove so:
 Friend, shall we have your Company?

Bel. Two hours hence
 I will not fail you.

Leo. At your pleasure, Madam. [*Ex. Leo. and Mer.*]

Enter Euphanes.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes,
 And hearty ones, you have 'em: Fie, my Hand,
 We stand at no such distance, by my Life
 The parting kiss you took before your Travel
 Is yet a Virgin on my Lips, preserv'd
 With as much care as I would do my Fame

To

To entertain your wish'd return.

Euph. Best Lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever Man did Virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that Reverence
As holy Men behold the Sun, the Stars,
The Temples, and their Gods, they all can witness;
And that you have deserv'd this Duty from me,
The Life, and means of Life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my Fortune
Affords no other Payment.

Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling Courtesies, as I call them,
(Though you give them another name) you had
Made ample satisfaction in th' acceptance,
And therefore did presume you had brought home
Some other Language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your Goodness;
Nor can I ever chuse another Theme,
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you no more,
As you respect me.

Euph. That Charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it: 'Tis your Pleasure,
And not my Boldness, Madam.

Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
Believe I am not one of those weak Ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their Birth or Fortune, which are things without them;
Nor in this will I imitate the World,
Whose greater part of Men think when they give
They purchase Bondmen, not make worthy Friends:
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great Estate was an Addition to me,
Or that your Wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
So truly understanding or themselves
Or what they do possess.

Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
 Where Benefits
 Are ill conferr'd, as to unworthy Men,
 That turn them to bad uses, the Bestower,
 For wanting judgement how, and on whom to place them,
 Is partly guilty: But when we do Favours
 To such as make them Grounds on which they build
 Their noble Actions, there we improve our Fortunes
 To the most fair advantage. If I speak
 Too much, though I confess I speak well,
 Prethee remember 'tis a Woman's weakness,
 And then thou wilt forgive it.

Euph. You speak nothing
 But what would well become the wisest Man:
 And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
 That I could hear you ever.

Bel. Fly not from
 Your Word, for I arrest it: And will now
 Express my self a little more, and prove
 That whereas you profess your self my Debtor,
 That I am yours.

Euph. Your Ladyship then must use
 Some Sophistry I ne'er heard of.

Bel. By plain Reasons;
 For look you, had you never sunk beneath
 Your Wants, or if those Wants had found supply
 From *Crates*, your unkind and covetous Brother,
 Or any other Man, I then had miss'd
 A Subject upon which I worthily
 Might exercise my Bounty: Whereas now,
 By having happy opportunity
 To furnish you before, and in your Travels,
 With all Conveniencies that you thought useful,
 That Gold which would have rusted in my Coffers
 Being thus imploy'd, has render'd me a Partner
 In all your glorious Actions. And whereas
 Had you not been, I should have dy'd a thing
 Scarce known, or soon forgotten: There's no Trophy
 In which *Euphanes* for his worth is mention'd,
 But there you have been careful to remember,

That

That all the good you did came from *Beliza*.

Euph. That was but Thankfulness.

Bel. 'Twas such an Honour,
And such a large Return for the poor Trash
I ventur'd with you, that if I should part
With all that I possess, and my self too,
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.

Euph. You o'er-prize them, Madam.

Bel. The Queen her self hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf, for she hath heard, *Euphanes*,
How gallantly you have maintain'd her Honour
In all the Courts of *Greece*: And rest assur'd
(Though yet unknown) when I present you to her,
Which I will do this Evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.

Euph. Worthiest Lady,
Since all you labour for is the Advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor Servant,
He must not contradict it.

Bel. Here's your Brother,
'Tis strange to see him here.

Enter Crates.

Cra. You are welcome home, Sir,
(Your pardon, Madam,) I had thought my House,
Considering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your first Visit.

Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When last I saw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That absence, which still renders Men forgotten,
Should make my Presence wish'd for.

Bel. That's not it,
Your too kind Brother understanding that
You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His Entertainment.

Cra. He had never wanted,
Or yours, or your Assistance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have commanded
Whatever I call mine.

Euph. I studied many,

But

But could find none.

Cra. You would not find your self, Sir,
Or in your self, what was due to me from you,
The privilege my Birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.

Euph. You had all the Land, Sir,
What else did you expect? And I am certain
You kept such strong Guards to preserve it yours,
I could force nothing from you.

Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?

Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open Mouths, but you nor heard nor saw them;
May be you look'd, I should petition to you
As you went to your Horse; flatter your Servants,
To play the Brokers for my furtherance,
Sooth your worst Humours, act the Parasite
On all Occasions, write my Name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from Slaves;
Be drunk when you would have me, then Wench with
Or play the Pander; enter into Quarrels (you,
Although unjustly grounded, and defend them
Because they were yours; these are the Tyrannies
Most younger Brothers groan beneath; yet bear them
From the insulting Heir, selling their Freedoms
At a less rate than what the State allows
The Sallery of base and common Strumpets:
For my part, e'er on such low terms I feed
Upon a Brother's Trencher, let me die
The Beggars Death, and starve.

Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.

Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours?

Cra. I'll tell you, Lady,
Since you rise up his Advocate, and boldly,
(For now I find, and plainly, in whose Favour
My Love and Service to you was neglected)
For all your Wealth, nay, add to that your Beauty,
And put your Virtues in, if you have any,

I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine Courtier, the Woman's Man,
That tells my Lady Stories, dissolves Riddles,
Uihers her to her Coach, lyes at her Feet
At solemn Masks, applauding what she laughs at;
Reads her asleep anights, and takes his Oath
Upon her Pantoffles, that all Excellence
In other Madams do but zany hers:
These you are perfect in, and yet these take not
Or from your Birth and Freedom.

Eupb. Should another

Say this, my Deeds, not Looks should shew ———

Bel. Contemn it:

His Envy fains this, and he's but Reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry Fancies.

Cra. Yes Madam, the whole City speaks it with me,
And though in my distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the Scene, and with him censur'd;
For you are given out for the provident Lady,
That not to be unfurnish'd for her Pleasures
(As without them to what vain use is Greatness)
Have made choice of an able Man, a young Man
Of an *Herculean* Back to do you Service,
And one you may command too, that is Active,
And does what you would have him.

Bel. You are foul-mouth'd.

(ones,

Cra. That can speak well, write Verses too, and good
Sharp and conceited, whose Wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you,
And by the Gods you well reward him for it.
No Night (in which while you lye sick and panting)
He watches by you, but is worth a Talent:
No Conference in your Coach, which is not paid with
A scarlet Suit; this the poor People mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A Lady of your Youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact Lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous Love, the last bought Vizard
That Leachery purchas'd.

Eupb.

Euph. Not a word beyond this.
 The Reverence I owe to that one Womb
 In which we both were Embrions, makes me suffer
 What's past; but if continu'd —

Bel. Stay your Hand,
 The Queen shall right my Honour.

Cra. Let him do it,
 It is but marrying him; and for your Anger,
 Know that I flight it: When your Goddess here
 Is weary of your Sacrifice, as she will be,
 You know my House, and there amongst my Servants
 Perhaps you'll find a Livery. [Exit.]

Bel. Be not mov'd,
 I know the rancor of his Disposition,
 And turn it on himself by laughing at it,
 And in that let me teach you.

Euph. I learn gladly. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Neanthes, Sofines, and Eraton severally.

Nean. You are met unto my wishes, if you ever
 Desir'd true Mirth so far as to adventure
 To dye with the extremity of Laughter,
 I come before the Object that will do it;
 Or let me live your Fool.

Sof. Who is't, *Neanthes*?

Nean. *Lamprias* the Usurer's Son.

Era. *Lamprias*? the Youth
 Of six and fifty?

Sof. That was sent to Travel
 By rich *Beliza*, 'till he came to Age
 And was fit for a Wife?

Nean. The very same,
 This Gallant with his Guardian, and his Tutor,
 (And of the three, who is most Fool I know not)
 Are newly come to *Corinth*, I'll not stale them
 By giving up their Characters, but leave you
 To make your own discoveries; here they are, Sir.

Enter Onos, Uncle and Tutor.

Tutor. That Leg a little higher; very well.

Now

Now put your Face into the Traveller's posture;
Exceeding good.

Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?

Tut. They will be all my Scholars, when they know
And understand him truly.

Era. *Phæbus* guard me
From this new *Python*.

Sof. How they have trim'd him up
Like an old Reveller?

Nean. Curl'd him and perfum'd him,
But that was done with Judgment, for he looks
Like one that purg'd perpetually; trust me,
That Witches Face of his is painted too,
And every Ditch upon it buries more
Than would set off ten Bawds, and all their Tenants.

Sof. See how it moves towards us.

Nean. There's a Salutation:
'Troth, Gentlemen, you have bestowed much Travel
In training up your Pupil.

Tut. Sir, great Buildings
Require great Labours, which yet we repent not,
Since for the Country's good we have brought home
An absolute Man.

Unc. As any of his Years,
Corinth can shew you.

Era. He's exceeding meagre.

Tut. His Contemplation——

Unc. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.

Nean. You all contemplate;
For three such wretched Pictures of lean Famine
I never saw together.

Unc. We have fat Minds, Sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful Gentleman
Should be brought up a Glutton? he's my Ward,
Nor was there ever where I bore the Bag
Any superfluous waste.

Era. Pray you can it speak?

Tut. He knows all Languages, but will use none,
They

They are all too big for his Mouth; or else too little
 T' express his great Conceits: and yet of late
 With some Impulsion he hath set down
 In a strange method, by the way of question,
 And briefly to all business whatsoever
 That may concern a Gentleman.

Nean. Good Sir, let's hear him.

Tut. Come on, Sir.

Nean. They have taught him like an Ape,
 To do his Tricks by signs; now he begins.

Onos. When shall we be drunk together?

Tut. That's the first.

Onos. Where shall we whore to Night?

Uncle. That ever follows.

Era. 'Ods me, he now looks angry.

Onos. Shall we quarrel?

Nean. With me at no hand, Sir.

Onos. Then let's protest.

Era. Is this all?

Tut. These are, Sir, the four new Virtues
 That are in fashion; many a Mile we measur'd
 Before we could arrive to this knowledge. (here

Nean. You might have spar'd that labour, for at home
 There's little else in practice. Ha? the Queen?
 Good Friends, for half an hour remove your Motion,
 To morrow willingly when we have more leisure
 We'll look on him again.

Onos. Did I not rarely?

Uncle. Excellent well.

Tut. He shall have six Plumbs for it. [Exeunt.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, *Queen*, Merione,
 Beliza, Euphanes, Crates, *Ladies and Attendants with*
Lights. (ther,

Queen. How much my Court is honour'd, Princely Bro-
 In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for Presence,
 Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
 (And heartily) acknowledg'd; may the Gods,
 That look into Kings Actions, smile upon
 The League we have concluded; and their Justice

Find

Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One Article.

Age. Great Miracle of Queens,
How happy I esteem my self, in being
Thought worthy to be numbred in the rank
Of your Confederates, my love and best service
Shall teach the World hereafter; but this Gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
That of necessity I must dye oblig'd
To your unanswer'd Bounty.

The. The sweet Lady
In Blushes gives your Highness thanks.

Queen. Believe it
On the Queen's word, she is a worthy one,
And I am so acquainted with her Goodness,
That but for this Peace that hath chang'd my purpose,
And to her more Advancement, I should gladly
Have call'd her Daughter.

The. Though I am depriv'd of
A blessing, 'tis not in the Fates to equal,
To shew my self a Subject as a Son,
Here I give up my Claim, and willingly
With mine own Hand deliver you what once
I lov'd above my self; and from this hour,
(For my Affection yields now to my Duty)
Vow never to solicit her.

Cra. 'Tis well cover'd;
Neantes, and the rest. [*Exe. Cra. Nean. Sof. Era.*]

Queen. Nay, for this Night
You must, for 'tis our Country fashion, Sir,
Leave her to her Devotions, in the Morning
We'll bring you to the Temple.

Leo. How in this
Your Highness honours me?

Mer. Sweet Rest to all.

Age. This Kiss, and I obey you.

Bel. Please it your Highness,
This is the Gentleman.

Queen. You are welcome home, Sir;

Now

Now as I live, one of a promising Presence;
 I have heard of you before, and you shall find
 I'll know you better; find out something that
 May do you good, and rest assur'd to have it.
 Were you at *Sparta* lately?

Euph. Three days since, Madam,
 I came from thence.

Queen. 'Tis very late,
 Good night, my Lord; do you, Sir, follow me,
 I must talk further with you.

Age. All rest with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Crates, Neanthes, Eraton and Soficles, disguis'd.

Cra. She must pass through this Cloyster, suddenly
 And boldly seize upon her.

Nean. Where's the Prince?

Cra. He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.

Enter Merione and Servant.

I hear ones footing, peace, 'tis she.

Mer. Now leave me,

I know the way, though *Vesta* witness with me
 I never trod it with such fear: Help, help!

Cra. Stop her Mouth close, out with the Light, I'll
 guide you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Merione as newly Ravish'd.

Mer. **T**O whom now shall I cry? What Pow'r thus kneel
 And beg my ravish'd Honour back upon me. (to?)
 Deaf, deaf, you Gods of Goodness, deaf to me,
 Deaf Heav'n to all my cries; deaf Hope, deaf Justice:
 I am abus'd, and you, that see all, saw it,
 Saw it, and smil'd upon the Villain did it;
 Saw it, and gave him Strength: Why have I pray'd to ye,
 When all the World's Eyes have been sunk in slumbers?
 Why have I then pour'd out my Tears? kneel'd to ye?
 And from the Altar of a pure Heart sent ye
 Thoughts like your selves, white, innocent, Vows purer
 And of a sweeter flame than all the Earth's Odours?

Why

Why have I sung your Praises, strew'd your Temples,
And crown'd your Holy Priests with Virgin Roses?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?
Believe and honour ye, to see us ruin'd?
These Tears of Anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,
You that dare sleep secure whilst Virgins suffer,
These stick like Comets, blaze eternally,
'Till, with the wonder, they have wak'd your Justice,
And forc'd ye fear our Curses, as we yours.

Enter Theanor, and Crates, with Vizards.

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me;
He turns away in scorn, I am contemn'd too,
A more unmanly violence than the other;
Bitten, and flung away? What e'er you are
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now most basely
And sacrilegiously rob'd this fair Temple,
I fling all these behind me, but look upon me,
But one kind loving look, be what ye will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my Husband;
And you his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,
Counsel him nobly now; you know the mischief,
The most unrighteous act he has done, perswade him,
Perswade him like a Friend, knock at his Conscience
'Till fair Repentance follow; yet be worthy of me,
And shew your self, if ever good thought guided ye;
You've had your foul Will, make it yet fair with Marriage;
Open your self and take me, wed me now:

[Draws his Dagger.]

More fruits of Villany? your Dagger? come
Ye are merciful, I thank you for your Medicine:
Is that too worthy too?

Enter the rest disguis'd.

Devil, thou with him,
Thou penny Bawd to his Lust, will not that stir thee?
Do you work by Tokens now? Be sure I live not,
For your own safeties, Knaves. I will sit patiently:
But as ye are true Villains, the Devil's own Servants,
And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody
An Act, of such true horror, Heav'n would shake at,
'Twill shew the braver; Goodness hold my hope fast,

And in thy Mercies look upon my ruins,
 And then I am right: My Eyes grow dead and heavy.
*Enter six disguis'd, singing and dancing to a horrid Musick,
 and sprinkling water on her Face.*

Wrong me no more, as ye are Men.

The. She is fast.

Cra. Away with her.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Agenor, and Gentlemen.

Age. Now, Gentlemen, the time's come now t'enjoy
 That fruitful Happiness my Heart has long'd for:
 This Day be happy call'd, and when old Time
 Brings it about each Year, crown'd with that sweetness
 It gives me now, see every Man observe it,
 And laying all aside bears shew of business,
 Give this to Joy and Triumph: How fits my Cloaths?

1 Gent. Handsome, and wondrous well, Sir.

Age. Do they shew richly?

For to those curious Eyes even Beauty envies,
 I must not now appear poor, or low fashion'd;
 Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger;
 And such a promise in my Blood I feel now,
 That if there may be a perpetual Youth
 Bestowed on Man, I am that Soul shall win it:
 Does my Hair stand well, Lord how ill-favour'dly
 You have dress'd me to day? how baldly? why this Cloak?

2 Gent. Why 'tis the richest, Sir.

Age. And here ye have put me on

A pair of Breeches look like a pair of Bagpipes.

1 Gent. Believe, Sir, they shew bravely.

Age. Why these Stockins?

2 Gent. Your Leg appears——

Ag. Peuh, I would have had 'em Peach-colour,
 All young, and new about me: And this Scarf here,
 A goodly thing: you have trick'd me like a Puppet.

1 Gent. I'll undertake to rig forth a whole Navy,
 And with less labour, than one Man in Love:
 They are never pleas'd.

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* Methinks he looks well.

1 *Gent.* Well,

As Man can look, as handsome: Now do I wonder
He found not fault his Nose was put on ugly,
Or his Eyes look'd too gray, and rail at us:
They are the wayward'th things, these Lovers.

2 *Gent.* All will be right
When once it comes to th' push.

1 *Gent.* I would they were at it,
For our own quiet sake.

Age. Come, wait upon me,
And bear your selves like mine, my Friends, and nobly. [*Ex.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Theanor, Crates, and Erates, bringing Merione.

Erat. This is her Brother's Door.

Cra. There lay her down then.

Lay her along; she is fast still.

Ser. As forgetfulness.

Cra. Be not you stir'd now, but away to your Mother,
Give all attendance, let no stain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your Face; carry your self confidently.

The. But whither runs your drift now?

Cra. When she wakes,

Either what's done will shew a meer Dream to her,
And carry no more credit; or say she find it,
Say she remember all the Circumstances,
Twenty to one the Shapes in which they were acted,
The horrors, and the still affrights we shew'd her,
Rising in wilder figures to her Memory
Will run her mad, and no Man guess the reason:
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect her self, believe this, Sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to guess; the thing done too
Being the utter undoing of her Honour
If it be known, and to the World's Eye publish'd,
Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She must and will conceal it; nay, forget it,

The Woman is no *Lucrece*; get you gone, Sir,
And as you would have more of this Sport, fear not.

The. I am confirm'd, farewell.

Cra. Farewel, away, Sir:

Disperse your selves, and as you love his Favour,
And that that crowns it, Gold, no Tongues amongst ye;
You know your Charge, this way goes no Suspicion. [*Ex.*

Enter Agenor, and Leonidas, with two Gentlemen.

Age. You are stirring early, Sir.

Leo. It was my Duty

To wait upon your Grace.

Age. How fares your Sister,

My beauteous Mistress, what, is she ready yet? (her way

Leo. No doubt she'll lose no time, Sir; young Maids in
Tread upon Thorns, and think an Hour an Age
Till the Priest has done his Part, that theirs may follow;
I saw her not since Yesterday i'th' Evening:
But Sir, I am sure she is not slack; believe me,
Your Grace will find a loving Soul.

Age. A sweet one,

And so much Joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happiness to know she is mine;

Believe me noble Brother, that to express it
Methinks a Tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing;
Imagination less: Who's that that lies there?

Leo. Where, Sir?

Age. Before the Door, it looks like a Woman.

Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was no-
One of the Maids o'erwatch'd belike. (thing,

Age. It may be.

Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to sleep in.

Gent. 'Tis sure a Woman Sir, she has Jewels on too:
She fears no foul play sure.

Leo. Bring a Torch hither,

Yet 'tis not perfect Day: I should know those Garments.

Age. How sound she sleeps?

Leo. I am sorry to see this.

Age. Do you know her?

Leo. And you now I am sure, Sir.

Age.

Age. My Mistress! how comes this?

Enter Queen, Theanor, Beliza, Euphanes, Neanthes, and Attendants.

Leo. The Queen and her Train?

Queen. You know my Pleasure.

Euph. And will be most careful.

Queen. Be not long absent, the Suit you preferr'd
Is granted.

Nean. This Fellow mounts apace, and will
Tower o'er us like a Falcon.

Queen. Good morrow to ye all, why stand ye wondring?
Enter the House Sir, and bring out your Mistress,
You must observe our Ceremonies: What's the matter?
What's that ye stand at? How! *Merione*?
Asleep i'th' Street? Belike some sudden Palsie
As she slept out last Night upon Devotion,
To take her farewell of her Virgin State,
The Air being sharp and piercing, struck her suddenly:
See if she Breath.

Leo. A little.

Queen. Wake her then,
'Tis sure a Fit.

Age. She wakes her self,
Give room to her.

Queen. See how the Spirits struggle to recover,
And strongly reinforce their Strength; for certain
This was no natural Sleep.

The. I am of your mind, Madam.

Queen. No Son, it cannot be.

The. Pray Heav'n no trick in't;
Good Soul, she little merits such a Mischief.

Queen. She is broad awake now, and her Sense clears
'Twas sure a Fit; stand off. (up,

Mir. The Queen, my Love here,
And all my Noble Friends? Why where am I? (me,
How am I tranc'd, and moap'd, i'th' Street? Heav'n bless
Shame to my Sex; o'th' Ground too? O I remember—

Leo. How wild she looks?

Age. Oh my cold Heart, how she trembles?

Mer. Oh I remember, I remember.

Queen. What's that?

Mer. My Shame, my Shame, my Shame: Oh I re-
My never-dying Shame. (member,

The. Here has been Villany.

Queen. I fear so too.

Mer. You are no Furies, are ye?
No horrid Shapes sent to afright me?

Age. No, Sweet,
We are your Friends: Look up, I am *Agenor*,
O my *Merione*, that loves you dearly:
And come to marry ye.

Leo. Sister, what ail ye?
Speak out your Griefs, and boldly——

Age. Something sticks here
Will choak ye else.

Mer. I hope it will.

Queen. Be free, Lady,
You have your loving Friends about ye.

Age. Dear *Merione*,
By the unspotted Love I ever bore ye,
By thine own Goodness——

Mer. Oh 'tis gone, 'tis gone, Sir,
I am now I know not what; pray ye look not on me;
No Name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded——

Age. Speak it,
And how; Diseases of most Danger,
Their Causes once discover'd, are easily cur'd;
My fair *Merione*.

Mer. I thank your Love, Sir;
When I was fair *Merione*, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the Bud you honour'd,
White as the Heart of Truth, then Prince *Agenor*,
Even then I was not worthy of your Favour.
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of Pity:
Let no good thing come near me, Virtue flie me;
You that have honest noble Names despise me,
For I am nothing now but a main Pestilence
Able to poison all. Send those unto me
That have forgot their Names, ruin'd their Fortunes,
Despis'd

Despis'd their Honours; those that have been Virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.

The. Now it appears too plain.

Mer. Send those sad People
That hate the Light, and curse Society; (nually
Whose Thoughts are Graves, and from whose Eyes conti-
Their melting Souls drop out, send those to me;
And when their Sorrows are most excellent,
So full that one Grief more cannot be added,
My Story like a Torrent shall devour 'em.
Hark, it must out; but pray stand close together,
And let not all the World hear.

Leo. Speak it boldly.

Mer. And Royal Lady think but charitably,
Your Grace has known my breeding.

Queen. Prithee speak it.

Mer. Is there no Stranger here? Send off your Servants,
And yet it must be known: I shake.

Age. Sweet Mistress.

Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd; do you guess yet?
Come close, I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of Honour.

Leo. Oh the Devil.

Age. What hellish Slave was this?

The. A Wretch, a Wretch,
A damned Wretch: Do you know the Villain, Lady?

Mer. No.

The. Not by guess?

Mer. Oh no.

The. It must be known.

Queen. Where was the Place?

Mer. I know not neither.

Age. O Heav'n,
Is this the happy time? My Hope to this come?

Leo. Neither the Man nor Circumstances?

The. His Tongue,
Did not you hear his Tongue, no Voice?

Mer. None, none, Sir:

All I know of him was his Violence.

Age. How came ye hither, Sweet?

Queen. What's that?

Mer. My Shame, my Shame, my Shame: Oh I re-
My never-dying Shame. (member,

The. Here has been Villany.

Queen. I fear so too.

Mer. You are no Furies, are ye?
No horrid Shapes sent to afright me?

Age. No, Sweet,
We are your Friends: Look up, I am *Agenor*,
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Speak out your Griefs, and boldly——

Age. Something sticks here
Will choak ye else.

Mer. I hope it will.

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You have your loving Friends about ye.

Age. Dear *Merione*,
By the unspotted Love I ever bore ye,
By thine own Goodness——

Mer. Oh 'tis gone, 'tis gone, Sir,
I am now I know not what; pray ye look not on me;
No Name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded——

Age. Speak it,
And how; Diseases of most Danger,
Their Causes once discover'd, are easily cur'd;
My fair *Merione*.

Mer. I thank your Love, Sir;
When I was fair *Merione*, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the Bud you honour'd,
White as the Heart of Truth, then Prince *Agenor*,
Even then I was not worthy of your Favour.
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of Pity:
Let no good thing come near me, Virtue flie me;
You that have honest noble Names despise me,
For I am nothing now but a main Pestilence
Able to poison all. Send those unto me
That have forgot their Names, ruin'd their Fortunes,
Despis'd

Despis'd their Honours; those that have been Virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.

The. Now it appears too plain.

Mer. Send those sad People
That hate the Light, and curse Society; (nually
Whose Thoughts are Graves, and from whose Eyes conti-
Their melting Souls drop out, send those to me;
And when their Sorrows are most excellent,
So full that one Grief more cannot be added,
My Story like a Torrent shall devour 'em.
Hark, it must out; but pray stand close together,
And let not all the World hear.

Leo. Speak it boldly.

Mer. And Royal Lady think but charitably,
Your Grace has known my breeding.

Queen. Prithee speak it.

Mer. Is there no Stranger here? Send off your Servants,
And yet it must be known: I shake.

Age. Sweet Mistress.

Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd; do you guess yet?
Come close, I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of Honour.

Leo. Oh the Devil.

Age. What hellish Slave was this?

The. A Wretch, a Wretch,

A damned Wretch: Do you know the Villain, Lady?

Mer. No.

The. Not by guess?

Mer. Oh no.

The. It must be known.

Queen. Where was the Place?

Mer. I know not neither.

Age. O Heav'n,

Is this the happy time? My Hope to this come?

Leo. Neither the Man nor Circumstances?

The. His Tongue,

Did not you hear his Tongue, no Voice?

Mer. None, none, Sir:

All I know of him was his Violence.

Age. How came ye hither, Sweet?

Mer. I know not neither.

The. A cunning Piece of Villany.

Mer. All I remember

Is only this: Going to *Vesta's* Temple,
To give the Goddess my last Virgin Prayers,
Near to that Place I was suddenly surpriz'd,
By five or six disguis'd, and from thence violently
To my Dishonour hall'd: That Act perform'd,
Brought back, but how, or whither, 'till I wak'd
here —————

The. This is so monstrous, the Gods cannot suffer it;
I have not read in all the Villanies
Committed by the most obdurate Rascals,
An Act so truly impious.

Leo. Would I knew him.

The. He must be known, the Devil cannot hide him.

Queen. If all the Art I have, or Power can do it,
He shall be found, and such a way of Justice
Inflicted on him: A Lady wrong'd in my Court,
And this way robb'd, and ruin'd?

The. Be contented, Madam,
If he be above Ground I will have him.

Age. Fair virtuous Maid, take Comfort yet and flourish,
In my Love flourish; the Stain was forc'd upon ye,
None of your Will's, nor yours; rise, and rise mine still,
And rise the same white, sweet, fair Soul, I lov'd ye,
Take me the same.

Mer. I kneel and thank ye, Sir,
And I must say ye are truly honourable,
And dare confess my Will yet still a Virgin;
But so unfit and weak a Cabinet
To keep your Love and Virtue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, lost my lustre,
I mean this Body, so corrupt a Volume
For you to study Goodness in, and Honour,
I shall intreat your Grace, confer that Happiness
Upon a Beauty Sorrow never saw yet;
And when this Grief shall kill me, as it must do;
Only remember yet ye had such a Mistress;
And if ye then dare shed a Tear, yet honour me:

Good

Good Gentlemen, exprefs your Pities to me,
In seeking out this Villany; and my laft Suit
Is to your Grace, that I may have your Favour
To live a poor reclufe Nun with this Lady,
From Court and Company, 'till Heav'n shall hear me,
And fend me Comfort, or Death end my Mifery.

Queen. Take your own Will, my very Heart bleeds
for thee.

Age. Farewel *Merione*, fince I have not thee,
I'll wed thy Goodnefs, and thy Memory.

Leo. And I her fair Revenge.

The. Away; let's follow it,
For he is fo rank i'th' Wind we cannot mifshim. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Crates and Conon.

Cra. *Conon*, you are welcome home, ye are wondrous
Is this your firft Arrival? (welcome.

Con. Sir, but now
I reacht the Town.

Cra. Y'are once more welcome then.

Con. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Cra. Pray ye do me the Honour
To make my poor Houfe firft——

Con. Pray Sir excufe me,
I have not feen mine own yet; nor made happy
Thefe longing Eyes with thofe I love there. What's
this, a Tavern?

Cra. It feems fo by the Outside.

Con. Step in here then,
And fince it offers it felf fo freely to us,
A Place made only for liberal Entertainment,
Let's feek no further, but make ufe of this,
And after the *Greek* Fashion, to our Friends
Crown a round Cup or two.

Enter Vintner and Drawer.

Cra. Your pleasure, Sir.
Drawers, who waits within?

Draw. Anon, anon, Sir.

Vint. Look into the *Lilly-Pot*: Why *Mark* there;
You

You are welcome, Gentlemen; heartily welcome
My noble Friend.

Cra. Let's have good Wine, mine Host,
And a fine private Room.

Vint. Will ye be there, Sir?
What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your Wine my self:
Cushions, ye Knaves: Why when?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, Sir.

Vint. *Chios*, or *Lesbos*, *Greek*?

Cra. Your best and neatest.

Vint. I'll draw ye that shall dance.

Cra. Away, be quick then. *[Exit Vintner.]*

Con. How does your Brother, Sir, my noble Friend,
The good *Euphanes*? In all my Course of Travel
I met not with a Gentleman so furnish'd
In Gentleness and Courtesie; believe, Sir,
So many friendly Offices I receiv'd from him,
So great and timely, and enjoy'd his Company
In such an open and a liberal Sweetness,
That when I dare forget him——

Cra. He's in good Health, Sir;
But you will find him a much alter'd Man,
Grown a great Courtier, Sir.

Con. He's worthy of it.

Cra. A Mandrawn up that leaves no Print behind him
Of what he was. Those Goodnesses you speak of
That have been in him, those that you call Freedoms,
Societies, and Sweetness, look for now, Sir,
You'll find no Shadows of them left, no Sound;
The very Air he has liv'd in alter'd. Now behold him,
And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon ye,
And cry for Place; I am the Queen's, give room there.
If you bow low, may be he'll touch the Bonnet,
Or fling a forced Smile at ye for a Favour.

Con. He is your Brother, Sir.

Cra. These forms put off,
Which Travel, and Court Holy-water sprinkle on him,
I dare accept, and know him; you'll think it strange, Sir,
That

That even to me, to me his natural Brother,
And one by Birth he owes a little Honour too——

Enter Vintner with Wine.

(But that's all one) come, give me some Wine, mine Host,
Here's to your fair Return.

Con. I wonder at it,
But sure he has found a Nature not worth owning
In this way; else I know he is tender carried.
I thank ye, Sir; and now durst I presume
For all you tell me of these Alterations,
And stops in his sweet Nature, which till I find so,
I have known him now so long, and look'd so thro' him,
You must give me leave to be a little faithless.
I say for all these, if you please to venture
I'll lay the Wine we drink, let me send for him
(Even I that am the poorest of his Fellowship)
But by a Boy o'th' House too, let him have Business,
Let him attend the Queen, nay, let his Mistress
Hold him betwixt her Arms, he shall come to me,
And shall drink with me too, love me, and heartily,
Like a true honest Man, bid me welcome home.
I am confident.

Cra. You will lose.

Con. You'll stand to the Wager?

Cra. With all my heart.

Con. Go, Boy, and tell *Euphanes*.

Boy. He's now gone up the Street, Sir,
With a great Train of Gallants.

Cra. What think you now, Sir?

Con. Go, and overtake him,
Commend my Love unto him. My Name is *Conon*,
Tell him I am new arriv'd, and where I am,
And would request to see him presently.
Ye see I use old dudgen Phrase to draw him.

Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.

Con. Away; Boy.

Boy. I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Con. Here's to you now,
And you shall find his Travel has not stopt him,
As you suppose, nor alter'd any Freedom;

But

But made him far more clear and excellent.
 It draws the Grossness off the Understanding,
 And renders active and industrious Spirits.
 He that knows most Mens Manners, must of necessity
 Best know his own, and mend those by Example.
 'Tis a dull thing to travel like a Mill-horse,
 Still in the Place he was born in, lam'd and blinded.
 Living at home is like it. Pure and strong Spirits,
 That, like the Fire, still covet to fly upward,
 And to give Fire, as well as take it, cas'd up and mew'd
 I mean at home, like lusty mettled Horses, (here,
 Only ty'd up in Stables to please their Masters,
 Beat out their fiery Lives in their own Litters.
 Why do not you travel, Sir?

Cra. I have no Belief in't,
 I see so many strange things half unhatch'd, to
 Return, those that went out Men, and good Men,
 They look like poach'd Eggs, with the Souls suck'd out,
 Empty and full of Wind: All their Affections
 Are bak'd in Rye-crust, to hold Carriage
 From this good Town to t'other; and when they are
 They are so ill cook'd and mouldy---- (open'd,

Con. Ye are pleasant.

Cra. I'll shew ye a Pack of these: I have 'em for ye,
 That have been long in Travel too.

Con. Please you, Sir.

Cra. You know the Merchants Walk, Boy?

2 Boy. Very well.

Cra. And you remember those Gentlemen were here
 The other Day with me?

2 Boy. Yes.

Cra. Then go thither,
 For there I am sure they are, pray 'em come hither,
 (And use my Name) I would be glad to see 'em.

Enter first Boy.

1 Boy. Your Brother's coming in, Sir.

Vint. Odds my Passion;

Out with the Plate, ye Knaves; bring the new Cushions,
 And wash those Glasses I set by for high Days,
 Perfume the Rooms along, why Sirrah.

1 Boy.

1 Boy. Here, Sir.

Vint. Bid my Wife make her self ready handsomely,
And put on her best Apron, it may be
The noble Gentleman will look upon her.

Enter Euphanes, and two Gentlemen.

Euph. Where is he, Boy?

Vint. Your Worship's heartily welcome,
It joys my very Heart to see ye here, Sir.
The Gentleman that sent for your Honour——

Euph. O good mine Host.

Vint. To my poor homely House, and't like your Honour.

Euph. I thank thine Honour good mine Host, where is

Con. What think ye now? My best Euphanes. (he?)

Euph. Conon, welcome my Friend, my noble Friend
Are you in safety come, in Health? (how is it?)

Con. All Health, all Safety,
Riches, and all that makes Content and Happiness
Now I am here I have: How have you far'd, Sir?

Euph. Well, I thank Heav'n, and never nearer Friend
To catch at great Occasion.

Con. Indeed I joy in't.

Euph. Nor am I for my self born in these Fortunes.
In truth I love my Friends.

Con. You were noble ever.

Cra. I thought you had not known me.

Euph. Yes, ye are my Brother, [Euph. salutes Cra.
My elder Brother too, would your Affections
Were able but to ask that Love I owe to ye,
And as I give, preserve it; here Friend Conon,
To your fair welcome home.

Con. Dear Sir, I thank ye,
Fill it to th' brim, Boy: Crates.

Cra. I'll pledge you,
But for that glorious Comet lately fired.

Con. Fie, fie, Sir, fie.

Euph. Nay, let him take his Freedoms,
He stirs not me, I vow to ye; much less it tains me.

Cra. Sir, I cannot talk with that neat travelling Tongue.

Con. As I live, he has the worst belief in Men abroad.

Enter second Boy.

I am glad I am come home.

2 Boy.

2 Boy. Here are the Gentlemen.

Cra. O let 'em enter: Now you that trust in Travel,
And make sharp Beards, and little Breeches Deities,
You that inhaunce the daily price of Tooth-picks,
And hold there is no homebred Happiness,
Behold a Model of your Minds and Actions.

Euph. Though this be envious, yet done i'th' way of
I am content to thank ye for't. (Mirth,

Con. 'Tis well yet.

Cra. Let the Mask enter.

Enter Onos, his Uncle, and Tutor.

Onos. A pretty Tavern 'faith, of a fine Structure.

Uncle. Bear your self like a Gentleman, here's six pence,
And be sure you break no Glasses.

Tutor. Hark ye Pupil,
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your Hams,
And put your Knees out bent; there, yet a little:
Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident
To forget your travelling Pace, 'tis a main Postu^re,
And to all unair'd Gentlemen will betray you:
Play with your *Pisa* Beard; why, where's your Brush, Pu-
He must have a Brush, Sir. (pil?

Uncle. More Charge yet?

Tutor. Here, take mine,
These Elements of Travel he must not want, Sir.

Uncle. Ma'foy, he has had some nineteen Pence in Ele-
What would you more? (ments,

Tutor. *Durus mebercle pater.*

Con. What Monsieur *Onos*, the very pump of Travel?
Sir, as I live you have done me the greatest kindness,
O my fair Sir, *Lampree*, the careful Uncle
To this young hopeful Issue; Monsieur *Tutor* too,
The Father to his Mind; Come, come, let's hug Boys,
Why what a bunch of Travel do I embrace now,
Methinks I put a Girdle about *Europe*;
How has the Boy profited?

Uncle. He has enough, Sir,
If his too fiery Mettle do not mar it.

Con. Is he not thrifty yet?

Tutor. That's all his Fault,

Too

Too bounteous minded being under Age too,
A great Consumer of his stock in Pippins,
Had ever a hot Stomach.

Con. Come hither Onos,
Will you love me for this fine Apple?

Onos. We.

Con. And will ye be rul'd by me sometimes?

Onos. 'Faith I will.

Con. That's a good Boy.

Uncle. Pray give not the Child so much Fruit,
He's of a raw Complexion

Eupb. You Monsieur hard Edge,
Do you remember me? Do you remember
When you and your Consort travell'd through Hungary?

Con. He's in that Circuit still.

Eupb. Do you remember
The cantel of immortal Cheese ye carried with ye,
The half cold Cabbage in a Leather Sachel,
And those invincible Eggs that would lye in your Bowels
A fortnight together, and then turn to Bedstaves;
Your sower Milk that would choak an Irish-man,
And Bread was bak'd in Cæsar's time for the Army?

Con. Providence, Providence.

Tutor. The Soul of Travel.

Eupb. Can the Boy speak yet?

Tutor. Yes, and as fine a Gentleman,
I thank my able Knowledge, he has arriv'd at,
Only a little sparing of his Language,
Which every Man of Observation——

Uncle. And of as many Tongues:

Tutor. Pray be content, Sir,
You know you are for the bodily part, the Purse,
I for the Magazine, the Mind.

Eupb. Come hither Springal.

Onos. That in the *Almain* Tongue signifies a Gentleman.

Eupb. What think you of the Forms of *Italy* or *Spain*?

Onos. I love mine own Country Pippin.

Tutor. Nobly answer'd,
Born for his Country first.

Eupb.

Euph. A great Philosopher:
What Horses do you prefer?

Onos. The white Horse, Sir,
There where I lye; honest and a just Beast.

Tutor. *O caput lepidum*: A Child to say this,
Are these Figures for the Mouths of Infants?

Con. *Onos*, what Wenches?
Come, tell me true.

Onos. I cannot speak without Book.

Con. When shall we have one, ha?

Onos. Steal me from mine Uncle,
For look you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleshly Physick; they say I am too young,
And that'twill spoil my growth; but could you help me?

Con. Meet me to morrow Man, no more.

Euph. You think now
Ye have open'd such a shame to me of travel,
By shewing these thin Cubs: Ye have honour'd us
Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent;
Three Frails of Sprats carried from Mart to Mart,
Are as much Meat as these, to more use travel'd;
A bunch of bloated Fools, methinks your Judgment
Should look abroad sometimes without your Envy.

Cra. Such are most of you; so I take my leave,
And when you find your Womens favour fail,
'Tis ten to one you'll know your self, and seek me
Upon a better Muster of your Manners.

Con. This is not handsome, Sir.

Euph. Pray take your Pleasure,
You wound the Wind as much——

Cra. Come you with me,
I have business for you presently: There's for your Wine,
I must confess I lost it.

Onos. Shall I steal to ye,
And shall we see the Wench?

Con. A dainty one.

Onos. And have a dish of Pippins?

Con. What a peck Man.

Tutor. Will you wait, Sir?

Con. Pray let's meet oftner, Gentlemen,

I would not lose ye.

Tutor. O sweet Sir.

Con. Do you think I would,
Such noted Men as you?

Onos, Uncle, Tutor. We are your Servants. [*Exeunt.*

Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting No-
My Brother for his own Ends has thrust on (nage,
Upon my Mistress; 'tis true he shall be rich
If ever he can get that Rogue his Uncle
To let him be of Years to come to inherit it,
Now what the main Drift is——

Con. Say ye so? no more Words,
I'll keep him Company 'till he be of Years,
Though it be a hundred Years, but I'll discover it,
And ten to one I'll cross it too.

Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your Love; farewell, Sir,
For these few Hours I must desire your Pardon,
I have Business of importance: Once a Day
At least I hope you'll see me, I must see you else:
So, once more ye are welcome.

Con. All my Thanks, Sir,
And when I leave to love you, Life go from me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Cra. **W**HY Sir, the Kingdom's his; and no Man now
Can come to *Corinth*, or from *Corinth* go,
Without his Licence; he puts up the Tithes
Of every Office through *Achaia*;
From Courtier to the Carter hold of him.
Our Lands, our Liberties, nay very Lives
Are shut up in his Closet, and let loose
But at his Pleasure; Books, and all Discourse
Have now no Patron, nor Direction,
But glorified *Euphanes*: Our Cups are guilty

VOL. IV.

K k

That

That quench our Thirsts, if not unto his Health;
 Oh, I could eat my Heart, and fling away
 My very Soul for Anguish: Gods, nor Men
 Should tollerate such Disproportion.

The. And yet is he belov'd; whether't be Virtue,
 Or seeming Virtue, which he makes the Cloak
 To his Ambition.

Cra. Be it which it will,
 Your Highness is too tame, your Eyes too film'd
 To see this, and sit still: The Lion should not
 Tremble to hear the bellowing of the Bull;
 Nature excuse me, though he be my Brother,
 You are my Country's Father, therefore mine:
 One parallel Line of Love I bend on him,
 All Lines of Love and Duty meet in you,
 As in their Center; therefore hear, and weigh
 What I shall speak: You know the Queen your Mother
 Did, from a private State, your Father raise,
 So all your Royalty you hold from her;
 She is older than she was, therefore more doating,
 And what know we but Blindness of her Love,
 (That hath from underneath the Foot of Fortune
 Set even *Euphanes* Foot, on Fortune's Head)
 Will take him by the Hand, and cry, Leap now
 Into my Bed; 'tis but a Trick of Age;
 Nothing impossible.

The. What do you infer on this?

Cra. Your Pardon, Sir,
 With Reverence to the Queen; yet why should I
 Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your Good?
 A good old Widow is a hungry thing;
 (I speak of other Widows, not of Queens.)

The. Speak to thy Purpose.

Cra. I approach it: Sir,
 Should young *Euphanes* clasp the Kingdom thus,
 And please the good old Lady some one Night;
 What might not she be wrought to put on you,
 Quite to supplant your Birth? Neither is she
 Past Children, as I take it.

The. *Crates*, thou shak'st me;

Thou

Thou, that dost hate thy Brother for my Love,
In my Love find one; henceforth be my Brother:
This Giant I will fell beneath the Earth;
I will shine out, and melt his artful Wings:
Euphanes, from my Mother's Sea of Favours
Spreads like a River, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my Storms; like a young Pine
He grows up planted under a fair Oak,
Whose strong large Branches yet do shelter him,
And every Traveller admires his Beauty;
But like a Wind, I'll work into his Cranks,
Trouble his Stream, and drown all Vessels that
Ride on his Greatness: Under my Mother's Arms,
Like to a stealing Tempest will I search,
And rend his Root from her Protection.

Cra. Ay, now *Theanor* speaks like Prince *Theanor*.

The. But how shall we provoke him to our Snares?
He has a Temper, Malice cannot move
To exceed the Bounds of Judgment; he is so wise,
That we can pick no Cause to affront him.

Cra. No?

What better than his crossing your Intent?
The Suit I had to ye? *Conon's* forfeit state
(Before he travell'd) for a Riot, he
Hath from your Mother got restored to him.

The. Durst he? What is this *Conon*?

Cra. One that hath,
As People say, in foreign Countries pleasur'd him.
Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Soficles, Eraton.
But now no more;

They have brought the Travellers I told you of,
That's the sweet Youth, that is my Brother's Rival,
That curls his Head, for he has little Hair,
And paints his Vizer, for it is no Face,
That so desires to follow you, my Lord;
Shew 'em some Countenance, and it will beget
Our Sport at least.

The. What villainous Crab-Tree Legs he makes?
His Shins are full of True-Love Knots.

Cra. His Legs were ever villainous, since I knew him.

Era. Faith his Uncle's Shanks are somewhat the better.

Nean. But is't possible he should believe he is not of Why he's fifty, Man, in's *Jubile* I warrant: (Age? S'light, he looks older than a Groat; the very Stamp On's Face is worn out with handling. (him speak,

Sof. Why I tell you all Men believe it when they hear He utters such single Matter in so infantly a Voice.

Nean. He looks as like a Fellow that I have seen accommodate Gentlemen with Tobacco in our Theaters.

Onos. Most illustrious Prince.

Era. A pox on him, he is gelt, how he trebles?

Onos. I am a Gentleman a' both sides.

Tutor. He means (so't please your Highness) both by Father and Mother.

Sof. Thou a Gentleman? Thou an Ass.

Nean. He is ne'er the farther from being a Gentleman, I

Tutor. May it please your Grace, I am another. (assure you.

Nean. He is another Ass he says, I believe him.

Uncle. We be three, Heroical Prince.

Nean. Nay then we must have the Picture of 'em, and the Word *Nos sumus*. (gether.

Tutor. That have travell'd all Parts of the Globe to—

Uncle. For my part, I have seen the Vicissitude of Fortune before.

Onos. Peace Uncle, for though you speak a little better

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in Truth. (than I.

Onos. Yet we must both give place, as they say, To the best Speaker, the Tutor.

Tutor. Yet since it hath pleased your Radiance to decline so low, as on us poor and unworthy Dunghills—

Nean. What a stinking Knavé's this?

Tutor. Our Peregrination was ne'er so facilitated, as since we enter'd the Line of your gracious Favour, under whose Beamy Aspect, and by which infallible Mathematical Compass, may we but hereafter presume to sail, our Industries have reach'd their desir'd Termination and Period; and we shall voluntarily sacrifice our Lives to your resplendent Eyes, both the Altars and Fires of our devoted Offerings.

Onos. Oh divine Tutor!

Cra.

Cra. Can you hold, Sir?

(in *Corinth.*

Era. He has spoken this very Speech to some Whore

Nean. A plague on him for a fustian Dictionary; on my Conscience this is the *Ulyssæan* Traveller that sent home his Image riding upon Elephants to the great *Mogol*.

Sof. The same; his Wit is so huge, nought but an Elephant could carry him.

Era. So heavy you mean.

Nean. These three, are ev'n the fin'ft one Fool tripartite, that was e'er discover'd.

Sof. Or a Treatise of Famine divided into three Branches.

Era. The Prince speaks.

The. I thank ye for your Loves; but as I told you, I have so little Means to do for those Few Followers I have already, that I would have none Shipwrack themselves, and Fortune, Upon my barren Shelf: Sue to *Euphanes*, For he is Prince, and Queen, I would have no Man Curse me in his old Age.

Cra. Alas, Sir, they desire to follow you But afar off; the farther off the better.

Tutor. I Sir, and't be seven Mile off, so we may but follow you, only to countenance us in the Confronts and Affronts, which (according to your Highness Will) we mean on all Occasions to put upon the Lord *Euphanes*.

Onos. He shall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant him, if he do, I'll forswear Wit.

Nean. It has forsworn thee, I'll swear, it is the ancient Enemy to thy House.

The. Well, be it so; I here receive ye; for my Followers a great way off.

Nean. Seven Miles, my Lord, no further.

Onos. By what time, Sir, (by this Measure) may I come to follow him in his Chamber? (long.

Nean. Why, when his Chamber, Sir, is seven Miles
Enter Euphanes, Conon, Page, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Gent. Make way there for my Lord *Euphanes*.

Cra. Look Sir, *Jove* appears,
The Peacock of our State, that spreads a Train

Brighter than *Iris* Blushes after Rain.

Euph. You need not thank me *Conon*, in your Love
You antedated what I can do for you,
And I in Gratitude was bound to this,
And am to much more; and what e'er he be
Can with Unthankfulness assail me, let him
Dig out mine Eyes, and sing my Name in Verse,
In Ballad Verse at every drinking House,
And no Man be so charitable to lend me
A Dog to guide my steps.

Nean. Hail to *Euphanes*.

Sof. Mighty *Euphanes*.

Era. The great Prince *Euphanes*.

Tutor. Key of the Court, and Jewel of the Queen.

Uncle. *Sol* in our Firmament.

Onos. Pearl in the States Eye.

Nean. Being a black Man.

Era. Mistress of the Land.

Nean. Our humble, humble poor Petitions are,
That we may hold our Places

All. May we?

(Fools.

Euph. Yes; be you malicious Knaves still; and you

Con. This is the Prince's, and your Brother's Spight.

Euph. I know't, but will not know it.

Con. Yonder they are.

Who's fine Child's this?

Uncle. Sir.

Onos. Uncle, le' be,

Let him alone, he is a mighty Prince.

Euph. I ask your Highness Pardon: I protest
By *Jupiter* I saw you not.

The. Humh, it may be so.

You have rais'd such Mountains 'twixt your Eyes and me,
That I am hidden quite: What do ye mean, Sir?
You much forget your self.

Euph. I should much more,
Not to remember my due Duty to your Grace;
I know not wherein I have so transgress'd
My Service to your Highness, to deserve
This Rigour and Contempt, not from you only,

But

But from your Followers, with the best of whom
I was an Equal in my lowest ebb;
Beseech you, Sir, respect me as a Gentleman,
I will be never more in Heart to you:
Five fair descents I can derive my self,
From Fathers worthy both in Arts and Arms.
I know your Goodness companies your Greatness
But that you are perverted: Royal Sir,
I am your humblest Subject, use your pleasure,
But do not give protection to the Wrongs
Of these subordinate Slaves, whom I could crush
By that great destin'd Favour, which my Mistress
And your Majestick Mother designs to me,
But in respect of you: I know lean Envy
Waits ever on the steps of Virtue advanc'd;
But why your Mother's Grace gets me Disgrace,
Or renders me a Slave to bear these wrongs,
I do not know.

Oh Mediocrity,
Thou prizeless Jewel, only Mean Men have,
But cannot value; like the precious Gem
Found in the Muckhill by the ignorant Cock.

The. Your creamy words but cozen; how durst you
Intercept me so lately to my Mother?
And what I meant your Brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeiture again.

Cra. Your answer to that my Lord, my Brother.

Euph. May I perish
If e'er I heard you intended such a suit,
Though 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand
Upon your Highness, to have given your Servant
A Gentleman's whole State of Worth and Quality,
Confiscate only for a youthful Brawl.

The. Your Rudiments are too sawcy, teach your Page.

Con. Ay, so are all things but your Flatterers.

Ons. Hold you your prating.

Con. You know where you are, you fleeten Face.

Euph. Yet, Sir, to appease and satisfy your Anger.
Take what you please from me, and give it him
In lieu of this; you shall not take it neither,

I freely will impart it, half my State,
Which, Brother, if you please——

Cra. I'll starve in Chains first,
Eat my own Arms.

Eupb. Oh that you saw your self;
You ne'er made me such offer in my poorness,
And 'cause, to do you ease, I sought not to you,
You thus maligne me; yet your Nature must not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude Examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I shall joy; you know
I fear you not; you have seen me prov'd a Man
In every way of Fortune, 'tis my comfort
I know no more such Brothers in the World
As *Crates* is.

Con. Nor I such as *Euphanes*:
The temper of an Angel reigns in thee.

Eupb. Your Royal Mother, Sir, I had forgot,
Entreats your Presence.

The. You have done her Errand,
I may do yours.

[*Exit.*

Eupb. Let it be Truth, my Lord.

Con. *Crates*, I'll question you for this.

Cra. Pish, your worst.

[*Exit.*

Con. Away you Hounds after your scent.

Onos. Come, we'll scorn to walk to'm: now they are gone,
We'll away too.

[*Exeunt.*

Con. Why bear you this, my Lord?

Eupb. To shew the passive Fortitude the best;
Virtue's a solid Rock, whereat being aim'd
The keenest Darts of Envy, yet unhurt
Her Marble Heroes stand, built of such Bases,
Whilst they recoil, and wound the Shooters Faces.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Con. My Lord, the Queen.

Queen. Gentle *Euphanes*, how,
How dost thou, honest Lord? oh how I joy
To see what I have made, like a choice Workman,
That having fram'd a Master-piece, doth reap
An universal Commendation;
Princes are Gods in this. I'll build thee yet,

The

The good Foundation so pleases me,
A story or two higher; let Dogs bark,
They are Fools that hold them dignified by Blood,
They should be only made Great that are Good.

Euph. Oraculous Madam.

Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking
If I should marry thee, what merry Tales
Our Neighbour Islands would make of us;
But let that pass, you have a Mistress
That would forbid our Banes; troth I have wish'd
A thousand times that I had been a Man,
Then I might sit a day with thee alone,
And talk,

But as I am I must not; there's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?

Euph. So't please your Majesty,
Conon, the Friend su'd for.

Queen. 'Tis dispatch'd.

Con. Gracious Madam,
I owe the Gods and you my Life.

Queen. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest Man, he says you are;
But now I'll chide thee; what's the cause, my Son,
For my Eye's every where, and I have heard,
So insolently does thee Contumelies
Past sufferance (I am told) yet you complain not,
As if my Justice were so partial
As not to right the meanest: Credit me,
I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
By his Example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's just: I sent you for him.

Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you:
But let me implore your Majesty, not to give
His Highness any check, for worthless me;
They are Court Cankers, and not Counsellors,
That thus inform you; they do but hate the Prince,
And would subvert me: I should curse my fortune
Even at the highest, to be made the Ginn

To

To unscrew a Mother's Love unto her Son:
 Better had my pale flame in humble Shades
 Been spent unseen, than to be rais'd thus high,
 Now to be thought a Meteor to the State,
 Portending Ruin and Contagion:
 Beseech you then rest satisfy'd, the Prince
 Is a most noble natur'd Gentleman,
 And never did to me but what I took
 As favours from him, my blown Billows must not
 Strive 'gainst my Shore, that should confine me, nor
 Jostle with Rocks to break themselves to pieces.

Queen. Well, thou'rt the composition of a God:
 My Lion, Lamb, my Eaglet, and my Dove,
 Whose Soul runs clearer than *Diana's* Fount,
 Nature pick'd several Flowers from her choice banks,
 And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
 A Posie for the Bosom of a Queen.

Lady. The Prince attends you.

Queen. Farewel, my good Lord:
 My honest Man; stay, hast no other Suit?
 I prithee tell me; Sirrah, thine Eye speaks
 As if thou hadst; out with it, modest Fool.

Euph. With favour, Madam, I would crave your leave
 To Marry, where I am bound in gratitude,
 The immediate means she was to all my Being:
 Nor do I think your Wisdom, sacred Queen,
 Fetters in favours, taking from me so
 The liberty that meanest Men enjoy.

Queen. To marry? you are a Fool: thou'lt anger'd me:
 Leave me, I'll think on't: [Exit Euph. and Con.
 Only to try thee this, for though I love thee,

Enter Theanor.

I can subdue my self: but she that can
 Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a Man.
 Nay rise without a Blessing, or kneel still:
 What's Sir the reason you oppose me thus,
 And seek to darken what I would have shine?
 Eclipse a fire much brighter than thy self,
 Making your Mother not a competent Judge
 Of her own Actions?

The.

The. Gracious Madam, I
Have done no more than what in Royalty,
And to preserve your Fame, was fit to do:
Heard you the Peoples talk of you, and him
You favour so, his Greatness, and your Love,
The pity given to me, you would excuse me,
They prate as if he did dishonour you;
And what know I, but his own lavish Tongue
Has uttered some such Speeches; he is call'd
The King of *Corinth*.

Queen. They are Traitors all:
I wear a Christal Casement 'fore my Heart,
Through which each honest Eye may look into't;
Let it be Prospect unto all the World,
I care not this.

The. This must not be my way.
Your Pardon, gracious Madam; these Incitements
Made me not shew so clear a Countenance
Upon the Lord *Euphanes* as I would;
Which since your Majesty affects so grievously
I'll clear the black Cloud of it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all Love and Grace to him.

Queen. Rise with my Blessing, and to prove this true,
Bear him from me this Cabinet of Jewels
In your own Person; tell him, for his marrying
He may dispose him how, and when he please.

[Exit Queen and Crates.

The. I shall discharge my Duty and your Will.

Enter Crates.

Cra. I have heard all, my Lord, how luckily
Fate pops her very Spindle in our Hands:
This Marriage with *Beliza* you shall cross,
Then have I one attempt for *Lamprias* more
Upon this *Phaeton*: Where's *Merione's* Ring,
That in the Rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In, and affect our purpose; you, my Lord,
Shall disobey your Mother's charge, and send
This Cabinet by some Servant of her own,

That

That what succeeds may have no Reference
Unto your Highness.

The. On, my Engine, on.

Gra. Now, if we be not struck by Heav'n's own Hand,
We'll ruin him, and on his Ruins stand. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, and Beliza.

A sad S O N G.

WEEP no more, nor Sigh nor Groan,
Sorrow calls no Time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest Rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy Locks, look cheerfully
Fates bidd'n ends, Eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged Dreams fly fast,
Why should Sadness longer last.
Grief is but a Wound to Woe
Gentlest Fair, mourn, mourn no more.

Age. These heavy Airs feed Sorrow in her, Lady,
And nourish it too strongly; like a Mother
That spoils her Child with giving on't the Will.

A lighter S O N G.

Court Ladies laugh, and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her Maiden-head is gone,
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you Company;
Too well you know, Maids are like Towns on Fire,
Wasting themselves, if no Man quench Desire.
Weep then no more, Fool: A new Maiden-head
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste Tear shed.

Bel. Some lighter Note.

Leo. How like a hill of Snow she sits, and melts
Before the unchaste fire of others Lust?

What Heart can see her Passion and not break?

Age. Take comfort, gentle Madam; you know well
Even actual Sins committed without Will,
Are neither Sins nor Shame, much more compell'd;
Your Honour's no whit less, your Chastity

No

No whit impair'd, for fair *Merione*
Is more a Virgin yet than all her Sex :
Alas 'tis done ; why burn these Tapers now ?
Wicked and frantick Creatures joy in Night.

Leo. Imagine fair *Merione* had Dream'd
She had been Ravish'd, would she sit thus then
Excruciate ? *Mer.* Oh.

Bel. Fye, fye, how fond is this ?
What reason for this surfeit of Remorse ?
How many that have done ill, and proceed,
Women that take Degrees in Wantonness,
Commence, and rise in rudiments of Lust,
That feel no scruple of this tenderness ?

Mer. Pish.

Bel. Nor are you matchless in mishap, even I
Do bear an equal part of Misery ;
That Love, belov'd, a Man the Crown of Men,
Whom I have friended, and how rais'd 'tis better
That all do know and speak it than my self :
When he sail'd low I might have made him mine,
Now at his full Gale, it is questionable
If ever I o'er-take him.

Age. Wherefore sits
My *Phebe* shadow'd in a sable Cloud ?
Those pearly drops which thou let'st fall like Beads,
Numb'ring on them thy vestal Orisons
Alas are spent in vain : I love thee still,
In midst of all these Showers thou sweetlier scent'st,
Like a green Meadow on an *April* Day,
In which the Sun and West-wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy Drops.

Enter Euphanes, and Servant.

Ser. The Lord *Euphanes*, Madam.

[*Exit Mer.*

Age. Poor *Merione*,
She loaths the Light, and Men.

[*Exit.*

Euph. The virtuous Gods preserve my Mistress.

Bel. O my most honour'd Lord, those times are chang'd.

Euph. Let times and Men change, could Heav'n change,
Should never change, to be Devoted ever (*Euphanes*
To fair *Beliza*, should my load of Honours,

Or

Or any Grace which you were Author of
 Detract mine Honour, and diminish Grace?
 The Gods forbid; you here behold your Servant,
 Your Creature, gentle Lady, whose sound Sleeps
 You purchas'd for him, whose Food you paid for,
 Whose Garments were your charge, whose first Prefer-
 You founded; then, what since the gracious Queen (ment
 Hath, or can rear, is upon your free Land,
 And you are Mistress of.

Bel. Mock me not, gentle Lord,
 You shine now in too high a Sphere for me,
 We are Planets now disjoin'd for ever, yet
 Poor superstitious Innocent that I am,
 Give leave that I may lift my Hands, and Love,
 Not in Idolatry, but perfect Zeal:
 For credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
 But were it to begin would do the same.

Euph. There are two Seas in *Corinth*, and two Queens,
 And but there, not two such in the spacious Universe;
 I came to tender you the Man you have made,
 And like a thankful Stream to retribute
 All you my Ocean have enrich'd me with.
 You told me once you'd marry me.

Bel. Another mock? You were wont to play fair play,
 You scorn poor helps; he that is sure to win, (Queen.
 May slight mean Hearts, whose Hand commands the

Euph. Let me be held the Knave through all the Stock
 When I do slight my Mistress; you know well
 The gracious inclination of the Queen,
 Who sent me leave this Morning to proceed
 To marry as I saw convenience,
 And a great gift of Jewels: Three days hence
 The general Sacrifice is done to *Vesta*,
 And can you by then be accommodated,
 Your Servant shall wait on you to the Temple.

Bel. Till now
 I never felt a real joy indeed.

Euph. Here then I seal my Duty, here my Love,
 Till which vouchsafe to wear this Ring, dear Mistress;
 'Twas

'Twas the Queen's Token, and shall celebrate
Our Nuptials.

Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve
My honour'd Lord, as he preserves all Honour. [*Ex. Euph.*

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, and Merione.

Age. Why shift you Places thus, *Merione*,
And will not lend a Word? Could'st thou so soon
Leave Sorrow as the Place, how blest were I,
But 'twill not be; Grief is an impudent Guest,
A Follower every where, a hanger on,
That Words nor Blows can drive away.

Leo. Dear Sister.

Bel. Who can be sad? Out with these Tragick Lights,
And let day repossess her natural Hours:
Tear down these blacks, cast ope' the Casements wide,
That we may jocondly behold the Sun.
I did partake with sad *Merione*
In all her Mourning; let her now rejoyce
With glad *Beliza*, for *Euphanes* is
As full of Love, full of Humility,
As when he wanted.

Mer. Oh———that.

Leo. Help, she faints:
Her Grief has broke her Heart.

Mer. No——that——that.

Age. Mistress, what point you at?
Her Lamps are out, yet still she extends her Hand
As if she saw something Antipathous
Unto her virtuous Life.

Leo. Still, still she points,
And her Lips move, but no Articulate sound
Breaths from 'em: Sister, speak, what moves you thus?

Bel. Her Spirits return.

Mer. Oh, hide that fatal Ring;
Where had it you, *Beliza*?

Bel. What hid Fate
Depends on it? *Euphanes* gave it me
As holy pledge of future Marriage.

Mer. Then is *Euphanes* the foul Ravisher:
Let me speak this and Die. That dismal Night

Which

Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that Ring
The Partner of my rob'd Virginity.

Leo. *Euphanes?*

Age. Strange.

Bel. Impossible.

Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief Servant to the Queen——ha? I have read
Somewhere I am sure, of such an Injury
Done to a Lady: And how she durst Die.

[*Exit.*

Age. Oh follow her, *Beliza.*

Bel. To assure her,
The unlikelihood of this.

[*Exit.*

Age. Love hides all Sins.

What's to be done, *Leonidas?*

Leo. Why this:

Amazement takes up all my Faculties;
The plagues of Gods and Men will muster all
To avenge this Tyranny. Oh frontless Man,
To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus:
First let's implore, then cure.

Age. Who, who can trust
The gentle Looks and Words of two-fac'd Man?
Like *Corinth's* double Torrent, you and I
Will rush upon the Land; nor shall the Queen
Defend this Villain in his Villany:
Lust's violent Flames can never be withstood
Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of Blood.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Uncle, Tutor, and Onos.

Onos. **T**Hinks he to carry her, and live?

Cra. It seems so,
And she will carry him, the Story says.

Onos. Well, hum——
Have I for this, thou fair but falsest fair

Stretch'd

Stretch'd this same simple Leg over the Sea?
What though my bashfulness, and tender Years,
Durst ne'er reveal my Affection to thy Teeth?
Deep Love ne'er rattles, and, say they, loves bit
The deeper dip'd, the sweeter still is it.

Tutor. Oh, see the power of Love, he speaks in Rhime.

Cra. Oh, Love would make a Dog howle in Rhime:
Of all the Lovers yet I have heard or read
This is the strangest; but his Guardian,
And you his Tutor should inform him better,
Thinks he, that Love is answer'd by instinct?

Tutor. He should make means,
For certain, Sir, his bashfulness undoes him,
For from his Cradle, he'ad a shameful Face.
Thus walks he Night and Day, eats not a bit,
Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humerous,
Drinks Ale, and takes Tobacco as you see,
Wear's a Steeletto at his Codpiece close,
Stabs on the least occasion: Stroaks his Beard,
Which now he puts i'th' posture of a T.
The *Roman T.* your T. beard is the fashion,
And twifold doth expresse the enamour'd Courtier,
As full as your fork-carving Traveller.

Onos. Oh, black clouds of discontent invellop me,
Garters fly off; go Hatband, bind the Brows
Of some dull Citizen that fears to ake;
And Leg appear now in simplicity
Without the Trappings of a Courtier:
Burst Buttons burst, your Batchelor is worm'd.

Cra. A Worm-eaten Batchelor thou'rt indeed.

Onos. And Devil Melancholy possesses me now.

Uncle. Cross him not in this fit I advise you, Sir.

Onos. Dye crimson Rose, that didst adorn these Cheeks,
For itch of Love is now broke forth on me. (scabby.

Uncle. Poor Boy, 'tis true; his Wrists and Hands are

Onos. Burn Eyes out in your Sockets, sink and stink:
Teeth I will pick you to the very Bones,
Hang Hair like Hemp, or like the *Issing Curs*,
For never Powder, nor the Crisping-Iron
Shall touch these dangling locks—oh—Ruby Lips,

Love hath to you been like Wine Vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, Lips, Ghosts ye are,
And my disgrace sharper than Mustard-feed.

Cra. How like a Chandler he does vent his Passions,
Risum teneatis?

Onos. Well sung the Poet,
Love is a Golden *bubo*, full of Dreams;
That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Tutor. A Gold buble, Pupil, Oh gross *solacisme*
To chaster Ears that understand the Latin.

Onos. I will not be corrected now;
I am in Love, Revenge is now the Cud
That I do chaw: I'll challenge him.

Cra. I marry Sir.

Uncle. Your Honour bids you, Nephew, on and prosper.

Onos. But none will bear it from me, times are dangerous.

Cra. Carry it your self, Man.

Onos. Tutor, your counsel: I'll do nothing, Sir,
Without him.

Uncle. This may rid thee, valiant Cuz,
Whom I have kept this forty Year my Ward;
Fain would I have his State, and now of late
He did inquire at *Ephesus* for his Age,
But the Church Book being burnt with *Dian's* Temple
He lost his aim: I have try'd to famish him,
Marry he'll live o'th' Stones; and then for Poisons,
He is an Antidote 'gainst all of 'em;
He sprung from *Mithridates*; he is so dry and hot,
He will eat Spiders faster than a Monkey:
His Maw, unhurt, keeps Quicksilver like a Bladder,
The largest dose of *Camphire*, *Opium*,
Harms not his Brain; I think his Skull's as empty
As a suck'd Egg; *Vitriol* and Oil of *Tartar*
He will eat Tosts of: *Henbane* I am sure
And *Hemlock* I have made his Pot-herbs often.

Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the Honour:
If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to chuse the Weapon, Time, and Place,
Which may be ten Years hence, and *Calicut*,
Or underneath the Line to avoid advantage.

Onos.

Onos. I am resolv'd.

Tutor. By your favour, Pupil,
Whence shall this Challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental Base, or Matter,
As now the Gentry set their lives upon.
Did you e'er cheat him at some Ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him; hath he call'd your Whore,
Whore; though she be, beside yours, twenty Mens?
Your Honour, Reputation is touched then,
And you must challenge him: Has he deny'd
On thirty damme's to accommodate Money,
Though he have broke threescore before to you?
Here you must challenge him: Durst he ever shun
To drink two Pots of Ale wi'ye? or to Wench
Though weighty business otherwise importun'd?
He is a proud Lord,

And you may challenge him: Has he familiarly
Dislik'd your yellow Starch, or said your Doublet
Was not exactly frenchifi'd? or that, that Report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your Sword,
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lie
In Circle, or Oblike, or Semi-circle,
Or direct Parrallel? you must challenge him.

Onos. He never gave my direct Apparel the lye in's life.

Tut. But for the crown of all, has he refus'd
To pledge your Mistress Health though he were sick?

Enter Neanthes and Page.

And crav'd your pardon? you must challenge him,
There's no avoiding; one or both must drop.

Onos. Exquisite Tutor.

(here

Nean. *Crates,* I have sought you long, what make you
Fooling with these three Farthings, while the Town
Is all in uproar, and the Prince our Master,
Seis'd by *Leonidas* and *Agenor*, carried
And Prisoner kept i'the Castle, flanks
The West part of the City, where they vow
To hold him, 'till your Brother, Lord *Euphanes*,
Be render'd to 'em, with his Life to satisfy
The Rape, by him suspected to *Merione*?

The Queen refuses to deliver him,
 Pawning her knowledge for his Innocency,
 And dares 'em do their worst on Prince *Theanor*;
 The whole State's in combustion.

Cra. Fatal Ring.

Uncle. What will become of us?

Nean. And she hath given Commission to *Euphanes*
 And *Conon*, who have levied Men already,
 With violence to surprize the Tower, and take 'em.
 What will you do?

Cra. Along wi'ye, and prevent
 A farther mischief: Gentlemen, our intents
 We must defer; You are the Princes followers.

Nean. Will ye walk with us?

Uncle. You shall pardon us.

Tutor. We are his Followers afar off, you know.
 And are contented to continue so. [*Exit Cra. and Nean.*]

Onos. Sir Boy.

Page. Sir Fool? a Challenge to my Lord?
 How dar'st thou, or thy Ambs-ace here think of him,
 Ye Crow-pick'd Heads, which your thin Shoulders bear
 As does the Poles on *Corinth* Bridge the Traitors:
 Why you three Nine-pins you talk of my Lord,
 And Challenges? you shall not need; Come draw,
 H's Page is able to swindge three such Whelps;
Uncle, why stand ye off? Long-Man, advance.

Onos. S'light, what have we done, Tutor?

Tutor. He is a Boy,
 And we may run away with Honour.

Page. That ye shall not,
 And being a Boy I am fitter to encounter
 A Child in Law as you are, under twenty:
 Thou Sot, thou three-score Sot, and that's a Child
 Again I grant you.

Uncle. Nephew, here's an Age;
 Boys are turn'd Men, and Men are Children.

Page. Away you Peasants with your bought Gentry;
 Are not you he, when your Fellow Passengers,
 Your last Transportment being assail'd by a Galley

Hid

Hid your self i'the Cabbin; and the Fight done
Peep'd above Hatches, and cry'd, Have we taken,
Or are we ta'en? Come, I do want a Slipper,
But this shall serve: Swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call some dozen Brother Pages,
They are not far off I am sure, and we will blanket
You until you piss again.

All. Nay, we will swear, Sir.

Page. 'Tis your best course:

First, you shall swear never to name my Lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed.
Next, To begin his Health in every place,
And never to refuse to pledge it, though
You surfeit to the Death. Lastly, to hold
The poorest, littlest Page in Reverence;
To think him valianter, and a better Gentleman,
Than you three stamp'd together; and to give him
Wine and Tobacco wheresoe'er you meet,
And the best Meat if he can stay.

All. We swear it loyally.

Page. Then I dismiss you
True Liegemen to the Pantoffle;
I had more Articles, but I have business
And cannot stay now; so adieu dear Monfi ur,
Tres noble & tres puissant.

Uncle. Adieu Monsieur.

Onos. *A vostre service & commandement.*

Tutor. I told you, Pupil, you'd repent this foolery.

Onos. Who, I repent? you are mistaken, Tutor,
I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,
And scorn to begin now: Come, let's be melancholy.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Queen, Euphanes, Conon, and Lords.

Lords. 'Twere better treat with 'em.

Queen. I will no Treaties
With a League-breaker and a Rebel; shall I
Article with a Traitor? be compell'd
To yield an Innocent unto their fury

L 13.

Whom

Whom I have prov'd so to you?

Euph. Gracious Queen,
Though your own God-like disposition
Would succour Virtue, and protect the right;
Yet for the publick good, for the dear safety
Of your most Royal only Son, consent
To give me up the Sacrifice to their malice:
My Life is aim'd at, and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thousand such as I
Purpled our Seas, than that your Princely Son
Should be endanger'd.

Queen. Still well said, honest Fool,
Were their demand but one Hair from thy Head,
By all the Gods I'd scorn 'em: Were they here,
The Majesty that dwells upon this Brow
Should strike 'em on their Knees: As for my Son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'll answer, I
An equal Mother to my Country am,
And every virtuous Son of it is Son
Unto my Bosom, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heav'nly Madam, and the Gods
Can suffer nothing pass to injure you:
The Life that *Conon* promis'd, he stands now
Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Farewel both,
Success attend you; you have Soldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if you bring not Peace,
Bring me their Heads.

Con. I will put fair for one. [*Exe. Queen and Lords.*]

Euph. Double the Guard upon her Highness Person.

Conon, you must perform a friendly part,
Which I shall counsel you.

Con. I am your Servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Theanor, Agenor, and Leonidas above.

Leo. Make good that Fortification, and the Watch
Keep still upon the Battlements; Royal Sir,
Weigh but our injuries, we have told you fully
The manner and the matter haies us thus;

Nor

Nor shall this upstart *Mushroom* bred i'th' Night,
Sit brooding underneath your Mother's Wings
His damn'd Impieties.

Age. For your self, brave Prince,
Fear nothing that this face of Arms presents;
We ask the Ravisher, and have no means
To win him from your most indulgent Mother
But by this Practice.

The. Stout *Leonidas*,
Princely *Agenor*, your Wrongs cry so loud,
That who so would condemn you is not heard,
I blame you not, who but *Euphanes* durst
Make Stories like to this? My Wrong's as strong,
Ask my revengeful Arm to strengthen yours;
As for my fear, know you, and *Greece* throughout,

Enter Euphanes, and Conon.

Our Mother was a *Spartan* Princess born,
That never taught me to spell such a Word.

Con. Sir, you do tempt your Life.

Euph. *Conon*, no more.

Do thus as thou would'st save it. [*Sound Trumpet within.*]

Age. What Trumpet's this?

Leo. Beneath I do perceive

Two armed Men single, that give us Summons
As they would treat.

Age. Let us descend.

Con. My Lord,

I would you would excuse me, and proceed
According to the Queen's directions.

Euph. Friend,

As thou would'st wear that Title after Death,

Enter below Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas, and Soldiers.

Perform my Charge; no Soldier on his Life
Approach us nearer.

Con. Safety to both the Princes, Loyalty
To you Lord General; the Queen, your Mistress
As well as ours, though not to fear, to cut
Civil dissent from her Land, and save
Much guiltless Blood, that Uproar ever thirsts,
And for the Safeguard of her Son, by me

(As you demand) hath sent the Lord *Euphanes*
To plead his own Cause, or to suffer Death
As you shall find him worthy; so delivering
The Prince back, I shall leave him to your Guard.

Leo. The Queen is good and gracious: Kiss her Hand.

Age. And seal our Duties: Sir, depart in Peace.

The. Oh Sir, you now perceive, when in the Scales
Nature and fond Affection weigh together,
One poizes like a Feather, and you know my Lords
What's to be done.

Euph. Your Highness is unarm'd,
Please you to use mine, and to lead the Army
Back to your Mother: *Conon*, march you with 'em.

Con. I will my Lord: But not so far as not
To bring you help, if danger look upon you. [Exit.

Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,
Or stay your deathful Hand? be not so wise
To stop your Rage look how unmov'dly, here
I give my self my Country's Sacrifice,
An innocent Sacrifice: Truth laughs at Death,
And terrifies the Killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armless seeks her Foes,
And never needs the Target nor the Sword,
Bow, nor invenom'd Shafts.

Leo. We are amaz'd,
Not at your Eloquence, but Impudence,
That dare thus front us.

Age. Kill him, who knows not
The Iron Forehead that bold Mischief wears.

Leo. Forbear a while *Agenor*, I do tremble,
And something fits like Virtue in his Face,
Which the Gods keep.

Euph. *Agenor*, strike *Leonidas*,
You that have purchas'd Fame on certain Grounds,
Lose it on Supposition: Smear your Hands
In guiltless Blood, laugh at my Martyrdom:
But yet remember, when Posterity
Shall read your Volumes fill'd with virtuous Acts,
And shall arrive at this black bloody Leaf,
Noting your foolish Barbarisms, and my Wrong,

(As

(As time shall make it plain) what follows this
Deciphering any noble Deed of yours
Shall be quite lost, for Men will read no more.

Leo. Why? Dare you say you are innocent?

Eupb. By all the Gods, as they (my Life,
Of this foul Crime: Why Gentlemen, pry clean through
Then weigh these Circumstances; think you that he
Which made Day Night, and Men to Furies turn'd,
Durst not trust Silence, Vizors, nor her Sense
That suffer'd; but with Charms and Potions
Cast her asleep, (for all this I have enquir'd)
Acted the Fable of *Proserpine's* Rape,
The place (by all Description) like to Hell:
And all to perpetrate unknown his Lust,
Would fondly in his Person bring a Ring,
And give it a Betrothed Wife, i'th' same House
Where the poor injur'd Lady liv'd and groan'd.

Age. Hell gives us Art to reach the depth of Sin,
But leaves us wretched Fools, when we are in.

Eupb. Had it given me that Art, and left me so,
I would not thus into the Lions Jaws
Have thrust my self defenceless, for your good,
The Princes safety, or the Common-weals;
You know the Queen deny'd me, and sent us
Commanders to surprize you, and to raze
This Tower down, we had power enough to do it,
Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender
My Person to your Wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my Heart as pure as Infants sleep.

Leo. What think you, Sir?

Age. No harm I am sure, I weep.

Eupb. The Gods are just, and mighty: But to give you
Further assurance, and to make your selves
Judges and Witnesses of my Innocence
Let me demand this Question, On what Night
Was this foul Deed committed?

Age. On the Eve before our Marriage meant.

Eupb. Leonidas,
(Your Rage being off, that stills drowns Memory)
Where was your self and I that very Night,

And

And what our Conference ?

Leo. By the Gods 'tis true:

Both in her Highness's Chamber, conferring
Even of this Match until an hour of Day,
And then came I to call you ; we are sham'd.

Age. Utterly lost, and sham'd.

Euph. Neither, be chear'd,

He that could find this out, can pardon it ;
And know this Ring was sent me from the Queen,
How she came by it, yet is not enquir'd :
Deeper Occurrents hang on't, and pray Heav'n
That my Suspicions prove as false as yours,
Which for the World till I have greater Proof
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch ;
Only this build upon, with all my Nerves
I'll labour with ye, till Time waken Truth.

Age. There are our Swords Sir, turn the points on us.

Leo. Punish Rebellion, and revenge your Wrong.

Euph. Sir, my Revenge shall be to make your Peace.
Neither was this Rebellion, but rash Love.

Enter Conon.

(Arm'd?)

Con. How's this? Unarm'd left, now found doubly
And those that would have slain him at his Feet?
Oh Truth, thou art a mighty Conqueress:
The Queen, my Lord, perplex'd in care of you,
That, cross to her Command, hazard your self,
In Person here is come into the Field,
And like a Leader, marches in the Head
Of all her Troops, vows that she will demolish
Each Stone of this proud Tower be you not safe:
She chafes like storms in Groves, now fights, now weeps,
And both sometimes, like Rain and Wind commixt,
Abjures her Son for ever, less himself
Do fetch you off in Person, that did give
Your self to save him of your own free Will,
And swears he must not, nor is fit to live.

Euph. Oh she's a Mistress for the Gods.

Age. And thou a Godlike Servant fit for her.

Leo. Wide Greece

May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.

Euph.

Euph. Thus *Conon* tell her Highness.

Con. My joy flies.

Euph. Let's toward her March: Stern Drum speak gentle Peace.

Leo. We are Prisoners, lead us: Ne'er was known
A presedent like this; one unarm'd Man,
Suspected, to Captive with golden Words
(Truth being his Shield) so many arm'd with Swords. [*Ex.*
Enter (at one Door) Queen, Theanor, Crates, Conon, Lords,
and Soldiers; (at another) Euphanes (with two Swords) A-
genor, Leonidas, and Soldiers: Euphanes presents Leonidas
on his knees to the Queen: Agenor bare-headed, makes
shew of sorrow to the Queen, she stamps, and seems to be
angry at the first. Euphanes perswades her, lays their
Swords at her Feet, she gives them their Swords again, they
kiss her Hand and embrace, the Soldiers lift up Euphanes,
and shout: Theanor and Crates discovered, Conon whi-
spers with Crates, Euphanes with Agenor, and Leoni-
das observes it, who seem to promise something, Euphanes
directs his Page somewhat.

[*Exeunt all but Theanor and Crates.*

The. We are not lucky *Crates*, this great Torrent
Bears all before him.

Cra. Such an Age as this
Shall ne'er be seen again; Virtue grows fat,
And Villany pines; the Furies are asleep,
Mischief 'gainst Goodness aim'd, is like a Stone,
Unnaturally forc'd up an eminent Hill
Whose weight falls on our Heads and buries us,
We springe our selves, we sink in our own Bogs.

The. What's to be done?

Cra. Repent, and grow good.

The. Pish,

'Tis not the fashion, Fool, 'till we grow Old:
The Peoples love to him now scares me more
Than my fond Mother's, both which, like two Floods
Bearing *Euphanes* up, will o'erflow me;
And he is worthy, would he were in Heav'n,
But that hereafter: *Crates* help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.

Cra. Your Will, my Lord?

The.

The. *Beliza* is to marry him forthwith,
I long to have the first touch of her too,
That will a little quiet me.

Cra. Fie, Sir,
You'll be the Tyrant to Virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to persevere
Beastly, and desperate.

The. Cross me not, but do't:
Are not the Means, the Place, the Instruments
The very same? I must expect you suddenly. [Exit.

Cra. I must obey you.
Who is in evil once a Companion
Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed *Conon* to attend
Him, and his Sword; he promis'd to come single,

Enter Conon and Page.

To avoid Prevention; he is a Man on's Word.

Con. You are well met. *Crates.*

Cra. If we part so, *Conon.*

Con. Come, we must do these mutual Offices;
We must be our own Seconds, our own Surgeons,
And fairly fight, like Men, not on Advantage.

Cra. You have an honest Bosom.

Con. Yours seems so.

Cra. Let's pair our Swords: You are a just Gentleman;

Con. You might be so: Now shake Hands if you please,
Though't be the Cudgel Fashion, 'tis a friendly one.

Cra. So, stand off.

Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em. [Exit.

Con. *Crates*, to expostulate your Wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your Excuse
In Words, and so return like maiden Knights:
Yet freely thus much I profess, your Spleen
And rugged Carriage toward your honour'd Brother
Hath much more stirr'd me up, than mine one Cause,
For I did ne'er affect these bloody Men,
But hold 'em fitter be made publick Hangmen,
Or Butchers call'd, than valiant Gentlemen:
'Tis true, stamp'd Valour does upon just Grounds,
Yet for whom justlier should I expose my Life

Than

Than him, unto whose Virtue I owe all.

Gra. Conon, you think by this great Deed of yours
To insinuate your self a Lodging nearer
Unto my Brother's Heart: Such Men as you
Live on their Undertakings for their Lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em.
Than if they sate still, make 'em but their Whores,
For which end Gallants now-a-days do fight:
But here we come not to upbraid; what Men
Seem, the rash World will judge; but what they are
Heav'n knows: and this—*Horses*, we are descry'd,
One Stroke for fear of Laughter.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, and Page.

Con. Half a score.

Euph. Hold, hold; on your Allegiance hold.

Age. He that strikes next——

Leon. Falls like a Traitor on our Swords.

Euph. Oh Heav'n, my Brother bleeds: *Conon*, thou art
A Villain, an unthankful Man, and shalt
Pay me thy Blood for his, for his is mine.
Thou wert my Friend, but he is still my Brother;
And though a Friend sometimes be nearer said,
In some Gradation it can never be,
Where that same Brother can be made a Friend,
Which, dearest *Crates*, thus low I implore;
What in my Poverty I would not seek,
Because I would not burthen you, now here
In all my height of Bliss I beg of you,
Your Friendship; my Advancement, Sir, is yours;
I never held it strange, pray use it so:
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the most useful Faculties of Man,
To strengthen mutually and relieve each other:
Two Eyes, two Ears, two Arms, two Legs and Feet.
That where one fail'd, the other might supply;
And I, your other Eye, Ear, your Arm and Leg,
Tender my Service, Help and Succour to ye.

Age. Leon. A most divine Example.

Euph. For dear Brother,
You have been blind, and lame, and deaf to me,

Now

Now be no more so: In humility
 I give ye the Duty of a younger Brother,
 Which take you as a Brother, not a Father,
 And then you'll pay a Duty back to me.

Cra. 'Till now I have not wept these thirty Years.

Eupb. Discording Brothers, are like mutual Legs
 Supplanting one another: He that seeks
 Aid from a Stranger, and forsakes his Brother,
 Does but like him that madly lops his Arm,
 And to his Body joins a wooden one;
 Cuts off his natural Leg, and trusts a Crutch;
 Plucks out his Eye to see with Spectacles.

Cra. Most dear *Euphanes*, in this Crimson Flood
 Wash my unkindness out; you have o'ercome me,
 Taught me Humanity and Brotherhood;
 Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
 To be a Ruler o'er me than a Brother,
 Which henceforth be: *Jove* surely did descend,
 When thou wert gotten, in some heav'nly Shape,
 And greet my Mother, as the Poets tell
 Of other Women.

Age. Be this Holy-day.

Leon. And noted ever with the whitest Stone.

Con. And pardon me, my Lord, look you, I bleed
 Faster than *Crates*; what I have done I did
 To reconcile your Loves, to both a Friend,
 Which my Blood cement, never to part or end.

Age. Most worthy *Conon*.

Leon. Happy rise, this Day
 Contracts more good than a whole Age hath done.

Eupb. Royal *Agenor*, brave *Leonidas*,
 You are main Causes, and must share the Fame.

Cra. Which in some part this Hour shall requite,
 For I have aim'd my black Shafts at white Marks,
 And now I'll put the Clew into your Hands,
 Shall guide ye most perspicuously to the depth
 Of this dark Labyrinth, where so long you were lost
 Touching this old Rape, and a new Intent,
 Wherein your Counsel, and your active Wit,
 My dearest Brother, will be necessary.

Eupb.

Euph. My Prophecy is come, prove my Hopes true,
Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong,
 Time now will pluck her Daughter from her Cave:
 Let's hence to prevent Rumour; my dear Brother,
 Nature's divided Streams the highest Shelf
 Will over-run at last, and flow to it self. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Soficles, Eraton.

Euph. I Have won the Lady to it, and that good
 Which is intended to her, your Faith only
 And Secresie must make perfect; think not, Sir,
 I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard my Soul upon
Cra. You may safely, (the Tryal.

But are *Agenor* and *Leonidas* ready
 To rush upon him the Act, and seize him
 In the Height of his Security?

Euph. At all Parts as you could wish them.

Cra. Where's the Lady?

Euph. There

Where you appointed her to stay.

Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.

(way,

Euph. Last, when you have him sure, compel him this
 For as by Accident here I'll bring the Queen
 To meet you, 'twill strike greater Terror to him,
 To be ta'en unprovided of Excuse,
 And make more for our Purposes. [Exit.

Cra. Come *Neanthes*, our Fames and all are at the stake.

Nean. 'Tis fit, that since relying on your Skill, we venture
 So much upon one Game, you play with Cunning,

Enter Theanor.

Or we shall rise such Losers as——

Sof. The Prince.

Cra. The Plot is laid, Sir, howfoe'er I seem'd
 A little scrupulous, upon better Judgment
 I have effected it.

The. 'Tis the last Service

OF

Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

Cra. We hope so, Sir.

The. And I will so reward it ———

Nean. You are bound to that; in every Family
That does write lustful, your fine Bawd gains more
(For like your Brother, he takes Fees on both sides)
Than all the Officers of the House.

Sof. For us then

To be a great Man's Panders, and live poor,
That were a double Fault.

Cra. Come, you lose time, Sir,
We will be with you instantly: The Deed done,
We have a Mask that you expect not.

The. Thou art ever careful; for *Jove's Mercury*
I would not change thee. [Exit.]

Era. There is an Honour for you.

Nean. To be compar'd with the celestial Pimp,
Jove's smock-sworn Squire, *Don Hermes.*

Cra. I'll deserve it;

And Gentlemen be assur'd, though what we do now
Will to the Prince *Theanor* look like Treason
And base Disloyalty; yet the End shall prove,
When he's first taught to know himself, then you,
In what he judg'd us false, we were most true. Exeunt

S C E N E II.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, and Conon.

Euph. Only make haste, my Lords, in all things else
You are instructed: you may draw your Swords
For shew, if you think good, but on my Life
You will find no Resistance in his Servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.

Age. I would he were not,
My just Rage should not then be lost.

Euph. Good Sir,
Have you a care no Injury be done
Unto the Person of the Prince; but *Conon*,
Have you an Eye on both, it is your Trust that I rely on?

Con. Which I will discharge, assure your self, most

Euph. For the Lady, (faithfully.)

I know your best respect will not be wanting;
Then to avoid Suspicion and Discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The Queen hath seen her, she forsake the place,
And fit her self for that which is projected
For her good, and your honour.

Leo. If this prosper, believe it you have made a pur-
My Service and my Life. (chase of

Euph. Your Love I aim at.

Leo. Here I shall find you?

Euph. With the Queen.

Con. Enough, Sir.

[Exe.

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you my Lord, I have met
A dozen Messengers in search of you.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Attendants.

Euph. I knew I should be sought for, as I wish'd
She's come her self in Person.

Queen. Are you found, Sir?

I wonder where you spend your Hours, methinks
Since I so love your Company, and profess
'Tis the best comfort this Life yields me, mine
Should not be tedious to you.

Euph. Gracious Madam,
To have the happiness to see and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold so great a Blessing, that my Honours
And Wealth compar'd to that, are but as Cyphers
To make that Number greater; yet your Pardon
For borrowing from my Duty so much time,
As the provision for my sudden Marriage
Exacted from me.

Queen. I perceive this Marriage
Will keek you often from me; but I'll bear it.
She's a good Lady, and a fair, Euphanes,
Yet by her leave I will share with her in you;
I am pleas'd that in the Night she shall enjoy you,
And that's sufficient for a Wife; the Day-time
I will Divorce you from her.

Leo. within. We will force you, if you resist.

Vol. IV.

Mm

Queen.

Queen. What Noise is that?

The. within. Base Traytors.

Euph. It moves this way.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas with Theanor, Merione like Beliza.

Conon, Crates, Neanthes, Soficles, Eraton, and Guard.

Queen. Whate'er it be I'll meet it,

I was not born to fear: Who's that, *Beliza*?

Euph. My worthiest, noblest Mistress. [Exit Mer.

Queen. Stay her, ha?

All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion; what new *Gorgon's* Head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd Statues?
This is prodigious, has none a Tongue
To speak the Cause?

Leo. Could every Hair, great Queen,
Upon my Head yield an articulate sound,
And all together speak, they could not yet
Express the Villany we have discover'd;
And yet, when with a few unwilling Words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too Eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a Tongue.

Queen. Speak boldly,
For I, unmov'd with any loss, will hear.

Leo. Then know, we have found out the Ravisher
Of my poor Sister, and the place, and means
By which th' unfortunate, though fair *Beliza*
Hath met a second Violence.

Euph. This confirms what but before I doubted to my
My Lady Ravish'd. (Ruin.

Queen. Point me out the Villain;
That guilty wretched Monster that hath done this,
That I may look on him, and in mine Eye
He reads his Sentence.

Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the Prince, that heard,
You have it all.

Queen. Wonder not that I shake,
The Miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the Thunder that thy Words

Have

Have thrown upon me: Dar'st thou kneel, with hope
Of any favour, but a speedy Death,
And that too in the dreadful'st shape that can
Appear to a despairing leaprous Soul,
If thou hast any? No, libidinous Beast,
Thy Lust hath alter'd so thy former Being,
Be Heav'n I know thee not.

The. Although unworthy,
Yet still I am your Son.

Queen. Thou liest, liest falsely,
My whole Life never knew but one chaste Bed,
Nor e'er desir'd warmth but from lawful Fires;
Can I be then the Mother to a Goat,
Whose Lust is more insatiate than the Grave,
And like infectious Air ingenders Plagues,
To murder all that's chaste or good in Woman?
The Gods I from my Youth have serv'd and fear'd,
Whose holy Temples thou hast made thy Brothels;
Could a Religious Mother then bring forth
So damn'd an Atheist? Read but o'er my Life,
My Actions, Manners, and made perfect in them
But look into the Story of thy self
As thou art now, not as thou wert, *Theanor*,
And Reason will compel thee to confess,
Thou art a Stranger to me.

Age. Note but how heavy
The weight of guilt is; it so low hath sunk him,
That he wants power to rise up in defence
Of this bad Cause.

Queen. Perswade me not *Euphanes*,
This is no Prince, nor can claim part in me
My Son was born a Free-man, this a Slave
To beastly Passions, a Fugitive,
And run away from Virtue: Bring Bonds for him.
By all the honour that I owe to Justice,
He loses me for ever that seeks to save him;
Bind him I say, and 'ts like a Wretch that knows
He stands Condemn'd before he hears the Sentence,
With his base Agents, from my sight remove him,
And lodge them in the Dungeon; as a Queen

And Patroness to Justice I command it:
 Thy Tears are like unseasonable Showers,
 And in my Heart now steel'd can make no entrance;
 Thou art cruel to thy self, Fool, 'tis not want
 In me of soft Compassion, when thou left'st
 To be a Son, I ceas'd to be a Mother;
 Away with them: The Children I will leave
 To keep my Name, to all Posterities,
 Shall be the great Examples of my Justice,
 The Government of my Country, which shall witness
 How well I rul'd my self; bid the wrong'd Ladies
 Appear in Court to morrow, we will hear them;
 And by one Act of our Severity,
 For fear of Punishment, or love to Virtue,
 Teach others to be honest: All will shun
 To tempt her Laws, that would not spare her Son. [Ex.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Uncle. Nay, Nephew.

Tutor. Pupil, hear but Reason.

Onos. No I have none, and will hear none; oh my Ho-
 My Honour blasted in the Bud, my Youth, (nour,
 My hopeful Youth, and all my Expectation
 Ever to be a Man, are lost for ever.

Uncle. Why Nephew, we as well as you are dub'd
 Knights of the Pantofle.

Tutor. And are shouted at,
 Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at by each Page and Groom,
 Yet with erected heads we bear it.

Onos. Alas,
 You have years, and strength to do it; but were you,
 As I, a tender Gristle, apt to bow,
 You would like me, with Cloaks enveloped,
 Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.

Uncle. He will run mad
 I hope, and then all's mine.

Tutor. Why look you Pupil,
 There are for the recovery of your Honour
 Degrees of Medicines; for a tweak by the Nose

A Man's to travel but fix Months, then blow it,
And all is well again; the Bastinado
Requires a longer time, a Year or two,
And then 'tis buried: I grant you have been baff'd,
'Tis but a Journey of some thirty Years,
And it will be forgotten.

Onos. Think you so?

Tutor. Assuredly.

Uncle. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and on my life
'Twill no more trouble him.

Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or Hemp or Water, they are dangerous Tools
For Youth to deal with; I will rather follow
My Tutor's Counsel.

Tutor. Do so.

Onos. And put in
For my Security, that I'll not return
In thirty Years, my whole 'state to my Uncle.

Uncle. That I like well of.

Onos. Still provided Uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of Age, that I may call to account
This Page that hath abus'd me.

Uncle. 'Tis a match.

Onos. Then *Corinth*, thus the bashful *Lamprias*
Takes leave of thee; and for this little time
Of thirty Years, will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a Man. [*Ex.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Euphanes and Marshal

Euph. Are your Prisoners ready?

Mar. When it shall please the Queen
To call them forth, my Lord.

Euph. Pray you do me the favour
To tell me how they have born themselves this Night
Of their imprisonment?

Mar. Gladly, Sir; your Brother
With the other Courtiers willingly receiv'd

All courtesies I could offer; eat, and drank,
 And were exceeding merry, so dissembling
 Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
 That I much wondred at it. But the Prince,
 That, as born highest, should have grac'd his fall
 With greatest Courage, is so sunk with Sorrow,
 That to a common judgment he would seem
 To suffer like a Woman: but to me,
 That from the experience I have had of many,
 Look further in him, I do find the deep
 Consideration of what's past, more frights him
 Than any other Punishment.

Euph. That is indeed
 True Magnanimity; the other but
 A desperate bastard Valour.

Mar. I pressed to him,
 And notwithstanding the Queen's strict Command,
 Having your Lordship's promise to secure me,
 Offer'd to free him from his Bonds, which he
 Refus'd, with such a Sorrow, mix'd with Scorn
 That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his Highness
 To give one Reason for't: He briefly answer'd,
 That he had sat in Judgment on himself,
 And found that he deserv'd them; that he was
 A Ravisher, and so to suffer like one,
 Which is the reason of my Tears; he addeth,
 For wer't not I again should break the Laws,
 By scorning all their rigour can inflict,
 I should dye smiling.

Euph. I forbear to wonder
 That you were mov'd that saw this: I am struck
 With the relation so. 'Tis very well,
 See all things ready. I do wish I could
 Send comfort to the Prince; be ready with him;

[*Bar brought in.*]

'Tis in the Queen's Breast only, which for us
 To search into were sauciness, to determine
 What she thinks fit.

Enter

Enter Leonidas, with Merione in white; Euphanes, with Beliza in black; Queen, Agenor, Conon, Marshal, with Theanor, Crates, Soficles, Eraton, Lords, Ladies, and Guard.

Lord. Make way there for the Queen.

Queen. Read first the Law, and what our Ancestors Have in this case provided, to deter Such like Offenders: To you, gentle Ladies, This only, Would I could as well give Comfort, As bid you be secure from fear or doubt Of our displeasure, be as confident As if your Plea were 'gainst a common Man, To have all Right from us; I will not grieve For what's not worth my Pity: Read the Law.

Clerk Reads.

Lycurgus the nineteenth against Rapes: It is provided, and publickly enacted and confirmed, That any Man of what degree soever, offering Violence to the Chastity of a Virgin, shall, ipso facto, be liable to her Accusation, and according to the said Law be censur'd; ever provided, that it shall be in the choice of the said Virgin so abused, either to compel the Offender to marry her without a Dowry, if so she will be satisfied, or demanding his Head for the Offence, to have that accordingly performed.

Queen. You hear this; what do you demand?

Mer. The benefit

The Law allows me.

Bel. For the injury

Done to mine Honour, I require his Head.

Mer. I likewise have an Eye upon mine Honour, But knowing that his Death cannot restore it, I ask him for my Husband.

Bel. I was ravish'd, And will have Justice.

Mer. I was ravish'd too, I kneel for Mercy.

Bel. I demand but what The Law allows me.

Mer. That which I desire Is by the same Law warranted.

Bel.

Bel. The Rape

On me hath made a forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.

Mer. The Rape on me gives me the privilege
To be his Wife, and that is all I sue for.

Age. A doubtful case.

Leo. Such pretty Lawyers, yet
I never saw nor read of.

Euph. May the Queen
Favour your sweet plea, Madam.

Bel. Is that justice?

Shall one that is to suffer for a Rape
Be by a Rape defended? Look upon
The publick Enemy of Chastity,
This lustful Satyr, whose enrag'd desires
The ruin of one wretched Virgin's Honour
Would not suffice; and shall the wrack of two
Be his Protection? May be I was ravish'd
For his Lust only, thou for his Defence;
O fine evasion! shall with such a slight
Your Justice be deluded? your Laws cheated?
And he that for one Fact deserv'd to die,
For sinning often, find Impunity?
But that I know thee, I would swear thou wert
A false Impostor, and suborn'd to this;
And it may be thou art, *Merione*:
For hadst thou suffer'd truly what I have done,
'Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for Vengeance,
And our wrongs being equal, I alone
Should not desire Revenge: But be it so,
If thou prevail, even he will punish it,
And foolish Mercy shew'd to him undo thee.
Consider, Fool, before it be too late,
What joys thou canst expect from such a Husband,
'To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd Embraces,
Which Men say heighten pleasure, were distastful.

Mer. 'Twas in respect, that then they were unlawful,
Unbless'd by *Hymen*, and left stings behind them,
Which from the Marriage-bed are ever banish'd.
Let this Court be then the Image of *Jove's* Throne,

Upon

Upon which Grace and Mercy still attend,
To intercede between him and his Justice ;
And since the Law allows as much to me
As she can challenge, let the milder Sentence,
Which best becomes a Mother, and a Queen,
Now overcome ; nor let your Wisdom suffer
In doing right to her, I in my wrong
Indure a second Ravishment.

Bel. You can free him
Only from that which does concern your self,
Not from the Punishment that's due to me ;
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine ;
I plead mine own just wreak, which will right both,
Where that which you desire robs me of Justice ;
'Tis that which I appeal to.

Mer. Bloody Woman,
Dost thou desire his Punishment ? Let him live then ;
For any Man to marry where he likes not
Is still a lingring Torment.

Bel. For one Rape
One Death's sufficient, that way cannot catch me.

Mer. To you I fly then, to your Mercy, Madam,
Exempting not your Justice, be but equal ;
And since in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not so be undervalu'd in
Your Highness favour, that the World take notice
You so prefer'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that Son, you would not save for me ;
Mercy, O Mercy, Madam.

Bel. Great Queen, Justice.

Age. With what a Masculine Constancy the grave Lady
Hath heard them both ?

Leo. Yet how unmov'd she sits
In that which most concerns her ?

Con. Now she rises ;
And having well weigh'd both their Arguments,
Resolves to speak.

Euph. And yet again she pauses ;
O *Conon*, such a Resolution once
A *Roman* told me he had seen in *Cato*
Before he kill'd himself.

Queen.

Queen. 'Tis now determin'd.

Merione, I could wish I were no Queen,
To give you Satisfaction; no Mother,
Beliza, to content you; and would part,
Even with my Being, both might have their Wishes;
But since that is impossible, in few Words
I will deliver what I am resolved on:
The End for which all profitable Laws
Were made, looks two ways only, the Reward
Of innocent good Men, and the Punishment
Of bad Delinquents: Ours, concerning Rapes,
Provided that same latter of Marriage
For him that had fall'n once, not then foreseeing
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice
A Path so horrid. The great Law-Giver
Draco, that for his strange Severity
Was said to write his stern Decrees in Blood,
Made none for Parricides, presuming that
No Man could be so wicked: Such might be
Lycurgus's Answer (did he live) for this.
But since I find that in my Son, which was not
Doubted in any else, I will add to it;
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full Revenge: You see, *Beliza*,
You have your Wish; with you, *Merione*,
I'll spend a Tear or two, so Heav'n forgive thee.

The. Upon my Knees I do approve your Judgement,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all speed possible; only that I may,
Having already made Peace with my self,
Part so with all the World: Princely *Agenor*
I ask your pardon; yours my Lord *Euphanes*;
And *Crates* with the rest too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me: Yours, gracious Mother,
I dare not ask, and yet if that my Death
Be like a Son of yours, though my Life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchsafe it: Lastly, that
Both these whom I have wrong'd, may with my Ashes
No heavy Burden, e'er I suffer Death,
For the restoring of *Merione's* Honour,

Let

The Queen of Corinth

2123

Let me be married to her, and then die
For you *Beliza*.

Queen. Thou hast made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the World,
Thy Suit is granted; call a *Flamyn* forth
To do this holy Work, with him a Headsman.

Enter Flamyn and Executioner.

Raise up thy weeping Eyes, *Merione*,
With this Hand I confirm thy Marriage,
Wishing that now the Gods would shew some Miracle,
That this might not divorce it.

Cra. To that purpose
I am their Minister; stand not amaz'd,
To all your Comforts I will do this Wonder.
Your Majesty (with your Pardon I must speak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of such a Contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
Being fully bent to match her with *Agenor*;
The griev'd Prince knowing this, and yet not daring
To cross what you determin'd, by an Oath
Bound me and these his Followers to do something
That he might once enjoy her; we swore to it,
And easily perswaded, being assur'd
She was his Wife before the Face of Heav'n,
Although some ceremonious Forms were wanting,
Committed the first Rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the Marriage; but when we perceiv'd
He purpos'd to abuse our ready Service
In the same kind, upon the chaste *Beliza*,
Holding our selves less ty'd to him than Goodness,
I made Discovery of it to my Brother,
Who can relate the rest.

Euph. It is most true.

Queen. I would it were.

Euph. In every Circumstance
It is, upon my Soul: For this known to me,
I saw *Merione* in my Lady's Habit,
To be again (but willingly) surpriz'd;
But with *Agenor*, and her noble Brother,
With my approv'd Friend *Conon*, with such speed

She

She was pursu'd, that the lewd Act scarce ended,
 The Prince (assur'd he had enjoy'd *Beliza*,
 For all the time *Merione's* Face was cover'd)
 Was apprehended and brought to your Presence,
 But not 'till now discover'd, in respect
 I hop'd the imminent Danger of the Prince,
 To which his loose unquenched Heats had brought him,
 Being pursu'd unto the latest Tryal,
 Would work in him Compunction, which it has done;
 And these two Ladies in their feign'd Contentions,
 To your Delight I hope have serv'd as Maskers
 To their own Nuptials.

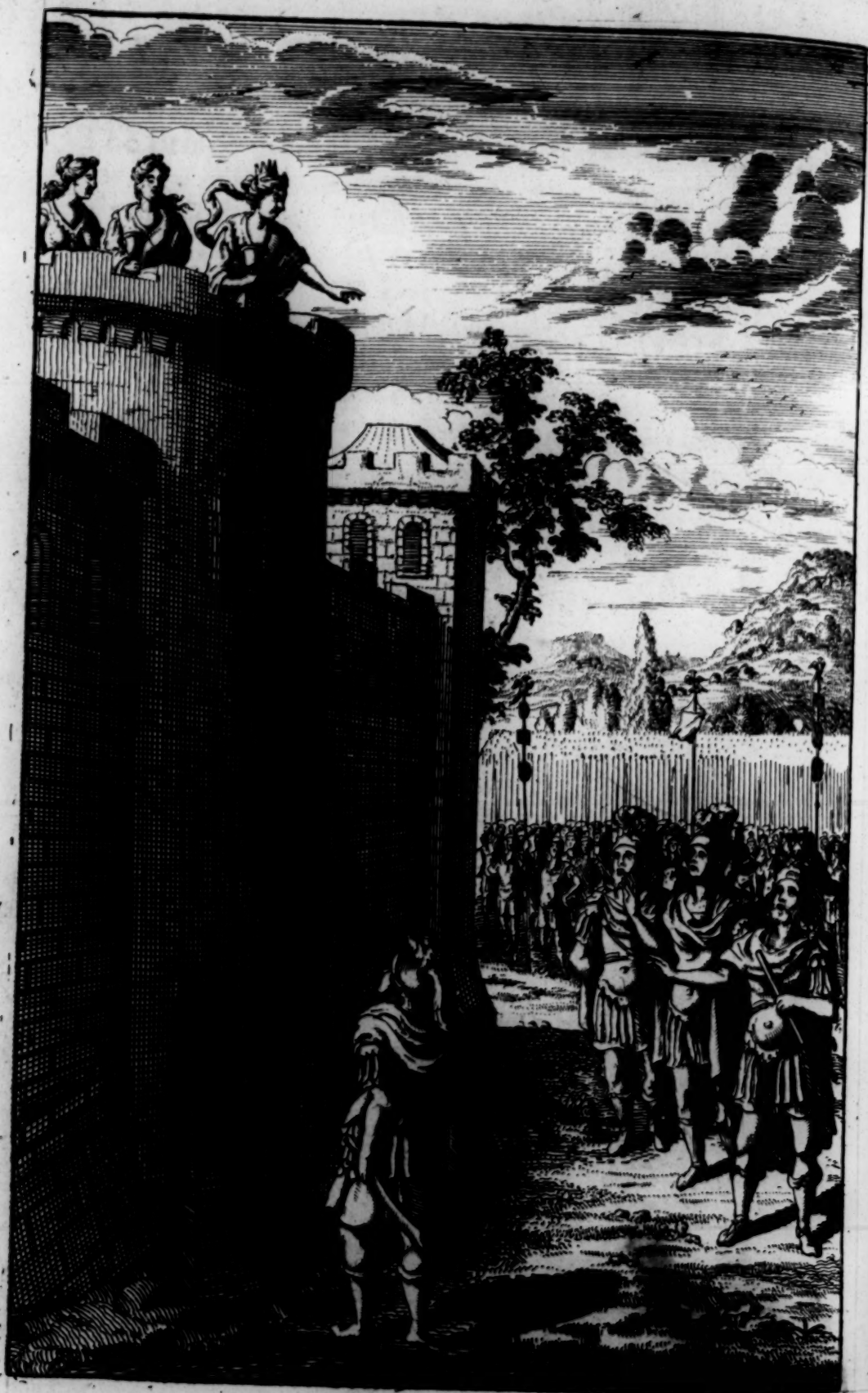
Queen. My choice was worthy
 When first I look'd on thee; as thou hast order'd
 All shall be done, and not the meanest that
 Plaid in this unexpected Comedy,
 But shall partake our Bounty: And my Lord,
 That with the rest you may seem satisfy'd,
 If you dare venture on a Queen, not yet
 So far in Debt to Years, but that she may
 Bring you a lusty Boy, I offer up
 My self and Kingdom, during my Life, to you.

Age. It is a Blessing which I durst not hope for,
 But with all Joy receive.

All. We all applaud it.

Queen. Then on unto the Temple, where the Rights
 Of Marriage ended, we'll find new Delights. [*Exeunt.*]





Bonduca

vol. 4. p. 218 5.

BONDUCA,

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CAratach, *General of the Britains, Cousin to Bonduca.*

Nennius, *a great Soldier, a Britain Commander.*

Hengo, *a brave Boy, Nephew to Caratach.*

Suetonius, *General to the Roman Army in Britain.*

Penius, *a brave Roman Commander, but stubborn to the General.*

Junius, *a Roman Captain, in love with Bonduca's Daughter.*

Petilus, *a merry Captain, but somewhat wanton.*

Demetrius, } *Two Roman Commanders.*

Decius,

Regulus,

Drusus,

Macer,

Curius,

Judas, *a Corporal, a merry hungry Knave.*

Herald.

Druids.

Soldiers.

W O M E N.

Bonduca, *Queen of the Iceni, a brave Virago, by Pre-*
futagus

Her two Daughters by Prefutagus.

SCENE BRITAIN.

BON-



BONDUCA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius
and Soldiers.*

BONDUCA.



THE hardy *Romans*? O ye Gods of *Britain*,
The rust of Arms, the blushing shame of
Soldiers;
Are these the Men that conquer by Inhe-
ritance?

The Fortune-makers? These the *Julians*,
Enter Caratach.

That with the Sun measure the end of Nature,
Making the World but one *Rome* and one *Cæsar*?
Shame, how they flee! *Cæsar*'s soft Soul dwells in 'em;
Their Mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nurst 'em,
Their Bodies sweat with sweet Oils, Loves allurements,
Not lusty Arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These *Roman* Girls? Is *Britain* grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, *Nennius*, scatter'd 'em,
And through their big-bon'd *Germans*, on whose Pikes
The honour of their Actions sit in Triumph,
Made Themes for Songs to shame 'em, and a Woman,
A Woman beat 'em, *Nennius*; a weak Woman,
A Woman beat these *Romans*.

Car. So it seems,
A Man would shame to talk so.

Bon.

Bon. Who's that? *Car.* I

Bon. Cousin, do you grieve at my Fortunes?

Car. No, *Bonduca*,

If I grieve, 'tis at the bearing of your Fortunes;
You put too much Wind to your Sail: Discretion
And hardy Valour are the twins of Honour,
And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror;
Divided, but a Talker. 'Tis a Truth,
That *Rome* has fled before us twice, and routed;
A Truth we ought to crown the Gods for, Lady,
And not our Tongues. A Truth is none of ours,
Nor in our Ends, more than the noble bearing,
For then it leaves to be a Virtue, Lady;
And we that have been Victors, beat our selves,
When we insult upon our Honours Subject.

Bon. My valiant Cousin, is it foul to say
What Liberty and Honour bid us do,
And what the Gods allow us?

Car. No, *Bonduca*,

So what we say exceed not what we do.
Ye call the *Romans* fearful, fleeing *Romans*,
And *Roman* Girls, the lees of tainted Pleasures:
Does this become a doer? Are they such?

Bon. They are no more.

Car. Where is your Conquest then?

Why are your Altars crown'd with wreaths of Flowers,
The Beasts with gilt Horns waiting for the Fire?
The holy *Druides* composing Songs
Of everlasting Life to Victory?
Why are these Triumphs, Lady? For a *May-game*?
For hunting a poor Herd of wretched *Romans*?
Is it no more? Shut up your Temples, *Britains*,
And let the Husbandman redeem his Heifers;
Put out our holy Fires, no Timbrel ring;
Let's home, and sleep; for such great Overthrows,
A Candle burns too bright a Sacrifice,
A Glow-worm's Tail too full of Flame. O *Nennius*,
Thou hadst a noble Uncle knew a *Roman*,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his Fortunes.

Bon.

Bon. By——I think

Ye doat upon these *Romans*, *Caratach*.

Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given,
I love an Enemy, I was born a Soldier;
And he that in the head on's Troop defies me,
Bending my manly Body with his Sword,
I make a Mistress. Yellow-tressed *Hymen*
Ne'er ty'd a longing Virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that Man that wounds me:
And are not all these *Romans*? Ten struck Battels
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all *Roman*:
Ten Years of bitter Nights and heavy Marches,
When many a frozen Storm sung thorow my Curafs,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn Metal, have I wrought thorow,
And all to try these *Romans*. Ten times a Night
I have swum the Rivers, when the Stars of *Rome*
Shot at me as I floated, and the Billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my Shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with Troops of Agues;
And still to try these *Romans*, whom I found
(And if I lye, my Wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, Gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the *Britains*,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, Lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And follow'd, will be impudence, *Bonduca*,
And grow to no belief, to taint these *Romans*.
Have not I seen the *Britains*——

Bond. What? *Car.* Disheartned,
Run, run, *Bonduca*, not the quick rack swifter;
The Virgin from the hated Ravisher
Not half so fearful? not a flight drawn home,
A round Stone from a sling, a Lovers wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By——
I have seen these *Britains*, that you magnifie,

Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring
 Basely for Mercy, roaring : the light Shadows,
 That in a thought scur o'er the Fields of Corn,
 Halted on Crutches to 'em. *Bon.* O ye Powers,
 What scandals do I suffer? *Car.* Yes, *Bonduca*,
 I have seen thee run too, and thee, *Nennius*;
 Yea, run apace, both; then when *Penius*,
 The *Roman* Girl, cut thorow your armed Carts,
 And drove 'em headlong on ye down the Hill;
 Then when he hunted ye like *Britain* Foxes,
 More by the scent than fight; then did I see
 These valiant and approved Men of *Britain*,
 Like Boading Owls, creep into tods of Ivy,
 And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, *Caratach*?

Car. I fled too,
 But not so fast; your Jewel had been lost then,
 Young *Hengo* there; he trasht me, *Nennius*:
 For when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
 And in the head of all the *Romans* fury
 Took him, and, with my tough Belt, to my Back
 I buckled him; behind him, my sure Shield;
 And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
 Five times in bringing off this bud of *Britain*,
 I lie not, *Nennius*. Neither had ye heard
 Me speak this, or ever seen the Child more,
 But that the Son of Virtue, *Penius*,
 Seeing me steer thorow all these storms of danger,
 My Helm still in my Hand, my Sword my Prow,
 Turn'd to my Foe my Face, he cry'd out nobly,
 Go *Britain*, bear thy Lion's Whelp off safely;
 Thy manly Sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again in Arms;
 Then if thou stand'st, thou art mine. I took his Offer,
 And here I am to Honour him.

Bon. O Cousin,
 From what a flight of Honour hast thou checkt me?
 What wouldst thou make me, *Caratach*?

Car. See, Lady,
 The noble use of others in our losses:

Does

Does this afflict ye? Had the *Romans* cry'd this
 And as we have done theirs, sung out these Fortunes,
 Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
 Made marks as far as the Earth was ours, to shew us
 Nothing but Sea could stop our flights; despis'd us,
 And held it equal, whether banquetting
 Or beating of the *Britains* were more business,
 It would have gall'd ye.

Bon. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquer'd;
 And where we have found Virtue, though in those
 That came to make us Slaves, let's cherish it.
 There's not a blow we gave since *Julius* landed,
 That was of strength and worth, but like Records,
 They file to After-ages. Our Registers,
 The *Romans* are, for noble deeds of Honour;
 And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?

Bon. No more, I see my self; thou hast made me, Cousin,
 More than my Fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
 And wound me up so high, I swell'd with Glory:
 Thy temperance has cur'd that Tympany,
 And given me Health again, nay, more Discretion.
 Shall we have peace? for now I love these *Romans*.

Car. Thy Love and Hate are both unwise ones, Lady.

Bon. Your Reason?

Nen. Is not Peace the end of Arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general Conquest:
 Had we a difference with some petty Isle,
 Or with our Neighbours, Lady, for our Land-marks,
 The taking in of some rebellious Lord,
 Or making a Head against Commotions,
 After a day of Blood, Peace might be argued;
 But where we grapple for the Ground we live on,
 The liberty we hold as dear as Life,
 The Gods we worship, and next those, our Honours,
 And with those Swords that know no end of Battel;
 Those Men beside themselves allow no Neighbour;
 Those Minds that where the day is, claim Inheritance,
 And where the Sun makes ripe the Fruits, their Harvest,
 And where they march, but measure out more Ground

To add to *Rome*, and here i'th' Bowels on us;
 It must not be; no, as they are our Foes,
 And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
 Let's use the peace of Honour, that's fair dealing,
 But in our ends, our Swords. That hardy *Roman*
 That hopes to graft himself into my Stock,
 Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
 And be ally'd in Ashes. *Bon. Caratach*,
 As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
 And *Hengo* to thy charge I here deliver:
 The *Romans* shall have worthy Wars.

Car. They shall.

And, little Sir, when your young Bones grow stiffer,
 And when I see ye able in a Morning
 To beat a dozen Boys, and then to breakfast,
 I'll tie ye to a Sword.

Hengo. And what then, Uncle?

Car. Then ye must kill, Sir, the next valiant *Roman*
 That calls ye Knave.

Hen. And must I kill but one?

Car. An hundred, Boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope five hundred.

Car. That's a noble Boy. Come, worthy Lady,
 Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
 Allow an Enemy both weight and worth. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Junius and Petillius, two Roman Captains.

Pet. What ail'st thou, Man? dost thou want Meat?

Jun. No. *Pet.* Cloaths?

Jun. Neither. For Heav'ns love, leave me.

Pet. Drink? *Jun.* Ye tire me.

Pet. Come, 'tis drink; I know 'tis drink.

Jun. 'Tis no drink.

Pet. I say 'tis drink; for what Affliction
 Can light so heavy on a Soldier,
 To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?

Thou shalt have drink. *Jun.* Prithee *Petillius*—

Pet. And by mine Honour, much drink, valiant drink:
 Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,

Like

Like a true Friend, into thy wants: 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry Nature, hang me.

Jun. Why do ye this to me? *Pet.* For I see,
Although your Modesty would fain conceal it,
Which fits as sweetly on a Soldier,
As an old Side-saddle. *Jun.* What do you see?

Pet. I see as far as day, that thou want'st drink.
Did I not find thee gaping like an Oyster
For a new Tide? thy very thoughts lye bare
Like a low Ebb? thy Soul that rid in Sack,
Lies moor'd for want of Liquor? Do but see
Into thy self; for by—I do:
For all thy Body's chapt and crackt like Timber
For want of moisture, what is't thou want'st there, *Junius*,
And if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a Whore too; say it be: come, Meecher,
Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant Fellow,
Die for a little Lap and Lechery?
No, it shall ne'er be said in our Country,
Thou dy'dst o'th' Chin-cough. Hear, thou noble *Roman*,
The Son of her that loves a Soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee; thus I said,
Lady, I take thy Son to my Companion,
Lady, I love thy Son, thy Son loves War,
The War loves Danger, Danger Drink, Drink Discipline,
Which is Society and Lechery;
These two beget Commanders: Fear not, Lady,
Thy Son shall lead.

Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, *Petillius*,
That so ridiculous and loose a Mirth
Can master your Affections. *Pet.* Any Mirth,
And any way, of any Subject, *Junius*,
Is better than unmanly mustiness:
What harm's in Drink, in a good wholesome Wench?
I do beseech ye, Sir, what error? yet
It cannot out of my Head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk; come, no more fooling,
The General has new Wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new Acquaintance for it too,
For I will *none*, *I thank ye*.

Pet. *None*, *I thank ye*?

A short and touchy answer. *None*, *I thank ye*:
Ye do not scorn it, do ye?

Jun. Gods defend, Sir;
I owe him still more honour.

Pet. *None*, *I thank ye*:

No Company, no Drink, no Wench, *I thank ye*.
Ye shall be worse intreated, Sir.

Jun. *Petillius*,
As thou art honest, leave me.

Pet. *None*, *I thank ye*;

A modest and a decent Resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave ye, *Junius*,
And leave ye to the Boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute ye, by your new Sirname
Of *Junius*, *None I thank ye*. I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks, lye open
To all the dangerous passes of a Wench,
Bound to believe her Tears, and wed her Aches,
E'er I would own thy Follies. I have found ye,
Your lays, and out-leaps *Junius*, haunts, and lodges:
I have view'd ye, and I have found ye by my skill
To be a Fool o'th' first Head, *Junius*,
And I will hunt ye; ye are in Love, I know it:
Ye are an Ass, and all the Camp shall know it;
A peevish idle Boy; your Dame shall know it.

Enter Corporal Judas, and four Soldiers.

Jud. A Bean? a Princely diet, a full Banquet,
To what we compass.

1 *Sold.* Fight like Hogs for Acorns?

2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for Pig-nuts?

Pet. What ail these Rascals?

3 *Sold.* If this hold, we are starv'd.

Jud. For my part, Friends,
Which is but twenty Beans a day, a hard World
For Officers, and Men of Action;
And those so clipt by master Mouse, and rotten;
For understand 'em *French* Beans, where the Fruits

Are

Are ripen'd like the People in old Tubs.
 For mine own part, I say, I am starv'd already.
 Not worth another Bean, consum'd to nothing,
 Nothing but Flesh and Bones left, miserable:
 Now if this musty Provender can prick me
 To honourable Matters of Atchievement, Gentlemen,
 Why there's the Point.

4 *Sold.* I'll fight no more. *Pet.* You'll hang then,
 A sovereign Help for Hunger. Ye eating Rascals,
 Whose Gods are Beef and Brewis, whose brave Angers
 Do execution upon these, and Chibbals:
 Ye Dog's Heads i'th' Porridge-Pot; you fight no more?
 Does *Rome* depend upon your Resolution
 For eating mouldy Pye-Crust?

3 *Sold.* Would we had it.

Jud. I may do Service, Captain.

Pet. In a Fish-Market.

You, Corporal Curry-Comb, what will your fighting
 Profit the Common-wealth? do you hope to triumph,
 Or dare your vamping Valour, Goodman Cobler,
 Clap a new Sole to th' Kingdom? s'death, ye Dog-
 You, fight, or not fight. (Whelps

Jud. Captain. *Pet.* Out, ye flesh-Flies,
 Nothing but Noise and Nastiness.

Jud. Good Give us Meat,
 Whereby we may do.

Pet. Whereby hangs your Valour?

Jud. Good Bits afford good Blows.

Pet. A good Position:

How long is't since thou eat'st last? wipe thy Mouth,
 And then tell Truth.

Jud. I have not eat to th' purpose—— (Garlick?

Pet. To th' purpose? What's that? half a Cow and
 Ye Rogues, my Company eat Turf, and talk not;
 Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;
 Old Matts, and Mud with Spoons, rare Meats. Your Shoes,
 Dare ye cry out for Hunger, and those extant: (Slaves?
 Suck your Sword-Hilts, ye Slaves, if ye be valiant,
 Honour will make 'em March-pane; *To the Purpose?*
 A grievous Penance. Dost thou see that Gentleman,
 That melancholly Monsieur?

Jun. Pray ye, *Petillius*.

Pet. He has not eat these three Weeks.

2 Sold. 'Has drunk the more then.

3 Sold. And that's all one.

Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two Months.

Jud. Captain, we do beseech you as poor Soldiers,
Men that have seen good Days, whose mortal Stomachs
May sometime feel Afflictions.

Jun. This, *Petillius*,
Is not so nobly done.

Pet. 'Tis common Profit;
Urge him to th' Point, he'll find you out a Food
That needs no Teeth nor Stomach; a strange surmity
Will feed you up as fat as Hens i'th'foreheads.
And make ye fight like *Fickocks*; to him.

Jud. Captain.

Jun. Do you long to have your Throats cut?

Pet. See what Metal
It makes in him: Two Meals more of this Melancholly,
And there lyes *Caratach*.

Jud. We do beseech ye.

2 Sold. Humbly beseech your Valour.

Jun. Am I only become your Sport, *Petillius*?

Jud. But to render
In way of general good, in Preservation.

Jun. Out of my Thoughts, ye Slaves.

4 Sold. Or rather Pity.

3 Sold. Your warlike Remedy against the Maw-worms.

Jud. Or notable Receipt to live by nothing.

Pet. Out with your Table-Books.

Jun. Is this true Friendship?

And must my killing Grievs make others May-Games?
Stand from my Swords Point, Slaves, your poor starv'd
Can make me no Oblations; else, O Love, (Spirits
Thou proudly blind Destruction, I would send thee
Whole *Hecatombs* of Hearts, to bleed my Sorrows.

Jud. Alas, he lives by Love, Sir. [Exit Junius.

Pet. So he does, Sir,
And cannot you do so too? All my Company

Are

Are now in love, ne'er think of Meat, nor talk
 Of what Provant is: *Aymeas*, and *Hearty hey-boes*,
 Are Sallets fit for Soldiers. Live by Meat;
 By larding up your Bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
 And shews ye meerly mortal, dull, and drives ye
 To fight like Camels, with Baskets at your Noses.
 Get ye in love: Ye can whore well enough,
 That all the World knows; fast ye into Famine,
 Yet ye can crawl like Crabs to Wenches, handsomely,
 Fall but in love now, as ye see Example,
 And follow it but with all your Thoughts, *probatum*,
 There's so much Charge sav'd, and your Hunger's ended.
 [Drum afar off.]

Away, I hear the General; get ye in love all,
 Up to the Ears in love, that I may hear
 No more of these rude Murmurings; and discreetly
 Carry your Stomachs, or I prophesie
 A pickel'd Rope will choak ye. Jog, and talk not. [Exeunt.
Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, Drum and Colours.

Suet. Demetrius, is the Messenger dispatch'd
 To *Penius*, to command him to bring up
 The *Volans* Regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Suet. And are the Horse well view'd we brought from

Dec. The Troops are full and lusty. (Mona?)

Suet. Good *Petillius*,

Look to those eating Rogues, that bawl for Victuals,
 And stop their Throats a Day or two: Provision
 Waits but the Wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already

I have been tampring with their Stomachs, which I find
 As deaf as Adders to Delays: Your Clemency
 Hath made their Murmurs, Mutinies, nay, Rebellions:
 Now, and they want but Mustard, they're in Uproars
 No Oil but *Candy*, *Lusitanian* Figs
 And Wine from *Lesbos*, now can satisfie 'em:
 The *British* Waters are grown dull and muddy,
 The Fruit disgustful: *Orontes* must be sought for,
 And Apples from the happy Isles; the truth is,
 They are more curious now in having nothing,

Than

Than if the Sea and Land turn'd up their Treasures:
 This lost the Colonies, and gave *Bonduca*
 (With Shame we must record it) time and strength
 To look into our Fortunes; great Discretion
 To follow offered Victory; and last, full Pride
 To brave us to our Teeth, and scorn our Ruins.

Suet. Nay chide not, good *Petillius*, I confess
 My Will to conquer *Mona*, and long stay
 To execute that Will, let in these Losses:
 All shall be right again, and as a Pine
 Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping Tempest,
 Jointed again, and made a Mast, defies
 Those angry Winds that split him: So will I,
 Piec'd to my never-failing Strength and Fortune, (up,
 Steer through these swelling Dangers; plow their Prides
 And bear like Thunder through their loudest Tempests:
 They keep the Field still.

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In such a Number, one would swear they grew,
 The Hills are wooded with their Partizans,
 And all the Valleys overgrown with Darts,
 As Moors are with rank Rushes: No Ground left us
 To charge upon, no room to strike: Say Fortune
 And our Endeavours bring us into 'em,
 They are so infinite, so-ever springing,
 We shall be kill'd with killing; of desperate Women,
 That neither Fear or Shame e'er found, the Devil
 Has rank'd amongst 'em Multitudes: Say the Men fail,
 They'll poison us with their Petticoats; say they fail,
 They have Priests enough to pray us into nothing.

Suet. These are Imaginations, Dreams of nothing,
 The Man that doubts or fears.

Dec. I am free of both.

Dem. The self same I.

Pet. And I as free as any;
 As careless of my Flesh, of that we call Life,
 So I may lose it nobly; as indifferent
 As if it were my Diet. Yet, noble General,
 It was a Wisdom learn'd from you; I learn'd it,
 And worthy of a Soldier's Care, most worthy,

To

To weigh with most deliberate Circumstance
 The ends of Accidents, above their Offers;
 How to go on and get, to save a *Roman*,
 Whose one Life is more worth in way of doing,
 Than Millions of these painted Wasps; howviewing
 To find Advantage out; how, found, to follow it
 With Counsel and Discretion, lest meer Fortune
 Should claim the Victory.

Suet. 'Tis true, *Petillius*,
 And worthily remembred: The Rule's certain,
 Their Uses no less excellent; but where time
 Cuts off Occasions, Danger, Time and all
 Tend to a present Peril, 'tis required
 Our Swords and Manhoods be best Counsellors,
 Our Expeditions, Presidents. To win, is nothing,
 Where Reason, Time and Counsel are our Camp-Masters:
 But there to bear the Field, then to be Conquerors,
 Where pale Destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
 In Wants and Mutinies, our selves but handfuls,
 And to our selves, our own Fears, needs a new way,
 A sudden and a desperate Execution:
 Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
 Only a present well-united Strength,
 And Minds made up for all Attempts, dispatch it:
 Disputing and delay here, cools the Courage;
 Necessity gives Time for Doubts; things infinite,
 According to the Spirit they are preach'd to,
 Rewards like them; and Names for After-Ages,
 Must steel the Soldier; his own Shame help to arm him:
 And having forc'd his Spirit, e'er he cools,
 Fling him upon his Enemies; sudden and swift,
 Like Tigers amongst Foxes, we must fight for't:
 Fury must be our Fortune; Shame we have lost,
 Spurs ever in our Sides to prick us forward:
 There is no other Wisdom nor Discretion
 Due to this Day of Ruin, but Destruction;
 The Soldiers order first, and then his Anger.

Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.

Suet. Then no doubt
 The Day must needs be ours. That the proud Woman

Is infinite in Number, better likes me,
 Than if we dealt with Squadrons; half her Army
 Shall choak themselves, their own Swords dig their
 I'll tell ye all my fears, one single Valour, (Graves.
 The Virtues of the valiant *Caratach*
 More doubts me than all *Britain*: He's a Soldier
 So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great Fortunes,
 So much Man thrust into him, so old in Dangers,
 So fortunate in all Attempts, that his mere Name
 Fights in a thousand Men, himself in millions,
 To make him *Roman*. But no more, *Petillius*,
 How stands your Charge?

Pet. Ready for all Employments,
 To be commanded too, Sir.

Suet. 'Tis well govern'd;
 To morrow we'll draw out, and view the Cohorts:
 I'th' mean time, all apply their Offices.

Where's *Junius*? *Pet.* In's Cabin,
 Sick o' th' Mumps, Sir. *Suet.* How?

Pet. In Love, indeed in Love, most lamentably loving,
 To the tune of Queen *Dido*.

Dec. Alas poor Gentleman.

Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what
 I'll be a Spokesman for him. (Lady?

Pet. You'll scant speed, Sir.

Suet. Who is't?

Pet. The Devil's Dam, *Bonduca's* Daughter,
 Her youngest, crackt i'th' Ring.

Suet. I am sorry for him:
 But sure his own Discretion will reclaim him,
 He must deserve our anger else. Good Captains,
 Apply your selves in all the pleasing Forms
 Ye can, unto the Soldiers; fire their Spirits,
 And set 'em fit to run this Action;
 Mine own provision shall be shar'd amongst 'em,
 Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
 The fat of all the Kingdom lies before 'em.
 Their Shames forgot, their Honours infinite,
 And Want for ever banisht. Two days hence,
 Our Fortunes, and our Swords, and Gods be for us. [Exeunt.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Penius, Regulus, Macer, and Drufius.

Pen. I must come?

Macer. So the General commands, Sir.

Pen. I must bring up my Regiment?

Macer. Believe, Sir, I bring no Lie.

Pen. But did he say, I must come?

Macer. So delivered.

Pen. How long is't, *Regulus*, since I commanded
In *Britain* here?

Reg. About five years, great *Penius*.

Pen. The General some five Months. Are all my Actions
So poor, and lost, my Services so barren,
That I'm remembred in no nobler Language
But Must come up?

Macer. I do beseech ye, Sir,
Weigh but the times Estate.

Pen. Yes, good Lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. Must come up;
Am I turn'd bare Centurion? Must, and shall,
Fit Embassies to court my Honour? *Macer.* Sir——

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my Men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous Slaves
That have marcht name by name with *Rome's* best doers?
Serve 'em up some other Meat; I'll bring no Food
To stop the Jaws of all those hungry Wolves.
My Regiment's mine own. I must, my Language?

Enter Curius.

Cur. *Penius*, where lies the Host?

Pen. Where Fate may find 'em. *Cur.* Are they ingirt?

Pen. The Battel's lost. *Cur.* So soon?

Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won:
The *Britains* must be Victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody Vultures hovering
About a few corrupted Carcasses,
Let him behold the silly *Roman* Host,
Girded with millions of fierce *Britains* Swains,

With

With Deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame;
I scorn my Life, yet dare not lose my Name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous End,
When both our Names and Lives are Sacrific'd
For *Rome's* increase?

Pen. Yes, *Curius*, but mark this too;
What Glory is there, or what lasting Fame
Can be to *Rome* or us? What full Example,
When one is smother'd with a Multitude,
And crouded in amongst a nameless Press?
Honour got out of Flint, and on their Heads
Whose Virtues, like the Sun, exhal'd all Valours,
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of People,
Noteless, and out of Name, but rude and naked:
Nor can *Rome* task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a Flood; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good Soldiers,
Not Slaves to choak all hazards. Who but Fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their Fames and Fortunes
Into this *Britain*-gulf, this quick-sand Ruin,
That sinking, swallows us? What noble Hand
Can find a Subject fit for blood there? Or what Sword
Room for his Execution? What Air to cool us,
But poison'd with their blasting Breaths and Curses,
Where we lye buried quick above the Ground,
And are with labouring Sweat, and breathless Pain,
Kill'd like to Slaves, and cannot kill again?

Dru. Penius, mark antient Wars, and know that then
Captains weigh'd an hundred thousand Men.

Pen. Drusus, mark antient Wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the Overthrow that sav'd his Men.
I must not go.

Reg. The Soldiers are desirous,
Their Eagles all drawn out, Sir.

Pen. Who drew up, *Regulus*?
Ha? Speak, did you? whose bold Will durst attempt this?
Drawn out? Why, who commands, Sir? On whose War-
Durst they advance?

(rant
Reg.

Reg. I keep mine own Obedience.

Dru. 'Tis like the general Cause, their love of Honour,
Relieving of their wants.

Pen. Without my knowlege?

Am I no more? My Place but at their pleasures?

Come, who did this?

Dru. By———Sir, I am ignorant.

(lours.

[Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers with Drum and Co-

Pen. What, am I grown a Shadow? Hark, they march.
I will know, and will be my self. Stand, Disobedience;
He that advances one Foot higher, dies for't.

Run thorow the Regiment upon your Duties,
And charge 'em on command, beat back again,

By———I'll tithe 'em all else.

Reg. We'll do our best.

[Exeunt Drufius and Regulus.]

Pen. Back, cease your bawling Drums there,
I'll beat the Tubs about your Brains else. Back :
Do I speak with less fear than Thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? Home, home; ha?
Do ye stare upon me? Are those Minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant Tempers I was proud
To be a Fellow to, those great Discretions
Made your Names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to Wild-
O Gods, to Disobedience? Command, farewell: (fires?
And ye be witness with me, all things Sacred,
I have no share in these Mens Shames. March Soldiers,
And seek your own sad Ruins; your old *Penius*
Dares not behold your Murders.

1 *Sold.* Captain. 2 *Sold.* Captain.

3 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Captain.

Pen. Too too dear lov'd Soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and Heav'n yet knows,
Though in your Mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own Wills; 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule your selves; I wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your Lives and Credits,
To keep your Necks whole from the Ax hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much dishonour'd ye; go, seek the *Britains*,
And say ye come to glut their Sacrifices;

But

But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all Parts, good, and govern'd,
Is only left of my Command, for Story;
What now ye are, for Pity. Fare ye well.

Enter Drufius and Regulus.

Dru. Oh turn again, great *Penius*; see the Soldier
In all points apt for Duty.

Reg. See his Sorrow

For his Disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste, he thought, to please you with. See Captain,
The toughness of his Courage turn'd to Water;
See how his manly Heart melts.

Pen. Go, beat homeward,
There learn to eat your little with Obedience,
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.

[Exeunt Soldiers.]

Macer. My Answer, Sir.

Pen. Tell the great General,
My Companies are no Fagots to fill Breaches;
My self no Man that must, or shall, can carry:
Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;
And when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the Captains.

Macer. All this I shall deliver.

Pen. Farewel, *Macer.*

[Exit Penius.]

Cur. Pray Gods this breed no Mischief.

Reg. It must needs,

If stout *Suetonius* win; for then his Anger,
Besides the Soldiers loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.

Dru. He's a brave Fellow;
And but a little hide his Haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some Causes)
He shews the worthiest *Roman* this day living.
You may, good *Curius*, to the General
Make all things seem the best.

Cur. I shall endeavour:

Pray for our Fortunes Gentlemen, if we fall,
This one farewel serves for a Funeral.

The

The Gods make sharp our Swords, and steel our Hearts;
We dare, alas, but cannot fight our Parts. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Junius, Petillius and a Herald observing Junius.

Pet. Let him go on, stay, now he Talks.

Jun. Why?

Why should I love mine Enemy? What is Beauty?
Of what strange Violence, that like the Plague,
It works upon our Spirits? Blind they feign him,
I am sure, I find it so.

Pet. A Dog shall lead ye.

Jun. His fond Affections blinder.

Pet. Hold ye there still.

Jun. It takes away my Sleep,

Pet. Alas, poor Chicken.

Jun. My company, content; almost my fashion.

Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.

Jun. 'Tis sure the Plague, for no Man dare come near me
Without an Antidote, 'tis far worse; Hell.

Pet. Thou art damn'd without Redemption then.

Jun. The way to't

Strew'd with fair Western Smiles, and *April* Blushes,
Led by the brightest Constellations; Eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying Heav'n; but from thence
No way to guide, no Path, no Wisdom bring us.

Pet. Yes, a smart Water *Junius.* *Jun.* Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
That when we have enjoy'd our Ends, we lose 'em,
And all our Appetites are but as Dreams
We laugh at in our Ages.

Pet. Sweet Philosopher!

Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy,
Why am I thus Ridiculous? (Gods,

Pet. Motley on thee, thou art an arrant Ass.

Jun. Can red and white, an Eye, a Nose, a Cheek,

Pet. But one Cheek, *Junius?*

An half-fac'd Mistress?

Jun. With a little trim,

That wanton Fools call Fashion, thus abuse me?

V O L. IV.

O O

Take

Take me beyond my Reason? Why should not I
 Doat on my Horse well trapt, my Sword well hatch'd?
 They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
 And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
 Yet 'twere excusable, my Youth would bear it;
 But to love there, and that no time can give me,
 Mine Honour dare not ask; she has been Ravish'd,
 My Nature must not know; she hates our Nation.
 Thus to dispose my Spirit!

Pet. Stay a little, he will declaim again.

Jun. I will not Love; I am a Man, have Reason,
 And I will use it: I'll no more tormenting,
 Nor whining for a Wench, there are a thousand.

Pet. Hold thee there, Boy.

Jun. A thousand will intreat me.

Pet. Ten thousand, *Junius*.

Jun. I am young and lusty,
 And to my fashion Valiant; can please Nightly.

Pet. I'll swear thy Back's *probatum*, for I have known
 Leap at sixteen like a strong Stallion. (thee

Jun. I will be Man again.

Pet. Now mark the working,
 The Devil and the Spirit tug for't: Twenty pound
 Upon the Devil's Head.

Jun. I must be wretched.

Pet. I knew I had won.

Jun. Nor have I so much power
 To shun my Fortune.

Pet. I will hunt thy Fortune
 With all the Shapes imagination breeds, [Musick.
 But I will fright thy Devil: Stay, he sings now.

[Song, by Junius, and Petillius after him in Mockage.

Jun. Must I be thus abus'd?

Pet. Yes marry must ye.

Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is, now read it.

Herald reads. *It is the General's Command, that all sick
 Persons, old and unable, retire within the Trenches; he that
 fears his Liberty, to leave the Field: Fools, Boys, and
 Lovers must not come near the Regiments, for fear of their
 Infections; especially those Cowards they call Lovers.*

Jun.

Jun. Ha?

Pet. Read on.

Herald. If any common Soldier love an Enemy, be's whip'd and made a Slave: If any Captain, cast with loss of Honours, flung out o' th' Army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a Soldier.

Jun. The — consume ye all, Rogues. [Exit Jun.]

Pet. Let this work:

H'as something now to chew upon, he's gone,
Come, shake no more.

Her. Well, Sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for *Europe*;
I would have given my Life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to Lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their Confines —

Pet. There's your Payment,
And keep this private.

Her. I am School'd for Talking. [Exit Herald.]

Enter Demetrius.

Pet. How now, *Demetrius*, are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing,
Your Company stands fair; but pray ye, where's *Junius*?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That *Decius* leads.

Pet. Hunting for Victuals:
Upon my life free-booting Rogues, their Stomachs
Are like a Widow's Lust, ne'er satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the Enemy
Master of all the Country.

Pet. Resolute Hungers
Know neither Fears nor Faiths, they tread on Ladders,
Ropes, Gallows, and overdo all Dangers.

Dem. They may be hang'd though.

Pet. There's their joyful Supper,
And no doubt they are at it.

Dem. But for Heav'ns sake, how does young *Junius*?

Pet. Drawing on, poor Gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end?

Pet. To th' end of all Flesh, Woman.

Dem. This Love has made him a stout Soldier.

Pet. O, a great one,
Fit to command young Goslings; but what News?

Dem. I think the Messengers come back from *Penius*
By this time, let's go know.

Pet. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take Exceptions
At some half Syllable, or sound deliver'd
With an ill Accent, or some Stile left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet. He dare speak Treason,
Dare say what no Man dares believe, dares do——
But that's all one: I'll lay you my black Armour
To twenty Crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done. *Pet.* You'll pay.

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then keep thine old use *Penius*,
Be stubborn and vain-glorious, and I thank thee.
Come let's go pray for six Hours; most of us
I fear will trouble Heav'n no more; two good Blows
Struck home at two Commanders of the *Britains*,
And my part's done.

Dem. I do not think of Dying.

Pet. 'Tis possible we may live. But *Demetrius*,
With what strange Legs, and Arms, and Eyes, and Noses,
Let Carpenters and Copper-smiths consider.
If I can keep my Heart whole, and my Wind-pipe,
That I may drink yet like a Soldier——

Dem. Come let's have better Thoughts; mine's on
your Armour.

Pet. Mine's in your Purse, Sir; let's go try the Wager.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Judas and his four Companions (Halters about their
Necks;) Bonduca, her Daughters, and Nennius following.*

Bon. Come, hang 'em presently.

Nen. What made your Rogueships
Harrying for Victuals here? Are we your Friends;
Or do you come for Spies? Tell me directly, (for't?
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Do not ye long
Jud.

Jud. What say ye? Shall we hang in this vein? Hang
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily, (we must,
As pull an Arse like Dogs to't.

1 Sold. Any way, so it be handsome.

3 Sold. I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too: But all a-
And I'll not out, Boys. (gree,

4 Sold. Let's hang pleasantly.

Jud. Then pleasantly be it: Captain, the truth is,
We had as lieve hang with Meat in our Mouths,
As ask your Pardon empty.

Bon. These are brave Hungers.

What say you to a Leg of Beef now, Sirrah?

Jud. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

Bon. Torment 'em Wenches, I must back; then hang

Jud. We humbly thank your Grace. ('em.

1 Daugh. The Rogues laugh at us.

2 Daugh. Sirrah, what think you of a Wench now?

Jud. A Wench, Lady?

I do beseech your Ladiship, retire.

I'll tell ye presently, ye see the time's short;

One crash, even to the settling of my Conscience.

Nen. Why, is't no more but up, Boys?

Jud. Yes, ride too Captain,

Will you but see my Seat?

1 Daugh. Ye shall be set, Sir,

Upon a Jade shall shake ye.

Jud. Sheets, good Madam,

Will do it ten times better.

1 Daugh. Whips, good Soldier,

Which ye shall taste before ye hang, to mortifie ye;

'Tis pity ye should die thus desperate.

2 Daugh. These are the merry *Romans*, the brave Map-

'Tis ten to one we'll cool your Resolutions. (caps.

Bring out the Whips.

Jud. Would your good Ladiships

Would exercise 'em too.

4 Sold. Surely Ladies,

We'll shew you a strange Patience.

Nen. Hang 'em Rascals,

They'll talk thus on the Wheel.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these Fellows? What's the crime committed,
That they wear Necklaces?

Nen. They are *Roman Rogues*,
Taken a Foraging.

Car. Is that all, *Nennius*?

Jud. Would I were fairly hang'd; this is the Devil,
The kill-cow, *Caratach*.

Car. And you would hang 'em.

Nen. Are they not Enemies?

1 Sol. My breech makes Buttons.

1 Daugh. Are they not our Tormentors?

Car. Tormentors? Flea-traps.
Pluck off your Halters, Fellows.

Nen. Take heed, *Caratach*,
Taint not your Wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, *Nennius*?

Why, who shall fight against us, make our Honours,
And give a glorious Day into our Hands,
If we dispatch our Foes thus? What's their Offence?
Stealing a Loaf or two to keep out Hunger,
A piece of greazie Bacon, or a Pudding?
Do these deserve the Gallows, they are hungry,
Poor hungry Knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd:
Art thou not hungry?

Jud. Monstrous hungry.

Car. He looks like Hungers self; get 'em some Victuals,
And Wine to cheer their Hearts, quick: Hang up poor

2 Sold. This is the bravest Captain—— (Pilchers?)

Nen. *Caratach*,

I'll leave you to your Will.

Car. I'll answer all, Sir.

2 Daugh. Let's up and view his Entertainment of 'em.
I am glad they are shifted any way, their Tongues else
Would still have murdered us.

1 Daugh. Let's up and see it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down poor Knaves: Why where's this Wine
and Victuals?

Who

Who waits there?

Serv. within. Sir, 'tis coming.

Hengo. Who are these, Uncle?

Car. They are *Romans*, Boy.

Hen. Are these they

That vex mine Aunt so? Can these fight? They look
Like empty Scabbards all, no mettle in 'em,
Like Men of Clouts, set to keep Crows from Orchards;
Why, I dare fight with these.

Car. That's my good Chicken. And how do ye?
How do you feel your Stomachs?

Jud. Wondrous apt, Sir,
As shall appear when time calls.

Car. That's well, down with't,
A little grace will serve your turns; eat softly,
You'll choak ye Knaves else: Give 'em Wine.

Jud. Not yet, Sir,
We're even a little busie.

Hengo. Can that Fellow
Do any thing but eat? Thou Fellow.

Jud. Away Boy,
Away, this is no Boys Play.

Hengo. By —— Uncle,
If his Valour lyes in's Teeth, he's the most valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear ye talk, Sir.

Hengo. Good Uncle, tell me,
What's the Price of a couple of cramm'd *Romans*?

Car. Somewhat *Britains* Boy; these are good Soldiers.

Hengo. Do not the Cowards eat hard too?

Car. No more, Boy.

Come, I'll sit with you too; sit down by me, Boy.

Jud. Pray bring your Dish then.

Car. Hearty Knaves; More Meat there.

Sold. That's a good hearing.

Car. Stay now and pledge me.

Jud. This little Piece, Sir.

Car. By —— square Eaters,
More Meat I say; upon my Conscience
The poor Rogues have not eat this Month: How terribly
They charge upon their Victuals; dare ye fight thus?

Jud. Believe it, Sir, like Devils.

Car. Well said, Famine,
Here's to thy General.

Jud. Most excellent Captain, I will now pledge thee.

Car. And to morrow Night, say to him,
His Head is mine.

Jud. I can assure ye, Captain,
He will not give it for this washing.

Car. Well said. [Daughters above.]

1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange Entertainment: How the
Th eves drink.

2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry, they look'd for colder Liquor.

Car. Fill 'em more Wine, give 'em full Bowls; which of
you all now,

In Recompence of this good, dare but give me
A sound Knock in the Battel?

Jud. Delicate Captain,
To do thee a sufficient Recompence,
I'll knock thy Brains out. *Car.* Do it.

Hengo. Thou dar'st as well be damn'd: Thou knock
his Brains out.

Thou Skin of Man? Uncle, I will not hear this.

Jud. Tie up your Whelp.

Hengo. Thou kill my Uncle?

Would I had but a Sword for thy sake, thou dry'd Dog.

Car. What a Mettle
This little Vermin carries.

Hengo. Kill mine Uncle?

Car. He shall not, Child.

Hengo. He cannot; he's a Rogue,
An on'y eating Rogue. Kill my sweet Uncle?

Oh that I were a Man. *Jud.* By this Wine,
Which I will drink to Captain *Junius*, (Daughter
Who loves the Queen's most excellent Majesty's little
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I will do it.

Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great Pin.

Car. No more, Boy.

I'll pledge thy Captain: To ye all good Fellows.

2 *Daugh.* In love with me? That Love shall cost your
Lives all:

Come Sister, and advise me; I have here

A way to make an easie Conquest of 'em,
If Fortune favour me.

Car. Let's see ye sweat
To Morrow, Blood and Spirit, Boys, this Wine
Turn'd to stern Valour.

1 Sold. Hark ye, *Judas*,
If he should hang us after all this.

Jud. Let him:
I'll hang like a Gentleman, and a *Roman*.

Car. Take away there, they have enough.

Jud. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good Cheer, and if we meet to Morrow,
One of us pays for't.

Car. Get 'em Guides, their Wine
Has over-master'd 'em.

Enter second Daughter and a Servant.

2 Daugh. That hungry Fellow
With the red Beard there, give it him, and this,
To see it well delivered.

Car. Farewel Knaves;
Speak nobly of us, keep your Words to Morrow,
Enter a Guide.

And do something worthy your Meat. Go, guide 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.

Jud. Meaning me, Sir?

Serv. The same.

The youngest Daughter to the Queen intreats ye
To give this privately to Captain *Junius*,
This for your Pains.

Jud. I rest her humble Servant,
Commend me to thy Lady. Keep your Files, Boys.

Serv. I must instruct ye farther.

Jud. Keep your Files there.
Order, sweet Friends; Faces about now.

Guide. Here, Sir, here lyes your way.

Jud. 'Bless the Founders, I say:
Fairly, good Soldiers, fairly march now; close, Boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Decius, and Macer.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe; not come, because commanded;
Was it not thus?

Macer. It was, Sir.

Pet. What now think ye?

Suet. *Must come*, so heinous to him, so distasteful?

Pet. Give me my Mony.

Dem. I confess 'tis due, Sir,
And presently I'll pay it.

Suet. His Obedience,
So blind at his Years and Experience,
It cannot find where to be tendred?

Macer. Sir,
The Regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The Captains at all points iteel'd up; their Preparations
Full of Resolve, and Confidence: Youth and Fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious Day,
Guilded their *Phalanx*; when the angry *Penius*
Stept like a stormy Cloud 'twixt them and hopes.

Suet. And stopt their Resolutions?

Macer. True; his Reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.

Suet. Well *Penius*,
I cannot think thee Coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think; thou hast lopt a Limb off from me,
And let it be thy Glory, thou wast stubborn,
Thy Wisdom, that thou leftst thy General naked:
Yet e'er the Sun set, I shall make thee see,
All Valour dwells not in thee; all command
In one Experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wist, I must come up, had been thy Blessing.

Pet. Let's force him.

Suet. No, by no Means; he's a Torrent
We cannot easily stem.

Pet. I think, a Traitor.

Suet. No ill words; let his own Shame first revile him.
That

That Wine I have, see it, *Demetrius*,
 Distributed amongst the Soldiers,
 To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the Word through, that the Eagles
 May presently advance; no Man discover,
 Upon his Life, the Enemies full Strength,
 But make it of no Value: *Decius*,
 Are your starv'd People yet come home?

Dec. I hope so.

Suet. Keep 'em in more Obedience: This is no Time
 To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to ye:
 But come, let's order all: Whose Sword is sharpest,
 And Valour equal to his Sword this Day,
 Shall be my Saint.

Pet. We shall be holy all then:

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Judas and his Company.

Jud. Captain, Captain, I have brought 'em off again;
 The drunkenest Slaves.

Dec. ——— Confound your Rogueships;
 I'll call the General, and have ye hang'd all.

Jud. Pray who will you command then?

Dec. For you, Sirrah,
 That are the Ring-Leader to these Devices,
 Whose Maw is never cram'd, I'll have an Engine.

Jud. A Wench, sweet Captain.

Dec. Sweet *Judas*, even the Forks,
 Where ye shall have two *Lictors* with two Whips
 Hammer your Hide.

Jud. Captain, good Words, fair Words,
 Sweet Words, good Captain; if you like not us,
 Farewel, we have Employment.

Dec. Where hast thou been?

Jud. There where you dare not be with all your Valour.

Dec. Where's that?

Jud. With best good Fellow living.

1 Sold. The King of all good Fellows.

Dec. Who's that:

Jud. *Caratach*.

Shake now, and say, we have done something worthy,
 Mark me, with *Caratach*: By this——*Caratach*:

Do

Do you as much now and you dare: sweet *Caratach*.
 Ye talk of a good Fellow, of true drinking;
 Well, go thy ways, old *Caratach*: besides the drink, Captain,
 The bravest running Banquet of black Puddings,
 Pieces of glorious Beef.

Dec. How scap'd ye hanging?

Jud. Hanging's a Dog's Death, we are Gentlemen,
 And I say still, old *Caratach*.

Dec. Belike then,
 You are turn'd Rebels all.

Jud. We are *Roman* Boys all,
 And Boys of Mettle: I must do that, Captain,
 This Day, this very Day.

Dec. Away, ye Rascal.

Jud. Fair words, I say again.

Dec. What must you do, Sir?

Jud. I must do that my Heart-strings yern to do,
 But my word's past.

Dec. What is it?

Jud. Why, kill *Caratach*.
 That's all he ask'd us for our Entertainment.

Dec. More than you'll pay.

Jud. Would I had sold my self
 Unto the skin I had not promis'd it;
 For such another *Caratach*——

Dec. Come Fool,
 Have ye done your Country Service?

Jud. I have brought that
 To Captain *Junius*.

Dec. How?

Jud. I think will do all:
 I cannot tell, I think so.

Dec. How? to *Junius*?
 I'll more enquire of this: You'll fight now?

Jud. Promise, take heed of promise, Captain.

Dec. Away, and rank then.

Jud. But hark ye, Captain, there is Wine distributing,
 I would fain know what share I have.

Dec. Be gone, ye have too much.

Jud. Captain, no Wine, no fighting.

There's

There's one call'd *Caratach* that has Wine.

Dec. Well, Sir, if you'll be rul'd now, and do well.

Jud. Do excellent.

Dec. Ye shall have Wine, or any thing: go File,
I'll see ye have your share: drag out your Dormise,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep hand-
They'll hear a hunt's-up shortly. (somely,

Jud. Now I love thee:
But no more Forks nor Whips.

Dec. Deserve 'em not then:
Up with your Men, I'll meet ye presently;
And get 'em sober quickly.

Jud. Arm, arm, Bullies,
All's right again and straight; and which is more,
More Wine, more Wine: Awake ye Men of *Memphis*,
Be sober and discreet, we have much to do, Boys. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. **P**Repare there for the Sacrifice, the Queen comes. [*Musick.*

*Enter in Solemnity the Druids singing, the second Daughter
strewing Flowers; then Bonduca, Nennius, and others.*

Bond. Ye powerful Gods of *Britain*, hear our Prayers;
Hear us you great Revengers, and this Day
Take pity from our Swords, doubt from our Valours,
Double the sad Remembrance of our Wrongs
In every Breast; the Vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless: on our Pikes
This day pale Terror sit, Horrors and Ruins
Upon our Executions; claps of Thunder
Hang on our armed Carts, and 'fore our Troops
Despair and Death; Shame beyond these attend 'em.
Rise from the Dust, ye Relicks of the Dead,
Whose noble Deeds our holy *Druids* sing,
O rise, ye valiant Bones, let not base Earth

Oppress

Oppress your Honours, whilst the Pride of *Rome*
Treads on your Stocks, and wipes out all your Stories.

Nen. Thou great *Tiranes*, whom our sacred Priests,
Armed with dreadful Thunder, plac'd on high
Above the rest of the immortal Gods,
Send thy consuming Fires, and deadly Bolts,
And shoot 'em home, stick in each *Roman* Heart
A fear fit for confusion; blast their Spirits,
Dwell in 'em to Destruction; thorow their *Phalanx*
Strike, as thou strik'st a proud Tree; shake their Bodies,
Make their Strengths totter, and their toplefs Fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin.

1 *Daugh.* O thou God,
Thou feared God, if ever to thy Justice
Insulting Wrongs, and Ravishments of Women,
Women deriv'd from thee, their Shames, the Sufferings
Of those that daily fill'd thy Sacrifice
With Virgin Incense, have access, now hear me,
Now snatch thy Thunder up, now on these *Romans*,
Despisers of thy Power, of us Defacers,
Revenge thy self, take to thy killing Anger,
To make thy great Work full, thy Justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessed Isle
Of what *Rome* is or has been.

Bon. Give more Incense,
The Gods are deaf and drowfie; no happy flame
Rises to raise our Thoughts: Pour on.

2 *Daugh.* See Heav'n,
And all you Pow'rs that guide us, see, and shame,
We kneel so long for pity over your Altars;
Since 'tis no light Oblation that you look for,
No Incense Offering, will I hang mine Eyes;
And as I wear these Stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your Pow'rs into Compassion.
This Tear for *Prosutagus* my brave Father,
Ye Gods, now think on *Rome*; this for my Mother,
And all her miseries; yet see, and save us;
But now ye must be open-ey'd. See, Heav'n,
Oh see thy show'rs stoln from thee; our Dishonours,
[A Smoak from the Altar.
Oh

Oh Sister, our Dishonours: can ye be Gods,
And these sins smother'd?

Bon. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,

But no flame rises. Cease your fearful Prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame Petitions,
The Gods love Courage arm'd with Confidence,
And Prayers fit to pull them down: weak Tears
And troubled Hearts, the dull twins of cold Spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em:
Divine *Andate*, thou who hold'st the Reins
Of furious Battels, and disorder'd War,
And proudly rowl'st thy swarty Chariot-wheels
Over the heaps of Wounds and Carcasses,
Sailing through Seas of Blood; thou sure-steel'd sternness,
Give us this Day good Hearts, good Enemies,
Good Blows o' both sides, Wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers
And warlike Executions fit thy viewing;
Let *Rome* put on her best strength, and thy *Britain*,
Thy little *Britain*, but as great in Fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as da'ring;
And then look on, thou Red-ey'd God: who does best,
Reward with Honour; who Despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with Infamy:
Grant this, divine *Andate*, 'tis but Justice;
And my first blow thus on thy holy Altar [*A flame arises.*
I Sacrifice unto thee.

Bon. It flames out.

[*Musick.*

Car. Now sing, ye *Druids*.

[*Song.*

Bon. 'Tis out again.

Car. H'as given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more,
The rest hangs in our Resolutions:
Tempt her no more.

Bon. I would know farther, Cousin.

Car. Her hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
Our Valours are our best Gods. Chear the Soldier,
And let him eat. *Mef.* He's at it, Sir.

Car. Away then;
When he has done, let's March. Come, fear not, Lady,
This

This day the *Roman* gains no more ground here,
But what his Body lies in.

Bond. Now I am confident. [*Exeunt. Recorders.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our Lives,
It forfeits all our Understandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forsake me in so just a Service,
A Service for the Common-wealth, for Honour?
Read but the Letter; you may love too.

Dec. Read it;
If there be any safety in the Circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis Love, we will not fail ye.
Read it, good *Curius*.

Cur. Willingly. *Jun.* Now mark it.

Cur. reads. Health to thy Heart, my honoured *Junius*,
And all thy Love requited: I am thine,
Thine everlastingly, thy Love has won me,
And let it breed no doubt; our new Acquaintance
Compels this, 'tis the Gods decree to bless us.
The Times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not,
By all the Love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger, to come to me,
For I have purpos'd a delivery
Both of my self and Fortune this blest Day
Into thy Hands, if thou think'st good: To shew thee
How infinite my Love is, even my Mother
Shall be thy Prisoner, the Day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your Danger like a Lover,
A just affecter of thy Faith: Thy Goodness,
I know, will use us nobly; and our Marriage,
If not redeem, yet lessen *Rome's* Ambition.
I'm weary of these Miseries: Use my Mother,
(If you intend to take her) with all Honour,
And let this Disobedience to my Parents
Be laid on Love, not me. Bring with thee, *Junius*,
Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest,

Forty

Forty will serve the turn; just at the joining
Of both the Battels, we will be weakly guarded;
And for a Guide, within this Hour shall reach thee
A faithful Friend of mine: The Gods, my *Junius*,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee; young *Bonvica*.

Cur. This Letter carries much Belief, and most Objections
Answer'd, we must have doubted.

Dec. Is that Fellow come to ye for a Guide yet?

Jun. Yes. *Dec.* And examin'd?

Jun. Far more than that, he has felt Tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this Truth.

Dec. Strange.

Cur. If she mean what she writes, as't may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my Soul she means Truth.

Dec. Think an Hour more,
Then if your Confidence grow stronger on ye,
We'll set in with ye.

Jun. Nobly done, I thank ye: Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
To give ye present Counsel, or join with ye.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.

Jun. No more, as ye are Gentlemen. The General.

Suet. Draw out apace, the Enemy waits for us;
Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our Troops attend, Sir.

Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, *Junius*,
I hope ye are dispossess'd.

Jun. I hope so too, Sir.

Suet. Continue so. And Gentlemen, to you now;
To bid you fight is needless, ye are *Romans*,
The Name will fight it self; to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his Power, and Nature,
But loss of time; yet know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so. To tell ye farther,
His Body shows more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears, less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more Honour on your Actions,
Load ye with virtuous Names, and to your Memories
Tye never-dying Time, and Fortune constant.

Go on in full assurance, draw your Swords
 As daring and as confident as Justice;
 The Gods of *Rome* fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
 Pitch'd on the toplefs *Apenine*, and blows
 To all the under World; all Nations,
 The Seas, and unfrequented Defarts, where the Snow
 Wakens the ruin'd Monuments, and there (dwells,
 Where nothing but eternal Death and Sleep is,
 Informs again the dead Bones. With your Virtues,
 Go on, I say, Valiant and Wise, rule Heav'n,
 And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
 Upon this Enemy, who, but that we want Foes,
 Cannot deserve that Name; and like a Mist,
 A lazy Fog, before your burning Valours
 You'll find him fly to nothing; this is all,
 We have Swords, and are the Sons of antient *Romans*,
 Heirs to their endless Valours, fight and Conquer.

Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.

Pet. That Man that loves not this Day,
 And hugs not in his Arms the noble Danger,
 May he dye fameless and forgot. *Suet.* Sufficient,
 Up to your Troops, and let your Drums beat Thunder,
 March close, and sudden like a Tempest: All Executions
 [March.

Done without sparkling of the Body; keep your Phalanx
 Sure lin'd, and piec'd together, your Pikes forward,
 And so march like a moving Fort; e'er this Day run,
 We shall have ground to add to *Rome*, well won. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Caratach and Nennius.

Nen. The *Roman* is advanc'd; from yond' Hills brow
 We may behold him, *Caratach*. [A March.

Car. Let's thither, [Drums within at one place afar off.
 I see the Dust fly. Now I see the Body,
 Observe 'em, *Nennius*, by——a handsome Body,
 And of a few, strongly and wisely jointed:
Suetonius is a Soldier. *Nen.* As I take it,
 That's he that gallops by the Regiments,
 Viewing their Preparations. *Car.* Very likely,

He

He shews no less than General; see how bravely
 The Body moves, and in the Head how proudly
 The Captains stick like Plumes; he comes apace on;
 Good *Nennius* go, and bid my stout Lieutenant
 Bring on the first square Body to oppose 'em,
 And as he Charges, open to inclose 'em;
 The Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
 To gain their Backs, in which I'll lead the Vanguard.
 We shall have bloody Crowns this Day, I see by't;
 Haste thee good *Nennius*, I'll follow instantly

[*Exit Nennius.*

How close they march, as if they grew together? [*March.*
 No place but lin'd alike, sure from Oppression;
 They will not change this Figure; we must charge 'em,
 And charge 'em home at both Ends, Van and Rear.

[*Drums in another place afar off.*

They never totter else. I hear our Musick,
 And must attend it: Hold good Sword, but this Day,
 And bite hard where I hound thee, and hereafter
 I'll make a Relick of thee, for young Soldiers
 To come like Pilgrims to, and kiss for Conquests. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Jun. Now is the time, the Fellow stays.

Dec. What think ye? *Cur.* I think 'tis true.

Jun. Alas, if 'twere a Question,
 If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
 Do ye think mine own Discretion so self-blind;
 My care of you so naked, to run headlong?

Dec. Let's take *Petillius* with us. *Jun.* By no means:
 He's never wise but to himself, not courteous,
 But where the end's his own; we are strong enough,
 If not too many. Behind yonder Hill
 The Fellow tells me she attends, weak guarded,
 Her Mother and her Sister. *Cur.* I would venture.

Jun. We shall not strike five Blows for't; weigh the
 The general good may come.

(good,
Dec.

Dec. Away, I'll with ye, but with what doubt?

Jun. Fear not, my Soul for all.

[*Alarms, Drums and Trumpets in several Places afar off, as at a main Battel.* [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Drusus and Penius above.

Dru. Here ye may see 'em all, Sir; from this Hill

The Country shews off level. *Pen.* Gods defend me,

What Multitudes they are, what Infinites?

The *Roman* Power shews like a little Star

Hedg'd with a double Hollow. Now the Knell Rings,

[*Loud Shouts.*

Hark how they shout to th' Battel, how the Air

Totters and reels, and rends apieces, *Drusus,*

With the huge vollied Clamours.

Dru. Now they charge,

Oh Gods, of all fides, fearfully.

Pen. Little *Rome,*

Stand but this growing *Hydra* one short Hour,

And thou hast out-done *Hercules.*

Dru. The Dust hides 'em, we cannot see what follows.

Pen. They are gone,

Gone, swallow'd *Drusus,* this eternal Sun

Shall never see 'em march more.

Dru. O turn this way,

And see a Model of the Field, some forty,

Against four hundred.

Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd;

O nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too: *Drusus,*

They seem to carry it; now they charge all, [*Loud.*

Close, close, I say; they follow it: Ye Gods,

Can there be more in Men? More daring Spirits?

Still they make good their Fortunes. Now they are gone

For ever gone; see *Drusus* at their Backs (too,

A fearful Ambush rises. Farewel Valours,

Excellent Valours: O *Rome,* where's thy Wisdom?

Dru. They are gone indeed, Sir.

Pen. Look out toward the Army,

I am heavy with these Slaughters.

Dru. 'Tis the same still, covered with Dust and Fury.

Enter

Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius, and Soldiers.

2 *Daugh.* Bring 'em in, tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.

1 *Daugh.* Valiant Romans, ye are welcome to your Loves.

2 *Daugh.* Your Death, Fools.

Dec. We deserve em, and Women do your worst.

1 *Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.

2 *Daugh.* Which is kind *Junius*? *Ser.* This.

2 *Daugh.* Are you my Sweet-heart?

It looks ill on't; how long is't. pretty Soul,
Since you and I first lov'd? Had we not reason
To doat extreamly upon one another?

How does my Love? This is not he; my Chicken
Could prate finely, sing a Love-song. *Jun.* Monster.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, now it Courts.

Jun. Arm'd with more Malice
Than he that got thee has the Devil.

2 *Daugh.* Good. Proceed, sweet Chick.

Jun. I hate thee, that's my last.

2 *Daugh.* Nay, and ye love me, forward: No? Come
Let's prick our Answers on our Arrows Points, (Sister,
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd Leachers,
Ye proud improvident Fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i'th' Noose? Since ye are such loving Creatures,
We'll be your *Cupids*: Do ye see these Arrows?
We'll send them to your wanton Livers, Goats.

1 *Daugh.* O how I'll trample on your Hearts, ye Villains,
Ambitious salt-itch Slaves: *Rome's* master Sins,
The mountain Rams tapt your hot Mothers.

2 *Daugh.* Dogs,
To whose brave Founders a salt Whore gave suck;
Thieves, Honour's Hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my self anger, [*Enter Caratach.*
I do not out-do all Example.

Car. Where,
Where are these Ladies? Ye keep noble Quarter,
Your Mother thinks ye dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her Battel. Sure these Faces
I have beheld and known, they are *Roman* Leaders,
How came they here?

2 *Daugh.* A trick, Sir, that we us'd,
A certain Policy conducted 'em
Unto our Snare: We have done ye no small service;
These us'd as we intend, we are for th' Battel.

Car. As you intend? Taken by Treachery?

1 *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?

Car. Those that should gild our Conquest,
Make up a Battel worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by Craft?

2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

Car. A Woman's Wisdom in our Triumphs? Out,
Out ye Sluts, ye Follies; from our Swords.
Filch our Revenges basely? Arm again, Gentlemen:
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

2 *Daugh.* By———Uncle,
We will have Vengeance for our Rapes.

Car. By——— (there.
You should have kept your Legs close then: Dispatch

1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus.

Car. He that stirs to Execute,
Or she, though it be your selves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine Anger; one great Day given us,
Not to be snatch'd out of our Hands but basely;
And we must shame the Gods from whence we have it,
With setting Snares for Soldiers? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and Children call me Coward,
Before I set up scales for Victories:
Give 'em their Swords.

2 *Daugh.* O Gods.

Car. Bear off the Women unto their Mother.

2 *Daugh.* One Shot, gentle Uncle.

Car. One cut her Fiddle-string: Bear 'em off, I say.

1 *Daugh.* The———take this Fortune.

Car. Learn to Spin,
And curse your knotted Hemp: Go Gentlemen,
[*Exeunt Daughters.*

Safely go off, up to your Troops; be wiser,
Here thank me like tall Soldiers: I shall seek ye.

T [Exit *Aratch*

Car. A noble worth. Dec. Well *Junius.*

Jun.

Jun. Pray ye no more.

Cur. He blushes, do not load him.

Dec. Where's your Love now? [*Drums loud again.*

Jun. Puff, there it flies: Come, let's redeem our Follies.

[*Exeunt Junius, Curius, and Decius.*

Dru. Awake, Sir; yet the Roman Body's whole,
I see 'em clear again.

Pen. Whole? 'tis not possible: *Drusus*, they must be lost.

Dru. By——they are whole, Sir,
And in brave doing; see they wheel about
To gain more Ground.

Pen. But see there, *Drusus*, see,
See that huge Battel moving from the Mountains,
Their gilt Coats shine like Dragon Scales, their March
Like a rough tumbling Storm; see them, and view 'em,
And then see *Rome* no more; say they fail, look,
Look where the armed Carts stand; a new Army.
Look how they hang like falling Rocks, as murdering
Death rides in Triumph, *Drusus*: Fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery Horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out Souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the Mountain
Melts under their hot Wheels, and from their Ax'trees
Huge Claps of Thunder plough the Ground before 'em,
'Till then I'll Dream what *Rome* was.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.

Suet. O bravely fought; Honour'till now ne'er show'd
Her golden Fate i'th' Field. Like Lions, Gentlemen,
You've held your Heads up this Day. Where's young
Junius, Curius and *Decius*?

Pet. Gone to Heav'n, I think, Sir. (do ye?

Suet. Their Worths go with 'em: Breath a while: How

Pet. Well, some few scurvy Wounds, my Heart's whole

Dem. Would they would give us more Ground. (yet,

Suet. Give? we'll have it.

Pet. Have it? and hold it too, despite the Devil.

Enter Junius, Decius and Curius. (Battel

Jun. Lead up to th' Head, and Line; sure the Queen's
Begins to charge like Wild-Fire. Where's the General?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come my brave Soldiers,

Come, let me pour *Rome's* Blessing on ye; live,
Live, and lead Armies all: Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best: We shall appear the sterner to the Foe.

Dec. More Wounds, more Honour.

Pet. Lose no time. *Suet.* Away then,
And stand this Shock, ye have stood the World.

Pet. We'll grow to't. Is not this better than lowfield?

Jun. I am my self, *Petillius*.

Pet. 'Tis I love thee. (ving?)
[*Exeunt* Romans.]

Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters and Nennius.

Car. Charge 'em i'th' Flanks: O ye have plaid the Fool,
The Fool extreamly, the mad Fool. *Bon.* Why Cousin?

Car. The Woman Fool. Why did you give the Word
Unto the Carts to charge down, and our People
In gross before the Enemy? We pay for't,
Our own Swords cut our Throats: Why?—on't;
Why do you offer to command? The Devil,
The Devil, and his Dam too; who bid you
Meddle in Mens Affairs?

Bond. I'll help all. *Car.* Home, [*Exeunt* Queen, &c.
Home and spin Woman, spin, go spin, ye trifle.
Open before there, or all's Ruin. How, [*Shouts within*.
Now comes the Tempest on our selves, by ———

[*Victoria* within.]

O Woman, scurvy Woman, beastly Woman. [*Exeunt*.]

Dru. *Victoria, Victoria* *Pen.* How's that, *Drusus*? (Sir,

Dru. They win, they win, they win; oh look, look, look,
For Heav'n's sake look, the *Britains* fly, the *Britains* fly.

Victoria.

Enter Suetonius, Soldiers and Captains.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft; excellent Soldiers,
Close, my brave Fellows, honourable *Romans*:
Oh cool thy Mettle *Junius*, they are ours,
The World cannot redeem 'em; stern *Petillius*,
Govern the Conquest nobly. Soft, good Soldiers. [*Exeunt*.]

Enter Bonduca, Daughters and *Britains*.

Bond. Shame, whither flie ye, ye unlucky *Britains*?
Will ye creep into your Mother's Wombs again? Back
Cowards.

Hares, fearful Hares, Doves in your Angers; leaveme?
Leave your Queen desolate? her hapless Children,

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

To *Roman* Rape again, and Fury?

Car. Fly, ye Buzzards,
Ye have Wings enough, ye fear; get thee gone Woman,
[*Loud Shout within.*

Shame tread upon thy Heels; all's lost, all's lost; hark,
Hark how the *Romans* ring our Knells. [*Exit Bond. &c.*

Hengo. Good Uncle, let me go too.

Car. No Boy, the Fortune's mine,
I must not leave thee; get behind me; shake not,

Enter Petillius, Junius, and Decius.

I'll breech ye, if ye do, Boy: Come, brave *Romans*,
All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, *Caratach*. [*Fight. Drums.*

Car. Thou art a Soldier; strike home, home, have at

Pen. His Blows fall like huge Sledges on an Anvil. (ye.

Dec. I am weary. *Pet.* So am I.

Car. Send more Swords to me.

Jun. Let's sit and rest.

[*Sit down.*

Dru. What think ye now? *Pen.* O *Drusus*,

I have lost mine Honour, lost my Name,

Lost all that was my Light: These are true *Romans*,

And I a *Britain* Coward, a base Coward;

Guide me where nothing is but Desolation,

That I may never more behold the Face

Of Man, or Mankind know me: O blind Fortune,

Hast thou abus'd me thus?

Dru. Good Sir, be comforted;

It was your Wisdom rul'd ye; pray ye go home,

Your Day is yet to come, when this great Fortune

Shall be but Foil unto it.

[*Retreat.*

Pen. Fool, Fool, Coward. [*Exe. Penius and Drusus.*

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Soldiers, Drum and Colours.

Suet. Draw in, draw in: Well have you fought, and wor-

Rome's noble Recompence: Look to your Wounds, (thy

The Ground is cold and hurtful: The proud Queen

Has got a Fort, and there she and her Daughters

Defie us once again. To Morrow Morning

We'll seek her out, and make her know, our Fortunes

Stop at not stubborn Walls: Come, Sons of Honour,

True

True Virtues Heirs; thus hatch'd with *Britain* Blood,
 Let's march to Rest, and set in Gules like Suns.
 Beat a soft March, and each one ease his Neighbours.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius singing.

Pet. **S**MOOTH was his Cheek,

Dec. And his Chin it was sleek,

Jun. With whoop, he has done wooing.

Dem. Junius was this Captain's Name,

A Lad for a Lasses veiwing.

Pet. Full black his Eye, and plump his Thigh,

Dec. Made up for Loves pursuing:

Dem. Smooth was his Cheek,

Pet. And his Chin it was sleek.

Jun. With whoop, he has done wooing.

Pet. O my vex'd Thief, art thou come home again?
 Are thy Brains perfect? Jun. Sound as Bells.

Pet. Thy Back-Worm

Quiet, and cast his Sting, Boy?

Jun. Dead, Petillius,

Dead to all Folly, and now my Anger only.

Pet. Why, that's well said; hang *Cupid* and his Quiver,
 A drunken brawling Boy: Thy honour'd Saint
 Be thy ten Shillings, Junius; there's the Mony, (thee
 And there's the Ware: Square dealing: This but sweats
 Like a Nesh Nag, and makes thee look pin-buttock'd;
 The other runs thee whining up and down
 Like a Pig in a Storm, fills thy Brains full of Madnes,
 And shews thee like a long *Lent*, thy brave Body
 Turn'd to a Tail of green Fish without Butter.

Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good Cup of Wine,
 A Mistrefs for a King, she leaps to kiss thee,
 Her Red and White's her own; she makes good Blood,
 Takes none away: What she heats Sleep can help,
 Without a groping Surgeon.

Jun. I am counsel'd,

And

And henceforth, when I doat again,——

Dem. Take heed, ye had almost paid for't.

Pet. Love no more great Ladies,

Thou can'st not step amilsthen; there's no delight in'em:

All's in the whistling of their snatcht up Silks,

They're only made for handsome View, not handling:

Their Bodies of so weak and wash a Temper,

A rough-pac'd Bed will shake 'em all to Pieces:

A tough Hen pulls their Teeth out, tires their Souls;

Plena rimarum sunt, they are full of Rinnet,

And take the Skin off where they are tasted: Shun 'em,

They live in Culisses like rotten Cocks

Stew'd to a Tenderness, that holds no tack:

Give me a thing I may crush.

Jun. Thou speak'st truly:

The Wars shall be my Mistress now.

Pet. Well chosen,

For she's a bouncing Lass, she'll kiss thee at Night, Boy,

And break thy Pate i'th' Morning.

Jun. Yesterday I found those Favours infinite.

Dem. Wench good enough, but that she talks too

Pet. She talks to th' Purpose, (loud.

Which never Woman did yet: She'll hold grappling,

And he that lays on best, is her best Servant:

All other Loves are meer catching of Dotrels,

Stretching of Legs out only, and trim Laziness.

Here comes the General.

Enter Suetonius, Curius, and Macer.

Suet. I am glad I have found ye:

Are those come in yet that pursu'd bold *Caratach*?

Pet. Not yet, Sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;

Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.

Suet. Then haste *Petillius*, haste to *Penius*,

I fear the strong Conceit of what Disgrace

H'as pull'd upon himself, will be his Ruin:

I fear his Soldiers Fury too; haste presently,

I would not lose him for all *Britain*. Give him, *Petillius*:

Pet. That that shall choak him.

Suet. All the noble Counsel,

His Fault forgiven too, his Place, his Honour.

Pet. For me, I think, as handsome.

Suet

Suet. All the Comfort,
And tell the Soldier, 'twas on our Command
He drew not to the Battel.

Pet. I conceive, Sir, and will do that shall cure all.

Suet. Bring him with ye
Before the Queen's Fort, and his Forces with him,
There you shall find us following of our Conquest:
Make haste. *Pet.* The best I may.

[*Exit.*

Suet. And noble Gentlemen,
Up to your Companies; we'll presently
Upon the Queen's Pursuit; there's nothing done
'Till she be seiz'd; without her nothing won.

[*Exeunt. Short Flourish.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Car. How does my Boy?

Hengo. I would do well, my Heart's well;
I do not fear. *Car.* My good Boy.

Hengo. I know, Uncle,
We must all dye; my little Brother dy'd,
I saw him dye, and he dy'd smiling; sure
There's no great pain in't, Uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead?

Car. Strange questions!
Why, to the blessed't place, Boy; ever Sweetness
And Happiness dwells there. *Hen.* Will you come to me?

Car. Yes, my sweet Boy.

Hengo. Mine Aunt too, and my Cousins?

Car. All, my good Child.

Hengo. No Romans, Uncle. *Car.* No, Boy.

Hengo. I should be loath to meet them there.

Car. No ill Men,
That live by Violence, and strong Oppression,
Come thither: 'tis for those the Gods love, good Men.

Hengo. Why then I care not when I go, for surely
I am perswaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd 'em, Uncle, nor transgress'd my Parents;
I always said my Prayers. *Car.* Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt. *Hengo.* When they please.

Car.

Car. That's my good Boy. Art thou not weary, *Hengo*?

Hengo. Weary, Uncle?

I have heard you say you have march'd all day in Armour.

Car. I have, Boy.

Hengo. Am not I your Kinsman? *Car.* Yes.

Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things, as Blood?

Car. Thou art too tender. (me.

Hengo. To go upon my Legs? they were made to bear
I can play twenty Mile a Day, I see no reason,
But to preserve my Country and my self,
I should march forty. *Car.* What wouldst thou be,
Living to wear a Man's strength? *Hengo.* Why a *Caratach*,
A *Roman*-hater, a Scourge sent from Heav'n [Drum.
To whip these proud Thieves from our Kingdom. Hark,
Hark, Uncle, hark, I hear a Drum.

Enter Judas and his People to the Door.

Jud. Beat softly,

Softly, I say; they are here: who dare charge?

Sold. He

That dares be knock'd o'th' Head: I'll not come near him.

Jud. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!
H'as Eyes would kill a Dragon: Mark the Boy well;
If we could take or kill him. A——on ye,

How fierce ye look? see how he broods the Boy;

The Devil dwell's in Scabbard. Back, I say,

Apace, apace, h'as found us.

[*They retire.*

Car. Do ye hunt us?

Hengo. Uncle, good Uncle see, the thin starv'd Rascal,
The eating *Roman*, see where he thrids the Thickets:

Kill him, dear Uncle, kill him; one good blow

To knock his Brains into his Breech: strike's Head off,

That I may piss in's Face. *Car.* Do ye make us Foxes?

Here, hold my Charging-staff, and keep the place, Boy.

I am at Bay, and like a Bull I'll bear me.

Stand, stand, ye Rogues, ye Squirrels.

[*Exit.*

Hengo. Now he pays'em; O that I had a Man's strength.

Enter Judas, &c.

Jud. Here's the Boy; mine own, I thank my Fortune.

Hengo. Uncle, Uncle, Famine is faln upon me, Uncle.

Jud.

Jud. Come, Sir,
Yield willingly, your Uncle's out of hearing,
I'll tickle your young Tail else. *Hengo.* I defie thee,
Thou mock-made Man of Mat; charge home Sirrah:
Hang thee, base Slave, thou shak'st.

Jud. Upon my Conscience
The Boy will beat me; how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the Worm is, a scab'd Boy
To handle me thus? yield, or I cut thy Head off.

Hengo. Thoudar'st not cut my Finger, here'tis, touch it.

Jud. The Boy speaks Sword and Buckler; prithee yield,
Come, here's an Apple, yield. (Boy;

Hengo. By—he fears me.

I'll give you sharper Language: When, ye Coward,
When come ye up? *Jud.* If he should beat me—

Hengo. When, Sir?

I long to kill thee; come, thou canst not scape me:
I have twenty ways to charge thee; twenty deaths
Attend my bloody Staff.

Jud. Sure 'tis the Devil, a Dwarf, Devil in a Doublet.

Hengo. I have kill'd a Captain, Sirrah, a brave Captain,
And when I have done, I have kick'd him thus. Look here,
See how I charge this Staff.

Jud. Most certain this Boy will cut my Throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee, he kills us.

2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes.

Jud. The Devil take the hindmost. (Rogues:

Hengo. Run, run, ye Rogues, ye precious Rogues, ye rank
A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes: that's he, Boys.
What a brave cry they make?

Enter Caratach with a Head.

Car. How does my Chicken?

Hengo. 'Faith, Uncle, grown a Soldier, a great Soldier;
For by the virtue of your Charging-staff,
And a strange fighting Face I put upon't,
I have out-brav'd Hunger.

Car. That's my Boy, my sweet Boy.
Here, here's a Roman's Head for thee.

Hengo. Good Provision.

Before I starve, my sweet fac'd Gentleman,
I'll try your favour.

Car.

Car. A right compleat Soldier.
Come, Chicken, let's go seek some place of Strength
(The Country's full of Scouts) to rest a while in,
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The Journey to my Country; Fruits, and Water,
Must be your Food a while, Boy. *Hengo.* Any thing;
I can eat Moss, I can live on Anger,
To vex these *Romans*. Let's be wary, Uncle.

Car. I warrant thee; come chearfully.

Hengo. And boldy.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Penius, Drusus, and Regulus.

Reg. The Soldier shall not grieve ye.

Pen. Pray ye forsake me;

Look not upon me, as ye love your Honours:

I am so cold a Coward, my infection

Will choak your Virtues like a damp else.

Dru. Dear Captain. *Reg.* Most honour'd Sir.

Pen. Most hated, most abhor'd;

Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.

O my dear Credit, my dear Credit.

Reg. Sure his Mind is dangerous.

Dru. The good Gods cure it. (breaches,

Pen. My Honour got thorow fire, thorow stubborn

Thorow Battels that have been as hard to win as Heav'n,

Thorow Death himself, in all his horrid trims,

Is gone for ever, ever, ever, Gentlemen,

And now I am left to scornful Tales and Laughters,

To hootings at, pointing with Fingers, That's he,

That's the brave Gentleman forsook the Battel,

The most wise *Penius*, the disputing Coward.

O my good Sword, break from my side, and kill me;

Cut out the Coward from my Heart. *Reg.* Ye are none.

Pen. He lies that says so: by——he lies, lies basely,

Basely than I have done. Come, Soldiers, seek me,

I have rob'd ye of your Virtues: Justice seek me,

I have broke my farr Obedience, lost; Shame take me,

Take me, and swallow me, make Ballads of me;

Shame, endless Shame; and pray do you forsake me.

Dru.

Dru. What shall we do?

Pen. Good Gentlemen forsake me :

You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
And do not fear; for as I am a Coward
I will not hurt my self: when that Mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help. I dare not.

Enter Petillius.

Pet. Good morrow, Gentlemen; where's the Tribune?

Reg. There. *Dru.* Whence come ye, good *Petillius*?

Pet. From the General.

Dru. With what, for Heav'ns sake? (him.

Pet. With good Counsel *Drusus*, and love, to comfort

Dru. Good *Regulus* 'step to the Soldier, and allay his
For he is wild as Winter. (Anger;

[*Exeunt Drusus and Regulus.*

Pet. O, are ye there? have at ye. Sure he's dead,
It cannot be he dare out-live this Fortune:

He must die, 'tis most necessary; Men expect it,
And thought of life in him, goes beyond Coward.

For sake the Field so basely? fie upon't:

So poorly to betray his Worth, so coldly

To cut all credit from the Soldier? sure

If this Man mean to live, as I should think it

Beyond belief, he must retire where never

The Name of *Rome*, the voice of Arms, or Honour

Was known or heard of yet: he's certain dead,

Or strongly means it; he's no Soldier else,

No *Roman* in him; all he has done, but outside,

Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.

How does Lord *Penius*? *Pen.* As ye see.

Pet. I am glad on't, continue so still. The Lord General,
The valiant General, great *Suetonius*——

Pen. No more of me is spoken, my Name's perish'd.

Pet. He that commanded Fortune and the Day
By his own Valour and Discretion,
When, as some say, *Penius* refused to come,
But I believe 'em not, sent me to see ye.

Pen. Ye are welcome; and pray see me, see me well;
Ye shall not see me long.

Pet. I hope so, *Penius*; the Gods defend, Sir.

Pen. See me, and understand me: This is he

Left

Left to fill up your Triumph; he that basely
Whistled his Honour off to th' Wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his Politick Head, when *Rome* like Reapers
Sweat Blood, and Spirit, for a glorious Harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off: that Fool,
That having Gold and Copper offer'd him,
Refus'd the Wealth, and took the Waste; that Soldier
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one Hand, that propounds us Gods,
And in the other, Glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damned.

Pet. It was an error.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one.

Pet. Yet the blackest may be washt white again.

Pen. Never. *Pet.* Your leave, Sir,
And I beseech ye note me, for I love ye,
And bring all comfort: Are we Gods,
Allied to no Infirmities? are our Natures
More than Mens Natures? When we slip a little
Out of the way of Virtue, are we lost?
Is there no Medicine called sweet Mercy?

Pen. None, *Petillius*;
There is no Mercy in Mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I have sin'd beyond it.

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven:
'Tis loss of whole Man in me, my Discretion
To be so stupid, to arrive at Pardon.

Pet. O but the General——

Pen. He's a brave Gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
He would, as far as Honour durst direct him,
Make even with my Fault, but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: Examples that may nourish
Neglect and Disobedience in whole Bodies,
And totter the Estates and Faiths of Armies,
Must not be plaid withal; nor out of pity
Make a General forget his Duty;

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Nor

Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Pet. What would ye do? *Pen.* Dye.

Pet. So would fullen Children,
Women that want their Wills, Slaves, Disobedient,
That fear the Law, die. Fie, great Captain; you
A Man to rule Men, to have thousand lives
Under your Regiment, and let your Passion
Betray your Reason? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind Commends, your Place, your Honour.

Pen. Prithee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou,
By—thou didst, I over-heard thee, there,
'There where thou stand'st now, deliver me for Rascal,
Poor, dead, cold Coward, miserable, wretched,
If I out-liv'd this ruin? *Pet.* I?

Pen. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true Man, a Soldier, and I thank thee.
I thank thee, good *Petillius*, thus I thank thee,

Pet. Since ye are so justly made up, let me tell ye,
'Tis fit ye dye indeed. *Pen.* O how thou lov'st me!

Pet. For say he had forgiven ye, say the Peoples whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own Command think, from whose Swords
Ye have taken off the edges, from whose Valours
The Due and Recompence of Arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew Obedience? must not these kill ye?
Say they are won to pardon ye, by meer miracle
Brought to forgive ye; what old valiant Soldier,
What Man that loves to fight, and fight for *Rome*,
Will ever follow you more? Dare ye know these ventures?
If so, I bring ye comfort; dare ye take it?

Pen. No, no, *Petillius*, no.

Pet. If your Mind serve ye,
Ye may live still, but how? yet pardon me,
You may out-wear all too, but when? and certain
There is a Mercy for each fault, if tamely
A Man will take't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I am only thinking now, Sir,
(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my Fault. I'll hang.

Pet.

Pet. Ye shall not; y'are a Gentleman I honour,
I would else flatter ye, and force ye live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a Dog's Death,
An end for Slaves. *Pen.* The fitter for my Baseness.

Pet. Besides, the Man that's hang'd, preaches his end,
And fits a Sign for all the World to gape at.

Pen. That's true: I'll take a fitter; Poison.

Pet. No, 'tis equal ill; the death of Rats and Women,
Lovers, and lazy Boys, that fear Correction;
Die like a Man. *Pen.* Why my Sword then.

Pet. Ay, if your Sword be sharp, Sir,
There's nothing under Heav'n that's like your Sword;
Your Sword's a Death indeed. *Pen.* It shall be sharp, Sir.

Pet. Why *Mitbridates* was an arrant Ass
To dye by Poison, if all *Bosphorus*
Could lend him Swords: your Sword must do the deed:
'Tis shame to dye choak'd, fame to dye and bleed.

Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me; and, my good *Petillius*,
Tell me no more I may live.

Pet. 'Twas my Commission;
But now I see ye in a nobler way,
A way to make all even. *Pen.* Farewel, Captain:
Be a good Man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thy self, and then thy Men. Why shakest thou?

Pet. I do not, Sir. *Pen.* I would thou hadst, *Petillius*:
I would find something to forsake the World with.
Worthy the Man that dies: a kind of Earth-quake
Through all stern Valours but mine own.

Pet. I feel now a kind of trembling in me.

Pen. Keep it still, as thou lov'st Virtue, keep it.

Pet. And brave Captain, the great and honoured *Penius*.

Pen. That again: O how it heightens me! again, *Petillius*.

Pet. Most excellent Commander.

Pen. Those were mine, mine, only mine.

Pet. They are still. *Pen.* Then to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye, Heavens,
Ye everlasting Powers, I am yours: The work's done,
[Kills himself.]

That neither Fire, nor Age, nor melting Envy
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last Words

To the great General: kiss his Hands, and say,
 My Soul I give to Heav'n, my Fault to Justice
 Which I have done upon my self; my Virtue,
 If ever there was any in poor *Penius*,
 Made more, and happier, light on him. I faint,
 And where there is a Foe, I wish him Fortune.
 I die: lye lightly on my Ashes, gentle Earth.

Pet. And on my Sin. Farewel, great *Penius*.

[*Noise within.*]

The Soldier is in fury; now I am glad
 'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
 The way of toil; for thee, the way of Honour. [Exit.

Enter Drusus and Regulus with Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. What will ye do?

Reg. Good Soldiers, honest Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. Kill us first, we command too.

Reg. Valiant Soldiers,

Consider but whose life ye seek. O *Drusus*,
 Bid him be gone, he dies else. Shall *Rome* say,
 Ye most approved Soldiers, her dear Children
 Devoured the Fathers of the Fights? shall *Rage*
 And stubborn Fury guide those Swords to slaughter,
 To slaughter of their own, to Civil Ruin?

Dru. O let 'em in; all's done, all's ended, *Regulus*,
Penius has found his last Eclipse. Come, Soldiers,
 Come, and behold your Miseries; come bravely,
 Full of your mutinous and bloody Angers,
 And here bestow your Darts. O only *Roman*,
 O Father of the Wars.

Reg. Why stand ye stupid?

Where be your killing Furies? whose Sword now
 Shall first be sheath'd in *Penius*? Do ye weep?
 Howl out, ye Wretches, ye have cause; howl ever.
 Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose Valour
 Preserve ye to the Glory of your Country?
 Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and courted
 By all the Mistresses of War, Care, Counsel,
 Quick-cy'd Experience, and Victory twin'd to him?
 Who

Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your Names, and keep your Honours living,
When Children fail, and Time that takes all with him,
Build Houses for ye to Oblivion?

Dru. O ye poor desperate Fools: no more now, Soldiers;
Go home, and hang your Arms up; let Rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern Valours to soft Prayers;
For ye have sunk the Frame of all your Virtues;
The Sun that warm'd your Bloods is set for ever;
I'll kiss thy honour'd Cheek. Farewel, great *Penius*,
Thou Thunder-bolt, farewell. Take up the Body:
To Morrow Morning to the Camp convey it,
There to receive due Ceremonies. That Eye
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.

[*Exeunt with a dead March.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and
Soldiers: Bonduca, two Daughters, and Nennius above.
Drum and Colours.*

Suet. Bring up the Catapults and shake the Wall,
We will not be out-brav'd thus.

Nen. Shake the Earth,
Ye cannot shake our Souls. Bring up your Rams,
And with their armed Heads, make the Fort totter;
Ye do but rock us into Death. [*Exit Nen.*]

Jun. See, Sir,
See the *Icenian* Queen in all her Glory
From the strong Battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes. *Dec.* Yield, Queen.

Bond. I am unacquainted with that Language, *Roman.*

Suet. Yield, honour'd Lady, and expect our Mercy,
[*Exit Decius.*]

We love thy nobleness.

Bond. I thank ye, ye say well;
But Mercy and Love are sins in *Rome* and Hell.

Suet. Ye cannot scape our strength, ye must yield, Lady,
Ye must adore and fear the Power of *Rome*.

Bond. If *Rome* be earthly, why should any Kneel
With bending Adoration worship her?

She's vitious ; and your partial selves confess,
 Aspires the height of all Impiety
 Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
 The thatched Houses where the *Britains* dwell
 In careless Mirth, where the blest Household Gods
 See nought but chaste and simple Purity.
 'Tis not high Power that makes a Place Divine,
 Nor that the Men from Gods derive their Line ;
 But sacred Thoughts in holy Bosoms stor'd,
 Make People noble, and the Place ador'd.

Suet. Beat the Wall deeper. (Thought.

Bond. Beat it to the Center, we will not sink one

Suet. I'll make ye. *Bond.* No. (gently

2 *Daugh.* O Mother, these are fearful Hours : Speak

Enter Petillius.

To these fierce Men, they will afford ye Pity.

Bond. Pity? Thou fearful Girl; 'tis for those Wretches
 That Misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
 Wast not thou born a Princess? Can my Blood,
 And thy brave Father's Spirit, suffer in thee
 So base a separation from thy self,
 As mercy from these Tyrants? Thou lov'st Lust sure,
 And long'st to prostitute thy Youth and Beauty
 To common Slaves for Bread. Say they had mercy ;
 The Devil a relenting Conscience:
 The lives of Kings rest in their Diadems,
 Which to their Bodies lively Souls do give,
 And ceasing to be Kings, they cease to live.
 Show such another fear, and ———

I'll fling thee to their Fury. *Suet.* He is dead then?

Pet. I think so certainly ; yet all my means, Sir,
 Even to the hazard of my Life ———

Suet. No more: We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter Decius.

Dec. There's a Breach made, is it your will we charge, Sir?

Suet. Once more Mercy, Mercy to all that yield.

Bond. I scorn to answer ;

Speak to him Girl, and hear thy Sister.

1 *Daugh.* General,

Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me

Di-

Directly in my Face, my Woman's Face,
 Whose only Beauty is the hate it bears ye;
 See with thy narrowest Eyes, thy sharpest Wishes,
 Into my Soul, and see what there inhabits;
 See if one Fear, one shadow of a Terror,
 One Paleness dare appear but from my Anger,
 To lay hold on your Mercies. No, ye Fools,
 Poor Fortune's Fools, we were not born for Triumphs,
 To follow your gay Sports, and fill your Slaves
 With Hoots and Acclamations. *Pet.* Brave behaviour.

1 Daugh. The Children of as great as *Rome*, as Noble,
 Our Names before her, and our Deeds her Envy;
 Must we gild o'er your Conquest, make your State,
 That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
 No, no, ye *Romans*, we have ways to scape ye,
 To make ye poor again, indeed our Prisoners,
 And stick our Triumphs full.

Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her.

1 Daugh. To torture ye with suffering, like our Slaves;
 To make ye curse our Patience, with the World
 Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem
 The end of all Ambitions.

Bond. Do ye wonder?

We'll make our Monuments in spite of Fortune,
 In spite of all your Eagles wings: We'll work
 A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop
 As fearless of your bloody Soars, and Fortunate,
 As if we prey'd on heartless Doves.

Suet. Strange stiffness.

Decius, go charge the Breach.

[*Exit Decius.*]

Bond. Charge it home, *Roman*,
 We shall deceive thee else. Where's *Nennius*?

Enter Nennius.

Nen. They have made a mighty Breach.

Bond. Stick in thy Body,
 And make it good but half an Hour.

Nen. I'll do it. *1 Daugh.* And then be sure to die.

Nen. It shall go hard else.

Bond. Farewel with all my Heart, we shall meet yonder,
 Where few of these must come.

Nen. Gods take thee, Lady. [Exit Nennius.]

Bon. Bring up the Swords, and Poison.

Enter one with Swords, and a great Cup.

2 Daugh. O my Fortune! *Bond.* How, how, ye Whore?

2 Daugh. Good Mother, nothing to offend ye.

Bond. Here, Wench: Behold us, *Romans.*

Suet. Mercy yet. *Bond.* No talking:

Puff, there goes all your Pity. Come, short Prayers,
And let's dispatch the Business; you begin,
Shrink not, I'll see ye do't.

2 Daugh. O gentle Mother,

O *Romans*, O my Heart; I dare not.

Suet. Woman, Woman, unnatural Woman.

2 Daugh. O perswade her, *Romans*:

Alas, I am young, and would live. Noble Mother,
Can ye kill that ye gave Life? Are my Years
Fit for Destruction?

Suet. Yield, and be a Queen still,

A Mother and a Friend.

Bond. Ye talk; come, hold it, and put it home.

1 Daugh. Fie, Sister, fie, what would you live to be?

Bond. A Whore still. *2 Daugh.* Mercy.

Suet. Hear her, thou wretched Woman.

2 Daugh. Mercy, Mother.

O whither will you send me? I was once
Your Darling, your Delight.

Bond. O Gods, Fear in my Family? Do it, and nobly.

2 Daugh. O do not frown then.

1 Daugh. Do it, worthy Sister;

'Tis nothing, 'tis a Pleasure; we'll go with ye.

2 Daugh. Oh if I knew but whither.

1 Daugh. To the blessed, where we shall meet our

Suet. Woman. *Bond.* Talk not. (Father.

1 Daugh. Where nothing but true Joy is. (close to thee.

Bond. That's a good Wench, mine own sweet Girl; put it

2 Daugh. Oh comfort me still for Heav'n's sake.

1 Daugh. Where eternal

Our Youths are, and our Beauties; where no Wars come,
Nor lustful Slaves to ravish us.

2 Daugh. That steels me; a long farewell to this World.
Bond.

Bond. Good, I'll help thee.

i Daugh. The next is mine.

Shew me a *Roman* Lady in all your Stories,
Dare do this for her Honour; they are Cowards,
Eat Coals like compell'd Cats: Your great Saint, *Lucrece*,
Dy'd not for Honour; *Tarquin* topt her well,
And mad she could not hold him, bled.

Pet. By——

I am in Love, I would give an hundred Pound now
But to lie with this Woman's Behaviour. Oh the Devil.

i Daugh. Ye shall see me Example: All your *Rome*,
If I were proud and lov'd Ambition;
If I were Lustful, all your ways of Pleasure;
If I were greedy, all the Wealth ye Conquer——

Bond. Make haste.

i Daugh. I will. —— Could not intice to live
But two short hours this Frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, *Romans*, to fling off
This case of Flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live as we have done, well, and fear the Gods,
Hunt Honour, and not Nations with your Swords,
Keek your Minds humble, your Devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die. [Dies.

Bond. I come, Wench; to ye all Fates Hangmen, you
That ease the aged Destinies, and cut
The threads of Kingdoms, as they draw 'em; here,
Here's the draught would ask no less than *Cæsar*
To pledge it for the glories sake.

Cur. Great Lady. *Suet.* Make up your own Conditions.

Bond. So we will. *Suet.* Stay. *Dem.* Stay.

Suet. Be any thing. *Bond.* A Saint, *Suetonius*;
When thou shalt fear, and die like a Slave. Ye Fools,
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquer'd,
Ye sweat for us in vain else: See him here,
He's ours still, and our Friend; laughs at your Pities;
And we command him with as easie Reins
As do our Enemies. I feel the Poison.
Poor vanquish'd *Romans*, with what matchless Tortures
Could I now Rack ye? But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet: Nay, so much

I hate to prosecute my Victory,
That I will give ye Counsel e'er I die.
If you will keep your Laws and Empire whole,
Place in your *Romans* Flesh a *Britain* Soul.

[Dies.]

Enter Decius.

Suet. Desperate and strange.

Dec. 'Tis won, Sir, and the *Britains* all put to th' Sword.

Suet. Give her fair Funeral;
She was truly noble, and a Queen.

Pet. ——— Take it,

A Love-mange grown upon me? What, a Spirit?

Jun. I am glad of this, I have found ye.

Pet. In my Belly, O how it tumbles?

Jun. Ye good Gods, I thank ye.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Caratach upon a Rock, and Hengo by him Sleeping.

Car. **T**HUS we afflicted *Britains* climb for safeties,
And to avoid our Dangers, seek Destructions;
Thus we awake to Sorrows. O thou Woman,
Thou Agent for Adversities, what Curses
This day belong to thy Improvidence?
To *Britain* by thy means, what sad Millions
Of Widows weeping Eyes? The strong Man's Valour
Thou hast betray'd to Fury, the Child's Fortune
To fear, and want of Friends; whose Pieties
Might wipe his Mournings off, and build his Sorrows
A House of rest by his blest Ancestors:
The Virgins thou hast rob'd of all their Wishes,
Blasted their blowing Hopes, turn'd their Songs,
Their mirthful Marriage-songs to Funerals,
The Land thou hast left a Wilderness of Wretches.
The Boy begins to stir; thy safety made,
Would my Soul were in Heav'n.

Hengo. O noble Uncle,
Look out, I Dream'd we were betray'd.

[A soft dead March within.
Car.]

Car. No harm, Boy;
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these Fancies:
Thou shalt have Meat anon.

Hengo. Alittle, Uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely. What are those?
Look, Uncle, look, those multitudes that march there?
They come upon us stealing by.

Car. I see 'em; and prethee be not fearful.

Hengo. Now ye hate me, would I were Dead.

Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.

Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, Uncle? Were I a Man now,
I should be angry with ye.

*Enter Drusus, Regulus, and Soldiers, with Penius's
Herse, Drums and Colours.*

Car. My sweet Chicken,
See, they have reach'd us, and as it seems they bear
Some Soldier's Body, by their solemn Gestures,
And sad Solemnities; it well appears too
To be of Eminence. Most worthy Soldiers,
Let me intreat your Knowledge to inform me
What noble Body that is which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious Grief,
As if ye meant to woo the World and Nature
To be in love with Death? Most honourable
Excellent *Romans*, by your ancient Valours,
As ye love Fame, resolve me.

Sold. 'Tis the Body
Of the great Captain *Penius*, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.

Car. O stay, ye *Romans*,
By the Religion which you owe those Gods
That lead ye on to Victories, by those Glories
Which made even Pride a Virtue in ye.

Dru Stay: What's thy Will, *Caratach*?

Car. Set down the Body,
The Body of the noblest of all *Romans*,
As ye expect an Offering at your Graves
From your friends Sorrows, set it down a while,
That with your Grievs an Enemy may mingle;
A noble Enemy that loves a Soldier,

And

And lend a tear to Virtue; even your Foes,
Your wild Foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
With fair Affections, our Hearts fresh, our Spirits,
Though sometime stubborn, yet when Virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a Virgin's Prayers,
Oh set it down. *Drum.* Set down the Body, Soldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed Relick, thou rich Diamond
Cut with thine own Dust; thou for whose wide Fame
The World appears too narrow, Mans all Thoughts,
Had they all Tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honour'd Ashes: Though an Enemy,
Yet Friend to all thy Worth, Sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy Soul, and in thy Earth
Some Lawrel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy Grave an everlasting Triumph.
Farewel all glorious Wars, now thou art gone,
And honest Arms adieu: All noble Battels,
Maintain'd in thirst of Honour, not of Blood,
Farewel for ever.

Hengo. Was this *Roman*, Uncle, so good a Man?

Car. Thou never knew'st thy Father.

Hengo. He dy'd before I was born.

Car. This worthy *Roman*

Was such another piece of endless Honour,
Such a brave Soul dwelt in him; their Proportions
And Faces were not much unlike, Boy. Excellent Nature,
See how it works into his Eyes, mine own Boy.

Hengo. The multitudes of these Men, and their Fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one Mans Goodness—

Car. O now thou pleasest me, weep still, my Child,
As if thou saw'st me Dead; with such a flux
Or flood of Sorrow; still thou pleasest me.
And worthy Soldiers, pray receive these Pledges,
These hatchments of our Grievs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his Hearse. Now if ye please,
Bear off the noble Burden; raise his Pile
High as *Olympus*, make Heav'n to wonder
To see a Star upon Earth out-shining theirs.
And ever loved, ever living be
Thy honoured and most sacred Memory.

Drum.

Dru. Thou hast done honestly, good *Caratach*,
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous *Romans*
Shall sing thy Soul to Heav'n. Now march on, Soldiers.

[*Exeunt. A dead March.*]

Car. Now dry thine Eyes, my Boy.

Hengo. Are they all gone?

I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy Spirit, Child; if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the Night coming
I'll fashion our escape.

Hengo. Pray fear not me; indeed I am very hearty.

Car. Be so still;

His Mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Petillius.

Pet. What do I ail, i'th' name of Heav'n? I did but see her,
And see her Die, she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks: She was a Woman,
A thing I never car'd for, but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly; Oh the Devil,
I have the Bots; by—she scorn'd us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do; threatned us
With such a noble Anger, and so governed
With such a fiery Spirit ———; the plain bots;
A---upon the bots, the Love-bots; hang me,
Hang me even out o'th' way, directly hang me.
Oh penny Pipers, and most painful Penners
Of bountiful new Ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye?

Enter Junius.

Jun. Here is he, have at him.

[*Sings.*]

She set the Sword unto her Breast,

Great pity it was to see,

That three drops of her Life-warm Blood,

Run trickling down her Knee.

Art thou there, bonny Boy? And i'faith how dost thou?

Pet. Well, gramercy, how dost thou? H'as found me,

Scented

Scented me out; the Shame the Devil ow'd me,
H'as kept his Day with. And what News, *Junius*?

Jun. It was an old Tale ten thousand times told,
Of a young Lady was turn'd into Mould,
Her Life it was lovely, her Death it was bold.

Pet. A cruel Rogue, now h'as drawn, pursue it on me,
He hunts me like a Devil. No more singing (Boy.
Thou hast got a Cold: Come, let's go drink some Sack,

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pet. Why dost thou laugh?
What Mares Nest hast thou found?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha.

I cannot laugh alone: *Decius, Demetrius,*
Curius, oh my Sides, ha, ha, ha,
The strangest Jest. *Pet.* Prethee no more.

Jun. The admirablest fooling.

Pet. Thou art the prettiest Fellow. *Jun.* Sirs.

Pet. Why *Junius*, prethee away, sweet *Junius*.

Jun. Let me sing then.

Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now: Sing a Song o'six Pence
By —— (if) prethee; —— on't, *Junius*.

Jun. I must either sing, or laugh.

Pet. And what's your Reason?

Jun. What's that to you? *Pet.* And I must whistle

Jun. Do so. Oh, I hear 'em coming.

Pet. I have a little Business.

Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it; what a Gentleman
Of thy sweet Conversation?

Pet. Captain *Junius*,

Sweet Captain, let me go with all Celerity;
Things are not always one, and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gybe: None of your doleful Ditties,
Nor your sweet Conversation; you will find then
I may be anger'd.

Jun. By no means, *Petillius*;
Anger a Man that never knew Passion?
'Tis most impossible: A noble Captain,
A wise and generous Gentleman?

Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me: I have found ye,

But

But for your Mother's sake I will forgive ye.
 Your subtil Understanding may discover,
 As you think, some trim toy to make you merry;
 Some Straw to tickle ye, but do not trust to't;
 Y'are a young Man, and may do well; be sober,
 Carry your self discreetly.

Enter Decius, Demetrius, and Curius.

Jun. Yes forsooth.

(merry;

Dem. How does the brave *Petillius*? *Jun.* Monstrous
 We two were talking what a kind of thing
 I was when I was in Love; what a strange Monster
 For little Boys and Girls to wonder at;
 How like a Fool I lookt.

Dec. So they do all,
 Like great dull flavering Fco's. *Jun.* *Petillius* saw too.

Pet. No more of this, 'tis scurvy; Peace.

Jun. How nastily,
 Indeed, how beastly all I did became me?
 How I forgot to blow my Nose? there he stands,
 An honest, and a wise Man; if himself
 (I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
 Should find himself in Love—— *Pet.* I am angry.

Jun. Surely his wife self would hang his beastly self,
 His understanding-self, so mawl his Ass-self——

Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the Follies,
 The Poverties, and Baseness that belongs to't,
 Ha's read upon the Reformations long.

Pet. He has so. *Jun.* 'Tis true, and he must do't:
 Nor is fit indeed any such Coward——

Pet. You'll leave prating.

Jun. Should dare come near the Regiments, especially
 Those curious Puppies (for believe there are such)
 That only love Behaviours: Those are Dog-Whelps,
 Dwindle away, because a Woman dies well;
 Commit with Passions only; fornicate
 With the free Spirit meerly: You, *Petillius*,
 For you have long observ'd the World.

Pet. Dost thou hear?

I'll beat thee damnably within these three Hours:
 Go pray; may be I'll kill thee; farewell Jack-Daws. [*Ex.*

Dec.

Dec. What a strange thing he's grown?

Jun. I am glad he is so,
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.

Cur. Is't possible her meer Death——*Jun.* I observ'd
And found him taken, infinitely taken (him,
With her Bravery; I have follow'd him,
And seen him kiss his Sword since, court his Scabbard,
Call dying, dainty Deer; her brave Mind, Mistress;
Casting a thousand ways, to give those Forms,
That he might lye with 'em, and get old Armours:
He had got me o'th' Hip once: It shall go hard, Friends,
But he shall find his own Coin. *Enter Macer.*

Dec. How now, *Macer*? Is *Judas* yet come in?

Enter Judas.

Mac. Yes, and has lost most of his Men too. Here he

Cur. What News? (is.

Jud. I have lodg'd him; rouze him he that dares.

Dem. Where, *Judas*? (him,

Jud. On a steep Rock i'th' Woods, the Boy too with
And there he swears he will keep his *Christmases*, Gentle-
But he will come away with full Conditions, (men,
Bravely, and like a *Britain*: He paid part of us.

Yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four several times at half Sword with him,
Twice stood his Partizan; but the plain Truth is,
He's a meer Devil, and no Man; i'th' end he swing'd us,
And swing'd us soundly too; he fights by Witchcraft,
Yet for all that I saw him lodg'd.

Jun. Take more Men,
And scout him round. *Macer*; march you along.
What Victuals has he?

Jud. Not a Piece of Bisket,
Not so much as will stop a Tooth, nor Water
More than they make themselves: They lye
Just like a Brace of Bear-Whelps, close, and crafty,
Sucking their Fingers for their Food.

Dec. Cut off then

All Hope of that way; take sufficient Forces.

Jun. But use no foul Play, on your Lives: that Man
That does him Mischief by Deceit, I'll kill him.

Macer.

Macer. He shall have fair play, he deserves it.

Jud. Hark ye,

What should I do there then? You are brave Captains,
Most valiant Men; go up your selves; use Virtue,
See what will come on't; pray the Gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too: There ye shall find him,
His Sword by his side, Plums of a Pound Weight by him,
Will make your Chopsake: You'll find it a more Labour
To win him living, than climbing of a Crows-Nest.

Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up
I am sure within these two Hours. Watch him close.

Macer. He shall flee through the Air, if he escape us,
[*A sad Noise within.*]

Jun. What's this loud Lamentation?

Macer. The dead Body

Of the great *Penius* is new come to the Camp, Sir.

Dem. Dead! *Macer.* By himself, they say.

Jun. I fear'd that Fortune.

Cur. Peace guide him up to Heav'n.

Jun. Away good *Macer.* [*Exeunt Macer and Judas.*]

Enter Suetonius, Druus, Regulus, and Petillius.

Suet. If thou be'st guilty,

Some fullen Plague thou hat'st most light upon thee:

The Regiment return on *Junius*,

He well deserves it. *Pet.* So.

Suet. Draw out three Companies,

Yours *Decius*, *Junius*, and thou *Petillius*,

And make up instantly to *Caratach*,

He's in the Wood before ye; we shall follow

After due Ceremony done to the dead,

The noble dead: Come let's go burn the Body.

[*Exeunt all but Petillius.*]

Pet. The Regiment given from me; disgrac'd openly,
In love too with a Trifle to abuse me?

A merry World, a fine World; serv'd seven Years

To be an Ass o'both sides, sweet *Petillius*, (wise, Sir,

You have brought your Hogs to a fine Market: You are

Your honourable Brain-Pan full of Crotchets,

An Understanding Gentleman; your Projects

Cast with assurance ever: Wouldst not thou now
Be bang'd about the Pate, *Petillius*?

Answer to that, sweet Soldier; surely, surely,
I think ye would; pull'd by the Nose, kick'd; hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'st Rascal: Trust thy Wisdom
With any thing of Weight; the Wind with Feathers.
Out ye blind Puppy; you command? You govern?
Dig for a Groat a Day, or serve a Swine-herd;
Too noble for thy Nature too. I must up;
But what I shall do there, let time discover. [Exit.

S C E N E III

Enter Macer and Judas, with Meat and a Bottle.

Mac. Hang it o'th' side o'th' Rock, as tho' the *Britains*
Stole hither to relieve him; who first ventures
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

Jud. He lies close in a Hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his Anger: Ha? no 'tis not he.

Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the Boughs.

Jud. ——— Shake 'em,
I am sure they shake me soundly. There.

Macer. 'Tis nothing.

Jud. Make no Noise; if he stir, a deadly Tempest
Of huge Stones fall upon us: 'tis done: away, close. [Exe.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly Child, 'tis all thou feed'st on.
No gentle *Britain* near; no valiant Charity (sick,
To bring thee Food? Poor Knave, thou art sick, extream
Almost grown wild for Meat; and yet thy Goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the Woods
Are double lin'd with Soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape: I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wak'st, either get Meat to save thee,
Or lose my Life i'th' Purchase, good Gods comfort thee.

Enter Junius, Decius, Petillius, and Guide.

Guide. Ye are not far off now, Sir.

Jun. Draw the Companies (way.
The closest way through the Woods; we'll keep on this
Guide. I will, Sir; half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o'th' Rock; keep on the left side,
You'll

You'll be discover'd else : I'll lodge your Companies
In the wild Vines beyond ye. *Dec.* Do ye mark him?

Jun. Yes, and am very sorry for him. *Pet. Junius,*
Pray let me speak two Words with you.

Jun. Walk afore, I'll overtake ye straight.

Dec. I will. *Jun.* Now, Captain. [*Exit Dec.*]

Pet. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, *Junius.*

Jun. Most sure I told you Truth then.

Pet. And that Love

Should not deny me any honest thing.

Jun. It shall not. *Pet.* Dare ye swear it?

I have forgot all Passages between us

That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you.

Jun. What would this Man have? By——I do, Sir,
So it be fit to grant ye. *Pet.* 'Tis most honest.

Jun. Why, then I'll do it.

Pet. Kill me. *Jun.* How?

Pet. Pray kill me. *Jun.* Kill ye?

Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly, now kill me.

Jun. On what Reason? ye amaze me.

Pet. If you do love me, kill me, ask me not why :
I would be killed, and by you.

Jun. Mercy on me, what a's this Man? *Petillius!*

Pet. Pray ye dispatch me,

Ye are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extreamly, even to Mischief, *Junius,*
An Enemy to all good Men: Fear not, 'tis Justice;
I shall kill you else.

Jun. Tell me but the Cause, and I will do it.

Pet. I am disgrac'd, my Service
Slighted, and unrewarded by the General;
My Hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an Ass, a Folly
I dare not trust my self with; prithee kill me.

Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
As you would heal your Finger. *Pet.* Nay——

Jun. Stay, I'll do it,
You shall not need your Anger: But first, *Petillius,*
You shall unarm your self; I dare not trust
A Man so bent to Mischief.

Pet. There's my Sword, and do it handsomly.

Jun. Yes, I will kill ye,
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before ye
The most extreme Fool ye have plaid in this,
The Honour purpos'd for ye, the great Honour
The General intended ye. *Pet.* How?

Jun. And then I'll kill ye,
Because ye shall die miserable. Know, Sir,
The Regiment was given me, but 'till time
Call'd ye to do some worthy deed, might stop
The Peoples ill thoughts of ye, for Lord *Penius*,
I mean his Death. How soon this time's come to ye,
And hasted by *Suetonius*? Go, says he,
Junius and *Decius*, and go thou *Petillius*,
Distinctly, thou *Petillius*, and draw up,
To take stout *Caratach*; there's the deed purpos'd,
A deed to take off all faults, of all Natures:
And thou *Petillius*; mark it, there's the Honour,
And that done, all made even. *Pet.* Stay.

Jun. No, I'll kill ye.
He knew thee absolute, and full in Soldier,
Daring beyond all Dangers, found thee out
According to the boldness of thy Spirit,
A Subject, such a Subject.

Pet. Hark ye, *Junius*, I will live now.

Jun. By no means. Woo'd thy Worth,
Held thee by the Chin up, as thou sunk'st, and shew'd thee
How Honour held her Arms out: Come, make ready,
Since ye will die an Ass. *Pet.* Thou wilt not kill me?

Jun. By----but I will, Sir: I'll have no Man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten
Honour enough, let young Men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the General, which is
One main cause ye shall die, howe'er he carry it,
Such a strong doting on ye, that I fear
You shall command in chief: how are we paid then?
Come, if you will pray, dispatch it.

Pet. Is there no way? *Jun.* Not any way to live.

Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem my self at any Price; good *Junius*,

Let

Let me but die upon the Rock, but offer
My Life up like a Soldier.

Jun. You will seek then to out-do every Man.

Pet. Believe it, *Junius*,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.

Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a Soldier,
For ever these mad fancies.

Pet. Dare ye trust me? By all that's good and honest.

Jun. There's your Sword then,
And now come on a new Man: Virtue guide thee. [*Exe.*

Enter Caratach and Hengo, on the Rock.

Car. Courage my Boy, I have found Meat: look, *Hengo*,
Look where some blessed *Britain*, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little Food and Drink: cheer up Boy,
Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. Oh Uncle, Uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble Life: Uncle, I am Heart-whole,
And would live. *Car.* Thou shalt, long I hope.

Hengo. But my Head, Uncle:
Methinks the Rock goes round.

Enter Macer and Judas.

Macer. Mark 'em well, *Judas*.

Jud. Peace, as you love your life.

Hengo. Do not you hear the noise of Bells?

Car. Of Bells, Boy? 'tis thy fancy,
Alas, thy Body's full of Wind.

Hengo. Methinks, Sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near Funeral of State; nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet Uncle, you will kill me sooner.

Car. Oh my poor Chicken.

Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted Uncle:
Come, tie me in your Belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go my self, Boy.

Hengo. No, as ye love me, Uncle;
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray tye me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee: come, Child,
My valiant Child.

Hengo.

Hengo. Let me down apace, Uncle,
And ye shall see how like a Daw I'll whip it
From all their Policies: for 'tis most certain
A *Roman* train; and ye must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, Uncle,
We'll be as merry--- *Car.* Go i'th' name of Heav'n, Boy.

Hengo. Quick, quick, Uncle, I have it. Oh.

[*Judas shoots Hengo.*

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hengo. O my best Uncle, I am slain.

Car. I see ye, and Heav'n direct my Hand: Destruction
[*Caratach kills Judas with a stone from the Rock,*
Go with thy Coward Soul. How dost thou, Boy?
Oh Villain, pocky Villain.

Hengo. Oh Uncle, Uncle,
Oh how it pricks me; am I preserv'd for this?
Extremely pricks me.

Car. Coward, rascal Coward, Dogs eat thy flesh.

Hengo. Oh I bleed hard; I faint too, out upon't,
How sick I am? the lean Rogue, Uncle.

Car. Look Boy, I have laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have ye knock'd his Brains out?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: Cheer up, Child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard, stop, stop, oh wretched For-
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, Uncle. (tune,

Car. Heav'n look upon this noble Child.

Hengo. I once hop'd
I should have liv'd to have met these bloody *Romans*
At my Sword's point, to have reveng'd my Father,
To have beaten 'em; oh hold me hard. But Uncle----

Car. Thou shalt live still I hope, Boy. Shall I draw it?

Hengo. Ye draw away my Soul then, I would live
A little longer; spare me Heav'ns, but only
To thank you for your tender love. Good Uncle,
Good noble Uncle weep not.

Car. Oh my Chicken, my dear Boy, what shall I lose?

Hengo. Why, a Child,
That must have died however; had this scap'd me,
Feaver or Famine—I was born to die, Sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my Boy?

Hengo. I go the straighter

My

My journey to the Gods: Sure I shall know ye
When ye come, Uncle. *Car.* Yes, Boy.

Hengo. And I hope

We shall enjoy together that great Blessedness
You told me of. *Car.* Most certain, Child.

Hengo. I grow cold, mine Eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up. *Hengo.* Pray for me;
And noble Uncle, when my Bones are Ashes,
Think of your little Nephew. Mercy.

Car. Mercy. You blessed Angels take him.

Hengo. Kifs me: so. Farewel, farewel.

[*Dies.*

Car. Farewel the hopes of *Britain*,

Thou Royal Graft, farewel for ever. Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy Vail, and view thy Triumph: Look,
Look what thou hast brought this Land to. Oh fair Flower,
How lovely yet thy Ruins show, how sweetly
Even Death embraces thee! The peace of Heav'n,
The fellowship of all great Souls be with thee.

Enter Petillius and Junius on the Rock.

Hah? Dare ye *Romans*? Ye shall win me bravely.

Thou art mine. *Jun.* Not yet, Sir.

[*Fight.*

Car. Breath ye, ye poor *Romans*,
And come up all, with all your antient Valours,
Like a rough Wind I'll shake your Souls, and send 'em---

Enter Suetonius, and all the Roman Captains.

Suet. Yield thee, bold *Caratach*; by all——

As I am Soldier, as I envy thee,

I'll use thee like thy self, the valiant *Britain*.

Pet. Brave Soldier yield, thou stock of Arms and Honour,
Thou filler of the World with Fame and Glory. (*ners.*

Jun. Most worthy Man, we'll woo thee, be thy Prisoner.

Suet. Excellent *Britain*, do me but that Honour,
That more to me than Conquests, that true Happiness,
To be my Friend.

Car. Oh *Romans*, see what here is: Had this Boy liv'd----

Suet. For Fame's sake, for thy Sword's sake,
As thou desirest to build thy Virtues greater:

By all that's excellent in Man, and honest——

Car. I do believe; ye have had me a brave Foe;

Make

Make me a noble Friend, and from your Goodness,
Give this Boy honourable Earth to lye in.

Suet. He shall have fitting Funeral.

Car. I yield then;

Not to your Blows, but your brave Courtesies.

Pet. Thus we conduct then to the Arms of Peace
The wonder of the World.

Suet. Thus I embrace thee,
And let it be no Flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only Soldier.

[*Flourish.*]

Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your Usage.
I am for *Rome*.

Suet. Ye must.

Car. Then *Rome* shall know
The Man that makes her spring of Glory grow.

Suet. Petillius, you have shewn much worth this day,
redeem'd much Error,

Ye have my Love again, preserve it; *Junius,*
With you I make him equal in the Regiment.

Jun. The elder and the nobler; I'll give place, Sir.

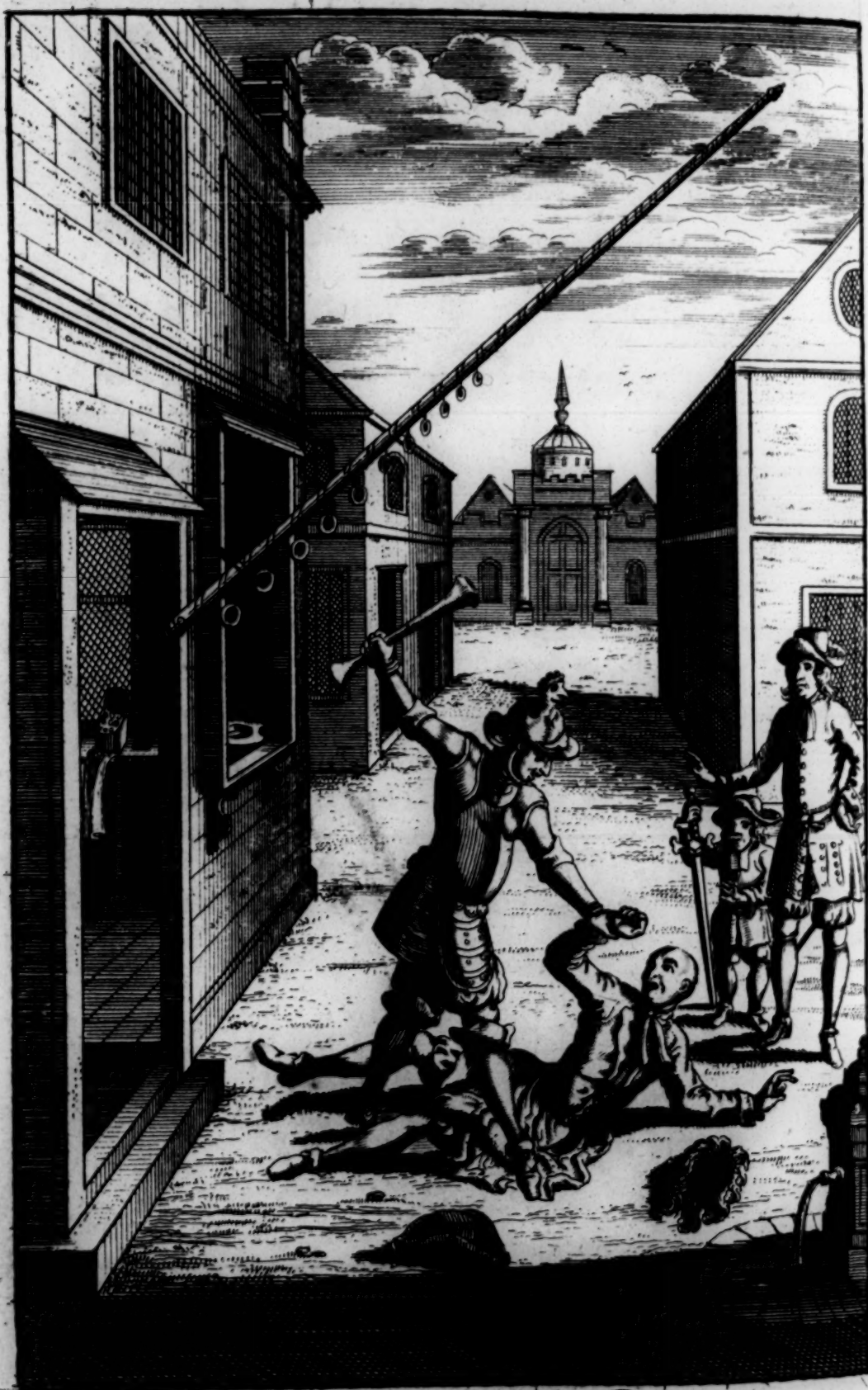
Suet. Ye shew a Friend's Soul.

March on, and through the Camp in every Tongue,
The Virtues of great *Caratach* be sung.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Volume.





K^t. of y^e Burning Pestle vol. 5. p. 2264.

THE
KNIGHT
OF THE
Burning Pestle.

"full of mirth and delight" Leconte Ed.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

PROLOGUE.

WHere the Bee can suck no Honey, she leaves her Sting behind; and where the Bear cannot find Origanum to heal his grief, he blasteth all other Leaves with his Breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us; that seeing you cannot draw from our Labours sweet Content, you leave behind you a sour Mislike, and with open Reproach blame our good Meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted Mirth. Our Intent was at this time to move inward Delight, not outward Lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it (to the wise) to be a great pleasure, to hear Counsel mixed with Wit, as to the foolish to have Sport mingled with Rudeness. They were banished the Theatre of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought Parasites on the Stage with apish Actions, or Fools with uncivil Habits, or Courtezans with immodest Words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly Speeches, to make your Ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind Reports, or mistaking the Author's Intention (who never aimed at any one particular in this Play,) to make our Cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own Censure, to like or dislike. Vale.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE Prologue.

Then a Citizen.

*The Citizen's Wife, and Ralph her Man, sitting
below amidst the Spectators.*

A rich Merchant.

Jasper his Apprentice.

Master Humphrey, a Friend to the Merchant.

Luce, the Merchant's Daughter.

Mistress Merry-thought, Jasper's Mother.

Michael, a second Son of Mistress Merry-thought.

Old Mr. Merry-thought.

A Squire.

A Dwarf.

A Tapster.

A Boy that danceth and singeth.

An Host.

A Barber.

Two Knights.

A Captain.

A Sergeant.

Soldiers.

T H E



THE
KNIGHT
OF THE
BURNING PESTLE.

Enter Prologue.



FROM all that's near the Court, from all
that's great
Within the compass of the City Walls,
We now have brought our Scene.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace, good-man Boy.

Pro. What do you mean, Sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: These seven
years there hath been Plays at this House, I have observed
it, you have still girds at Citizens; and now you call your
Play, *The London Merchant*. Down with your Title, Boy,
down with your Title.

Pro. Are you a Member of the noble City?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a Free-man?

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

Pro. So Grocer, then by your sweet favour, we intend
no abuse to the City.

Cit. No, Sir,

Yes, Sir,

If you were not resolv'd to play the Jacks,

What need you study for new Subjects,

Purposely to abuse your Betters?

Why could not you be contented,

As well as others,

With the Legend of *Whittington*,

Or the Life and Death of Sir *Thomas Gresham*?

With the building of the *Royal Exchange*?

Or the Story of Queen *Elenor*,

With the rearing of *London-bridge* upon *Woolfacks*?

Pro. You seem to be an understanding Man;

What would you have us do, Sir?

Cit. Why,

Present something notably

In honour of the Commons of the City.

Pro. Why,

What do you say to the Life and Death of fat *Drake*,

Or the repairing of Fleet Privies?

Cit. I do not like that,

But I will have a Citizen,

And he shall be of my own Trade.

Pro. Oh,

You should have told us your mind

A Month since,

Our Play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that,

I will have a Grocer,

And he shall do admirable things.

Pro. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry I will have him—

Wife. Husband, Husband.

[*Wife below, Ralph below.*]

Ralph. Peace, Mistress.

Wife. Hold thy peace, *Ralph*,

I know what I do,

I warrant ye.

Husband, Husband.

Cit. What say'st thou, Cony?

Wife.

Wife. Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle, Husband,
Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

Cit. So he shall,
I'll have him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

Wife. Husband,
Shall I come up, Husband?

Cit. Ay, Cony.

Ralph, help your Mistress this way:
Pray Gentlemen make her a little room,
I pray you, Sir,
Lend me your Hand to help up my Wife;
I thank you, Sir,
So.

Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all,
I'm something troublesome,
I'm a Stranger here,
I was ne'er at one of these Plays, as they say, before;
But I should have seen *Jane Shore* once,
And my Husband
Hath promised me any time this Twelvemonth,
To carry me to the *Bold Beauchams*,
But in truth he did not;
I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy,
Let my Wife and I have a couple of Stools,
And then begin,
And let the Grocer do rare things.

Pro. But, Sir,
We have never a Boy to play him,
Every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, Husband,
For Gods sake let *Ralph* play him,
Beshrew me if I do not think
He will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembred Wife,
Come up *Ralph*;
I'll tell you Gentlemen,
Let them but lend him a suit of Reparrel,
And Necessaries,
And by Gad,

If any of them all blow Wind in the Tail on him,
I'll be hang'd.

Wife. I pray you Youth,
Let him have a suit of Reparrel :
I'll be sworn, Gentlemen,
My Husband tells you true,
He will act you sometimes at our House,
That all the Neighbours cry out on him :
He will fetch you up a couraging Part so in the Garret,
That we are all as fear'd I warrant you,
That we quake again :
We'll fear our Children with him,
If they be never so unruly,
Do but cry,
Ralph comes, Ralph comes to them,
And they'll be as quiet as Lambs.
Hold up thy Head *Ralph*,
Shew the Gentlemen what thou canst do,
Speak a huffing Part,
I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do *Ralph*, do.

Ralph. By Heav'n
(Methinks) it were an easie leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the Sea,
Where never fathome Line toucht any Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour
From the lake of Hell.

Cit. How say you Gentlemen,
Is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, Gentlemen,
He hath plaid before, my Husband says, *Musidorus*,
Before the Wardens of our Company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have plaid *Jeronimo*
With a Shoo-maker for a Wager.

Pro. He shall have a suit of Apparel,
If he will go in.

Cit. In *Ralph*, in *Ralph*,
And set out the Grocers in their kind,
If thou lov'st me.

Wife.

Wife. I warrant our *Ralph* will look finely,
When he's drest,

Pro. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. *The Grocers Honour*

Pro. Methinks,

Methinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn Husband,

That's as good a Name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin;

My Wife and I will sit down.

Pro. I pray you do.

Cit. What stately Musick have you?

You have Shawns.

Pro. Shawns? No.

Cit. No?

I'm a Thief if my Mind did not give me so.

Ralph plays a stately Part,

And he must needs have Shawns:

I'll be at the charge of them my self,

Rather than we'll be without them.

Pro. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why and so I will be,

There's two Shillings,

Let's have the Waits of *Southwark*,

They are as rare Fellows as any are in *England*;

And that will fetch them all o'er the Water, with a Ven-

As if they were mad. (geance,

Pro. You shall have them:

Will you sit down then?

Cit. Ay, come Wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen,

I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

Pro. From all that's near the Court,

From all that's great

Within the compass of the City Walls,

We now have brought our Scene:

Fly far from hence

All private Taxes, immodest Phrases,

Whate'er may but shew like vicious,

For

For wicked Mirth never true Pleasure brings,
But honest Minds are pleas'd with honest Things.
Thus much for that we do :

But for *Ralph's* part

You must answer for your self.

Cit. Take you no care for *Ralph*,
He'll discharge himself, I warrant you.

Wife. I'faith Gentlemen,
I'll give my word for *Ralph*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant and Jasper his Man.

Merch. **S**irrah, I'll make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of Fortune, gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,
Adding the trust of all I have at home,
In foreign Staples, or upon the Sea,
To thy direction, ty'd the good Opinions
Both of self and Friends to thy Endeavours,
So fair were thy Beginnings: But with these,
As I remember, you had never Charge
To love your Master's Daughter, and even then,
When I had found a wealthy Husband for her,
I take it, Sir, you had not; but however,
I'll break the Neck of that Commission,
And make you know you are but a Merchant's Factor.

Jasp. Sir,
I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound both by Love and Duty to your Service:
In which my Labour hath been all my Profit,
I have not lost in Bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest Gains upon my Back,
Nor have I given a Pension to my Blood,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your Stock.
These, and the Miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim are Strangers

To

To all my temperate Actions; for your Daughter,
If there be any love to my deservings,
Born by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it:
Nor am I able to refrain her Wishes.
She's private to her self, and best of Knowledge
Whom she'll make so happy as to fight for.
Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her
Unto a Fellow of so lame a Presence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

Mer. 'Tis very well, Sir, I can tell your Wisdom
How all this shall be cur'd.

Jasp. Your care becomes you.

Merch. And thus it shall be, Sir; I here discharge you
My House, and Service, take your Liberty,
And when I want a Son I'll send for you. [Exit.

Jasp. These be the fair Rewards of them that Love,
Oh you that live in Freedom never prove
The travel of a Mind led by Desire.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why how now Friend, struck with my Father's
Thunder?

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the Remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your Father's.

Luce. But mine.

Jasp. But yours, and only yours I am,
That's all I have to keep me from the Statute;
You dare be constant still?

Luce. O fear me not.

In this I dare be better than a Woman.
Nor shall his Anger nor his Offers move me,
Were they both equal to a Prince's Power.

Jasp. You know my Rival?

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly,
Even as I love an Ague, or foul Weather;
I prethee *Jasper* fear him not.

Jasp. Oh no,
I do not mean to do him so much kindness:
But to our own Desires, you know the Plot
We both agreed on.

Luce.

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.

Jasp. I desire no more,
Farewel, and keep my Heart, 'tis yours.

Luce. I take it,
He must do Miracles,
Makes me forsake it.

[*Exeunt.*

Cit. Fie upon 'em little Infidels,
What a matter's here now?
Well, I'll be hang'd for a half-penny,
If there be not some abomination Knavery in this Play,
Well, let 'em look to't,
Ralph must come,

And if there be any Tricks a brewing—

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too Husband, a God's name,
Ralph will find all out I warrant you,
And they were older than they are.

I pray my pretty Youth, is *Ralph* ready?

Boy. He will be presently.

(him,

Wife. Now I pray you make my Commendations unto
And withal, carry him this stick of Licoras,
Tell him his Mistress sent it him,
And bid him bite a piece,
'Twill open his Pipes the better, say.

Enter Merchant, and Master Humphrey.

Mer. Come, Sir, she's yours, upon my Faith she's yours,
You have my Hand; for other idle letts,
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They are scattered, and no more: My wanton Pretice,
That like a Bladder blew himself with Love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New Masters yet unknown.

Hum. I thank you Sir,
Indeed I thank you, Sir; and e'r I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle Blood, and gentle seem.

Mer. Oh, Sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my Friend,
Altho' as Writers say, all things have end,

And

And that we call a Pudding, hath his two,
Oh let it not seem strange, I pray to you,
If in this bloody simile, I put
My Love, more endless, than frail Things or Gut.

Wife. Husband,
I prithee sweet Lamb tell me one thing,
But tell me truly :

Stay Youths I beseech you,
Till I question my Husband.

Cit. What is it, Mouse ?

Wife. Sirrah,
Didst thou ever see a prettier Child?
How it behaves it self, I warrant ye :
And speaks and looks, and pearts up the Head ?
I pray you Brother with your favour,
Were you never none of Mr. *Moncaster's* Scholars ?

Cit. Chicken,
I prethee heartily contain thy self,
The childer, are pretty childer,
But when *Ralph* comes, Lamb.

Wife. Ay when *Ralph* comes, Conie,
Well my Youth you may proceed.

Mer. Well, Sir, you know my Love, and rest, I hope
Assur'd of my consent ; get but my Daughter's,
And wed her when you please ; you must be bold,
And clap in close unto her, come, I know
You have Language good enough to win a Wench.

Wife. A whoresone Tyrant,
Hath been an old stringer in his Days,
I warrant him.

Hum. I take your gentle Offer, and withal
Yield Love again for Love reciprocal.

Enter Luce.

Mar. What *Luce*, within there ?

Luce. Called you, Sir ?

Mer. I did ;

Give entertainment to this Gentleman ;
And see you be not froward to her, Sir :
My presence will but be an Eye-soar to you.

[*Exit.*

Hum. Fair Mistress *Luce*, how do you, are you well?

Give

Give me your Hand, and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little Sister, and your Brother?
And whether you love me or any other.

Luce. Sir, these are quickly answer'd.

Hum. So they are,

Where Women are not cruel; but how far
Is it now distant from the Place we are in,
Unto that blessed Place, your Father's Warren.

Luce. What makes you think of that, Sir?

Hum. Even that Face,

For stealing Rabbits whilome in that Place,
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my Cost and Charges brought you thither,
And there began.

Luce. Your Game, Sir.

Hum. Let no Game,

Or any thing that tendeth to the same,
Be evermore remembred, thou fair Killer,
For whom I fate me down and brake my Tiller.

Wife. There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you; when
will you do as much for me, *George*?

Luce. Beshrew me, Sir, I am sorry for your Losses,
But as the Proverb says, *I cannot cry*;
I would you had not seen me.

Hum. So would I,

Unless you had more Maw to do me good.

Luce. Why, cannot this strange Passion be withstood?
Send for a Constable, and raise the Town.

Hum. Oh no, my valiant Love will batter down
Millions of Constables, and put to flight
Even that great Watch of Midsummer Day at Night.

Luce. Beshrew me, Sir, 'twere good I yielded then,
Weak Women cannot hope, where valiant Men
Have no Resistance.

Hum. Yield then, I am full

Of Pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my Pocket thus a Pair of Gloves.

Look *Luce*, look, the Dog's Tooth, nor the Doves
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with Silk, as you may see.

If you desire the Price, shoot from your Eye
A Beam to this Place, and you shall espie
F. S. which is to say, my sweetest Honey,
They cost me three and two Pence, or no Mony.

Luce. Well Sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you;
What would you more?

Hum. Nothing.

Luce. Why then farewell.

Hum. Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me Time, and Patience, and fair Weather.

Luce. Speak and declare your Mind in Terms so brief.

Hum. I shall; then first and foremost, for Relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it,
I care not at what Price, for on my Word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I'll speak of now, for Love hath tost me
In furious Blanket like a Tennis-Ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

Luce. Alas good Gentleman, alas the Day.

Hum. I thank you heartily, and as I say,
Thus do I still continue without Rest,
I'th' Morning like a Man, at Night a Beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine own Disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my Diet,
Will bring me presently to that Quandary;
I shall bid all adieu.

Luce. Now by St. Mary
That were great pity.

Hum. So it were, beshrew me,
Then ease me, lusty *Luce*, and pity shew me.

Luce. Why, Sir, you know my Will is nothing worth
Without my Father's Grant; get his Consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.

Hum. The Worshipful your Sire will not deny me,
For I have ask'd him, and he hath reply'd,
Sweet Master *Humphrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.

Luce. Sweet Master *Humphrey* then I am content.

Hum. And so am I in Truth.

Luce. Yet take me with you,

There

There is another Clause must be annex,
 And this it is I swore, and will perform it.
 No Man shall ever joy me as his Wife,
 But he that stole me hence: If you dare venture,
 I am yours; you need not fear, my Father loves you,
 If not, farewell for ever.

Hum. Stay Nymph, stay,
 I have a double Gelding coloured Bay,
 Sprung by his Father from *Barbarian* kind,
 Another for my self, though somewhat blind,
 Yet true as trusty Tree.

Luce. I am satisfied,
 And so I give my Hand, our course must lye
 Through *Waltham* Forest, where I have a Friend
 Will entertain us, so farewell, Sir *Humphrey*, [*Exit Luce.*
 And think upon your Business.

Hum. Though I die,
 I am resolv'd to venture Life and Limb,
 For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. [*Ex. Hum.*

Wife. By my faith and troth, *George*, and as I am virtuous,
 it is e'en the kindest young Man that ever trode on Shoe-
 Leather; well go thy ways, if thou hast her not, 'tis not
 thy Fault 'ifaith.

Cit. I prithee Mause be patient, a shall have her, or
 I'll make some of 'em smoak for't.

Wife. That's my good Lamb *George*; fie, this stinking
 Tobacco kills Men, would there were none in *England*:
 Now I pray Gentlemen, what good does this stinking
 Tobacco? Do you nothing; I warrant you make Chim-
 nies a your Faces. Oh Husband, Husband, now, now
 there's *Ralph*, there's *Ralph*.

Enter Ralph, like a Grocer in's Shop, with two Prentices,
reading Palmerin of England.

Cit. Peace Fool, let *Ralph* alone; hark you *Ralph*, do not
 strain yourself too much at the first, peace, begin *Ralph*.

Ralph. Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lan-
 ces from their Dwarfs, and clasping their Helmets, gal-
 lopt amain after the Giant, and *Palmerin* having gotten
 a Sight of him, came posting amain, saying, Stay trai-
 terous Thief, for thou may'st not so carry away her, that is
 worth

worth the greatest Lord in the World; and with these Words gave him a blow on the Shoulder, that he struck him besides his Elephant; and *Trineus* coming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soon besides his Horse, with his Neck broken in the fall, so that the Princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief said; All happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Arms, now may I be well assured of the Love thou bearest me, I wonder why the Kings do not raise an Army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand Men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rosicler*, and destroy these Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damsels, that go in quest of their Knights.

Wife. Faith Husband, and *Ralph* says true, for they say the King of *Portugal* cannot sit at his Meat, but the Giants and the Ettins will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy Tongue; on *Ralph*.

Ralph. And certainly those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their Possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarf through the Desarts, to relieve poor Ladies.

Wife. Ay by my Faith are they *Ralph*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed; our Knights neglect their Possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous, and fair well-spoken Knights in this Age; they will call one the Son of a Whore, that *Palmerin* of *England* would have called fair Sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called Right beautiful Damsel, they will call Damn'd Bitch.

Wife. I'll be sworn will they *Ralph*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy Pipe of Tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave Spirit could be content to sit in his Shop with a flapet of Wood, and a blew Apron before him selling *Metbridatam* and *Dragons Water* to visited Houses, that might pursue feats of Arms, and through his noble Atchievements, procure such a famous History to be written of, in his Heroick Prowess.

Cit. Well said *Ralph*, some more of those Word, *Ralph*.

Wife. They go finely, by my Troth.

Ralph. Why should I not then pursue this Course, both for the credit of my self and our Company, for amongst all the worthy Books of Atchievements, I do not call to mind, that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the said Knight: Have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarf? My elder Prentice *Tom* shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarf, hence my blew Apron, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my Shield shall be pourtraid a *Burning Pestle*, and I will be call'd the *Knight of the burning Pestle*.

Wife. Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meek.

Ralph. Tim.

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other Name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and that you never call any Female by the name of a Woman or Wench, but fair Lady, if she have her desires; if not, distressed Damsel; that you call all Forests and Heaths, Desarts, and all Horses Palfries.

Wife. This is very fine: Faith do the Gentlemen like *Ralph*, think you Husband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the Shoes in their Shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a Desart, and over it a Knight Errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my Master sent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus; Fair Sir, the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire upon what Adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damsel or otherwise.

Cit. Whoreson Blockhead cannot remember.

Wife. I'faith, and *Ralph* told him on't before; all the Gentlemen heard him; did he not Gentlemen, did not *Ralph* tell him on't?

George.

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed Damsel, to have a half penny worth of Pepper.

Wife. That's a good Boy, see, the little Boy can hit it, by my Troth it's a find Child.

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous Language, now shut up Shop, no more my Prentice, but my trusty Squire and Dwarf, I must bespeak my Shield, and arming Pestle.

Cit. Go thy ways *Ralph*, as I am a true Man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. *Ralph, Ralph.*

Ralph. What say you, Mistress?

Wife. I prethee come again quickly, sweet *Ralph*.

Ralph. By and by.

[Exit *Ralph*.]

Enter Jasper and his Mother Mistress Merry-thought.

Mist. Mer. Give thee my Blessing? No, I'll never give thee my Blessing, I'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my Blessing: Thou art thy Father's own Son, of the Blood of the *Merry-thoughts*; I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy Father, he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings and cries, *A merry Heart lives long-a*. And thou art a wast-thrift, and art run away from thy Master, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger Son *Michael*, and thou thinkest to bezle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, down on thy Knees, thou shalt have my Blessing.

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you Mother pray to God to bless me.

Mist. Mer. God bless thee; but *Jasper* shall never have my Blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall he not *Michael*? how saist thou?

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother, and grace of God.

Mist. Mer. That's a good Boy.

Wife. I'faith is't a fine spoken Child:

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a Parent's Love, I must preserve the Duty of a Child.

I ran not from my Master, nor return

To have your Stock maintain my Idleness.

Wife. Ungracious Child I warrant him, hark how he chops Logick with his Mother; thou hadst best tell her she lies, do, tell her she lies.

Cit. If he were my Son, I would hang him up by the Heels, and flea him, and salt him, Whoreson halter-sack.

Fasp. My coming only is to beg your Love,
Which I ever though I never gain it,
And howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of Blood hid in these Veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. I'faith I had sorrow enough for thee: (God knows) but I'll hamper thee well enough, get thee inthou Vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy Brother *Michael*.

Old. Mer. within. *Nose, Nose, jolly red Nose, and who gave thee this jolly red Nose?*

Mist. Mer. Hark my Husband he's singing and hoiting, And I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough.
Husband, Charles, Charles Merry-thought.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old. Mer. Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinamon and Cloves, And they gave me this jolly red Nose.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your Estate, you would have little list to sing, I wils.

Old. Mer. It should never be consider'd, while it were an Estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old Man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty Shillings left, and thou eatest good Meat, and drinkest good Drink, and laughest?

Old. Mer. And will do.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, *Charles?*

Old. Mer. How? Why how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my Dining-room, but at eleven and six a Clock, I found excellent Meat and Drink o'th' Table: My Cloaths were never worn out, but next Morning a Tailor brought me a new Suit, and without question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if all should

should fail, it is but a little straining my self extraordinary, and laugh my self to Death.

Wife. It's a foolish old Man this: Is not he, *George*?

Cit. Yes Cunny.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' Purse while I live, *George*.

Cit. I by Lady Cunny, hold thee there.

Mist. Mer. Well *Charles*, you promis'd to provide for *Jasper*, and I have laid up for *Michael*: I pray you pay *Jasper* his Portion, he's come home, and he shall not consume *Michael*'s Stock; he says his Master turn'd him away, but I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No indeed Mistress *Merry-thought*, though he be a notable Gallows, yet I'll assure you his Master did turn him away, even in this place, 'twas i' faith within this half Hour, about his Daughter, my Husband was by.

Cit. Hang him Rogue, he serv'd him well enough: Love his Master's Daughter! By my troth Cunny, if there were a thousand Boys, thou would'st spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his Mother alone with him.

Wife. Ay *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old. Mer. Where is *Jasper*? He's welcome however, call him in, he shall have his Portion, is he merry?

Enter Jasper and Michael.

Mist. Mer. I foul chive him, he is too merry. *Jasper.*
Michael.

Old Mer. Welcome *Jasper*, tho' thou run'st away, welcome, God blefs thee, 'tis thy Mother's Mind thou should'st receive thy Portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learnt Experience enough to govern it: Thou art of sufficient years, hold thy Hand: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten Shillings for thee, thrust thy self into the World with that, and take some settled course, if Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me, I have twenty Shillings left, be a good Husband, that is, wear ordinary Cloaths, eat the best Meat, and drink the best Drink; be merry, and give to the Poor, and believe me, thou hast no end of thy Goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still.
But Father?

Old. Mer. No more Words *Jasper*, get thee gone, thou hast my Blessing, thy Father's Spirit upon thee. Farewel *Jasper*; but yet, or e'er you part (oh cruel) kiss me, kiss me sweeting, mine own dear Jewel: So, now begone, no Words.

[*Exit Jasper.*]

Mist. Mer. So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother, but I'll have my Father's Blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, 'tis no matter for his Blessing; thou hast my Blessing, begone; I'll fetch my Mony and Jewels, and follow thee: I'll stay no longer with him I warrant thee, truly *Charles* I'll be gone too.

Old. Mer. What you will not?

Mist. Mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old. Mer. Hay ho, farewell *Nan*, I'll never trust Wench more again, if I can.

Mist. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for *Michael*.

Old. Mer. Farewel good Wife, I expect it not, all I have to do in this World, is to be merry; which I shall, if the Ground be not taken from me; and if it be,
When Earth and Seas from me are reft,
The Skies aloft for me are left.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Boy danceth, Musick.*]

Finis Actus Primi.

Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old Gentleman for all that: Hark, hark Husband, hark, Fiddles, Fiddles; now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present Death for these Fiddlers to tune their Rebeckes before the great *Turks* Grace, is't not *George*? But look, look, here's a Youth dances, now good Youth do a turn o' th' Toe; Sweet-heart, I'faith I'll have *Ralph* come, and do some of his Gambols; he'll ride the wild Mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your Hearts good to see him: I thank you kind Youth, pray bid *Ralph* come.

Cit. Peace Conie. Sirrah, you scurvy Boy, bid the Players send *Ralph*, or by Gods—and they do not, I'll tear some of their Periwigs beside their Heads; this is all Riff-Raff.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

Merch. **A**ND how faith? how goes it now, Son *Humphrey*?

Hum. Right worshipful and my beloved Friend
And Father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well, it should be so, I'm glad the Girl
Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl
From hence, and you must wink: for so I say,
The Story tells to morrow before day.

Wife. *George*, dost thou think in thy Conscience now
'twill be a Match? tell me but what thou think'st sweet
Rogue, thou see'st the poor Gentleman (dear Heart) how
it labours and throbs I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go
move the Father for't.

Cit. No, no, I prithee sit still Honey-suckle, thou'lt
spoil all; if he deny him, I'll bring half a dozen good
Fellows my self, and in the shutting of an Evening knock't
up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll buss thee for that I faith, Boy; well, *George*,
well, you have been a Wag in your days I warrant you:
but God forgive you, and I do with all my Heart.

Merch. How was it, Son? you told me that to Morrow
Before Day break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,
Your Daughter rides upon a brown Bay Steed,
I on a Sorrel, which I bought of *Brian*,
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion
In *Waltham* situate: Then if you may,
Consent in seemly sort, lest by delay,
The fatal Sisters come, and do the Office,
And then you'll sing another Song.

Merch. Alas,
Why should you be thus full of grief to me,
That do as willing as your self agree

To any thing, so it be good and fair?
 Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure
 Content you both, I'll sleep and never see it,
 To make your joys more full: but tell me why
 You may not here perform your Marriage?

Wife. God's blessing o' thy Soul, old Man, i' faith thou
 art loath to part true Hearts: I see a has her, *George*, and
 I'm as glad on't; well, go thy ways *Humphrey* for a fair
 spoken Man, I believe thou hast not thy fellow within
 the Walls of *London*, and I should say the Suburbs too,
 I should not lie: Why dost not thou rejoice with me,
George?

Cit. If I could but see *Ralph* again, I were as merry as
 mine Host i' faith.

Hum. ~~Cit.~~ The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare;
 Help me oh Muses nine: Your Daughter sware
 A foolish Oath, the more it was the pity:
 Yet none but my self within this City
 Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
 Shall meet him, were he of the noble Science.
 And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?
 Truly I cannot tell, unless it were
 For her own ease; for sure sometimes an Oath,
 Being sworn thereafter, is like Cordial Broth:
 And this it was she swore, never to marry,
 But such a one whose mighty Arm could carry
 (As meaning me, for I am such a one)
 Her bodily away through Stick and Stone,
 'Till both of us arrive, at her request,
 Some Ten Miles off in the wide *Waltham* Forest.

Merch. If this be all, you shall not need to fear
 Any denial in your Love, proceed, (more,
 I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Hum. Good Night, twenty good Nights, and twenty
 And twenty more good Nights, that makes threescore.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mistress Merry-thought, and her Son Michael.

Mist. Mer. Come *Michael*, art thou not weary, Boy?

Mich. No forsooth Mother not I.

Mist. Mer. Where be we now, Child?

Mich.

Mich. Indeed forsooth Mother I cannot tell, unless we be at *Mile-end*, is not all the World *Mile-end*, Mother?

Mist. Mer. No, *Michael*, not all the World, Boy; but I can assure thee, *Michael*, *Mile-end* is a goodly matter, there has been a pitch'd Field my Child, between the naughty *Spaniels* and the *Englisbmen*, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *Englisbmen* followed: my Neighbour *Coxstone* was there Boy, and kill'd them all with a Birding-piece.

Mich. Mother forsooth.

Mist. Mer. What says my white Boy?

Mich. Shall not my Father go with us too?

Mist. Mer. No, *Michael*, let thy Father go snick up, he shall never come between a pair of Sheets with me again, while he lives: let him stay at home and sing for his Supper, Boy; come Child sit down, and I'll shew my Boy fine knacks indeed, look here, *Michael*, here's a Ring, and here's a Bruch, and here's a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and here's Mony, and Gold by th' Eye, my Boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this, Mother?

Mist. Mer. Ay *Michael*, thou shalt have all, *Michael*.

Cit. How lik'st thou this, Wench?

Wife. I cannot tell, I would have *Ralph*, *George*; I'll see no more else indeed: law, and I pray you let the Youths understand so much by word of Mouth, for I will tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my Boy: come, come, *George*, let's be merry and wise, the Child's a Fatherless Child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of Gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grass, he would never grow after it.

Enter Ralph, Squire, and Dwarf.

Cit. Here's *Ralph*, here's *Ralph*.

Wife. How do you *Ralph*? you are welcome, *Ralph*, as I may say, it's a good Boy, hold up thy Head, and be not afraid, we are thy Friends. *Ralph*, the Gentlemen will praise thee, *Ralph*, if thou play'st thy part with audacity, begin *Ralph* a Gods Name.

Ralph. My trusty Squire unlace my Helm, give me my Hat, where are we, or what Defart might this be?

Dwarf. Mirror of Knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous *Waltham Down*; in whose bottom stands the enchanted Valley.

Mist.

Mist. Mer. Oh *Michael*, we are betray'd, we are betray'd, here be Giants; fly Boy, fly Boy, fly.

[*Exeunt Mother and Michael.*]

Ralph. Lace on my Helm again: what noise is this?
A gentle Lady flying the Embrace
Of some uncourteous Knight, I will relieve her.
Go Squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle
In Honour of all Ladies, swears Revenge
Upon that recreant Coward that pursues her;
Go comfort her, and that same gentle Squire
That bears her Company.

Squire. I go, brave Knight.

Ralph. My trusty Dwarf and Friend, reach me my Shield,
And hold it while I swear, first by my Knighthood,
Then by the Soul of *Amadis de Gaule*,
My famous Ancestor, then by my Sword,
The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,
By this bright burning Pestle of mine Honour,
The living Trophy, and by all respect
Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair Lady,
And that forsaken Squire, 'till by my Valour
I gain their liberty.

Dwarf. Heav'n bless the Knight
That thus relieves poor errant Gentlewomen. [*Exit.*]

Wife. I marry *Ralph*, this has some favour in't, I would
see the proudest of them all offer to carry his Books after
him. But *George*, I will not have him go away so soon, I
shall be sick if he go away, that I shall; call *Ralph* again
George, call *Ralph* again, I prithee Sweet-heart let him
come fight before me, and let's ha' some Drums, and Trum-
pets, and let him kill all that comes near him, and thou
lov'st me, *George*.

Cit. Peace a little, Bird, he shall kill them all, and they
were twenty more on 'em than there are.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Now Fortune, if thou be'st not only ill,
Shew me thy better Face, and bring about
Thy desperate Wheel, that I may climb at length
And stand, this is our place of meeting,

If

If Love have any constancy. Oh age!
Where only wealthy Men are counted happy:
How shall I please thee? how deserve thy smiles?
When I am only rich in misery?
My Father's Blessing, and this little Coin
Is my Inheritance, a strong Revenue,
From Earth thou art, and to Earth I give thee,
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher Air
Breeds me a fresher Fortune: How, illusion!

[*Spies the Casket.*]

What hath the Devil coin'd himself before me?
'Tis Mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now God's dear blessing
Upon his Heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These Pearls, I take it, were not left for Swine. [*Exit.*]

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty Youth should embezel away the Mony, the poor Gentlewoman his Mother will have a heavy Heart for it, God knows.

Cit. And reason good, Sweet-heart.

Wife. But let him go, I'll tell *Ralph* a Tale in's Ear, shall fetch him again with a wanion, I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides *George*, here be a number of sufficient Gentlemen can witness, and my self, and your self, and the Musicians, if we be call'd in question; but here comes *Ralph*, *George*, thou shalt hear him speak, as he were an Emperal.

Enter Ralph and Dwarf.

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?

Dwarf. Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Lady.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought, Michael, and Squire.
For and the Squire of Damfels as I take it.

Ralph. Madam, if any Service or Devoir
Of a poor Errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am press'd to give you Succour,
For to that holy end I bear my Armour.

Mist. Mer. Alas, Sir, I am a poor Gentlewoman, and I have lost my Mony in this Forest.

Ralph. Desart, you would say, Lady, and not lost
Whilst I have Sword and Launce; dry up your Tears
Which

Which ill befits the Beauty of that Face,
And tell the Story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous Fortune.

Mist. Mer. Out alas, I left a thousand Pound, a thousand Pound, e'en all the Mony I had laid up for this Youth, upon the sight of your Mastership, you look'd so grim, and as I may say it, saving your Presence, more like a Giant than a mortal Man.

Ralph. I am as you are, Lady, so are they
All mortal; but why weeps this gentle Squire?

Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep do you think,
when he has lost his Inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of Valour, weep not, I am here
That will confound thy Foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward Head, that dare deny
Distressed Squires and Ladies Equity.
I have but one Horse, on which shall ride
This Lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous Squire, Fortune will give us more
Upon our next Adventure; fairly speed
Beside us Squire and Dwarf, to do us need. [*Exeunt.*]

Cit. Did not I tell you *Nell* what your Man would do?
by the faith of my Body Wench, for clean Action and
good Delivery, they may all cast their Caps at him.

Wife. And so they may i'faith, for I dare speak it
boldly, the twelve Companies of *London* cannot match
him, Timber for Timber: Well *George*, and he be not
inveigled by some of these paltry Players, I ha much
marvel; but *George* we ha done our Parts, if the Boy
have any Grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant you Duckling.

Enter Humphrey and Luce.

Hum. Good Mistres *Luce*, however I in fault am,
For your lame Horse; your welcome unto *Waltham*,
But which way now to go, or what to say
I know not truly, 'till it be broad Day.

Luce. O fear not Master *Humphrey*, I am Guide
For th's Place good enough.

Hum. Then up and ride,

Or

Or if it please you, walk for your Repose,
Or sit, or if you will, go pluck a Rose :
Either of which shall be indifferent,
To your good Friend and *Humphrey*, whose Consent
Is so intangled ever to your Will,
As the poor harmless Horse is to the Mill.

Luce. Faith and you say the Word, we'll e'en sit down,
And take a Nap.

Hum. 'Tis better in the Town,
Where we may nap together; for believe me,
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

Luce. You're merry, Master *Humphrey*.

Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my Dam.

Luce. Your Nurse had the less Labour.

Hum. Faith it may be,
Unless it were by Chance I did beray me.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. *Luce*, dear Friend *Luce*.

Luce. Here *Jasper*.

Jasp. You are mine.

Hum. If it be so, my Friend, you use me fine :
What do you think I am?

Jasp. An arrant Noddy.

Hum. A Word of Obloquy; now by god's Body,
I'll tell thy Master, for I know thee well.

Jasp. Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him, Sir, I gave it :
And say I paid you well.

Hum. O Sir, I have it,
And do confess the Payment, pray be quiet.

Jasp. Go, get you to your Night-Cap and the Diet,
To cure your beaten Bones.

Luce. Alas, poor *Humphrey*,
Get thee some wholesome Broth with Sage and Cumfry:
A little Oil of Roses, and a Feather
To noint thy Back withal.

Hum. When I came hither,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dorry*.

Luce. Farewel my pretty Nump, I am very sorry
I cannot bear thee Company. *Hum.*

Hum. Farewel,
The Devil's Dam was ne'er so bang'd in Hell. [*Exeunt.*
Manet Humphrey.

Wife. This young *Jasper* will prove me another Things, a my Conscience, and he may be suffered; *George*, dost not see *George* how a swaggers, and flies at the very Heads a fokes as he were a Dragon; well if I do not do his Lesson for wronging the poor Gentleman, I am no true Woman; his Friends that brought him up, might have been better occupied, I wis, than have taught him these Fegaries: He's e'en in the Highway to the Gallows, God bless him.

Cit. You're too bitter, Cony, the young Man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither Master *Humphrey*, has he hurt you? now beshrew his Finger's for't, here Sweet-heart, here's some Green Ginger for thee, now beshrew my Heart, but a has Pepper-nel in's Head, as big as a Pullets Egg; alas, sweet Lamb, how thy Temples beat; take the Peace on him sweet Heart, take the Peace on him.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. No, no, you talk like a foolish Woman, I'll ha *Ralph* fight with him, and swinge him up well-favour'dly: Sirrah Boy, come hither, let *Ralph* come in and fight with *Jasper*.

Wife. Ay and beat him well, he's an unhappy Boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us, the Plot of our Play lyes contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no Plots, I'll ha *Ralph* come out, I'll make your House too hot for you else.

Boy. Why Sir, he shall, but if any thing fall out of Order, the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways goodman Boy, I'll hold him a Penny he shall have his Belly full of fighting now, ho here comes *Ralph*; no more.

Enter Ralph, Mist. Merr. Michael, Squire and Dwarf.

Ralph. What Knight is that, Squire, ask him if he keep The Passage bound by love of Lady fair,
Or else but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no Knight,
But a poor Gentleman, that this same Night,

Had

Had stoln from me on yonder Green,
My lovely Wife, and suffered to be seen
Yet extant on my Shoulders such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall think of that Meeting.

Wife. Ay *Ralph*, he beat him unmercifully, *Ralph*, and
Spar't him *Ralph*, I would thou wert hang'd. (thou
Cit. No more, Wife, no more.

Ralph. Where is the Caitiff Wretch hath done this Deed,
Lady, your Pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the Quest of this injurious Knight.
And thou fair Squire repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great Venture of the Purse,

Enter Jasper and Luce.

And the rich Casket, 'till some better Leisure.

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my Trea-

Ralph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here, (sure.
An errant Knight at Arms, to crave Delivery
Of that fair Lady to her own Knight's Arms.
If he deny, bid him take Choice of Ground,
And so defie him.

Squire. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defie thee Knight.
Unless thou make fair Restitution
Of that bright Lady.

Jasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee
He is an Ass, and I will keep the Wench,
And knock his Head-Peice.

Ralph. Thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous Terms.

Wife. Break his Pate *Ralph*, break his Pate *Ralph*, soundly.

Jasp. Come, Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle
[*Snatches away his Pestle.*

Shall try what Temper, Sir, your Mortar's of;
With that he stood upright in his Stirrops,
And gave the Knight of the Calves-Skin such a knock,
That he forsook his Horse, and down he fell, (met."
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his Hel-

Hum. Nay, and my noble Knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run——

[*Ex. Humphrey and Ralph.*
Wife.

Wife. Run *Ralph*, run *Ralph*, run for thy Life Boy; *Jasper* comes, *Jasper* comes.

Jasp. Come *Luce*, we must have other Arms for you, *Humpbrey* and *Golden Pestle* both adieu. [Exeunt.]

Wife. Sure the Devil, God bless us, is in this Springald; why *George*, didst ever see such a Fire-Drake. I am afraid my Boy's miscarry'd; if he be, though he were Master *Merry-thought's* Son a thousand times, if there be any Law in *England*, I'll make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no, I have found out the Matter, Sweet-heart, *Jasper* is enchanted as sure as we are here, he is enchanted, he could no more have stood in *Ralph's* Hands, than I can stand in my Lord Mayor's: I'll have a Ring to discover all Enchantments, and *Ralph* shall beat him yet: Be no more vexed, for it shall be so.

Enter *Ralph*, *Squire*, *Dwarf*, *Mistress Merry-thought*, and *Michael*.

Wife. Oh Husband, here's *Ralph* again; stay *Ralph*, let me speak with thee; how dost thou *Ralph*? Art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great *Lungies* laid unmercifully on thee, there's some Sugar-Candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If *Ralph* had him at the Fencing-School, if he did not make a Puppy of him, and drive him up and down the School, he should ne'er come in my Shop more.

Mist. Mer. Truly Master Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed Law-Mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and your fair Squire. For in this Desert there must needs be plac'd Many strong Castles, held by courteous Knights, And 'till I bring you safe to one of those I swear by this my Order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well said *Ralph*: *George*, *Ralph* was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes Duck.

Wife. I shall ne'er forget him: When we had lost our Child, you know it was stray'd almost alone to *Puddle-Warf*, and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it self but for a Sculler, *Ralph* was the most comfortablest

to me: Peace Mistress, says he, let it go, I'll get you another as good; did he not *George*? Did he not say so?

Cit. Yes indeed did he, Mouse.

Dwarf. I would we had a mess of Pottage, and a Pot of Drink, Squire, and were going to Bed.

Squire. Why we are at *Waltham* Townsend, and that's the *Bell* Inn. (Squire,

Dwarf. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel, and I have discovered, not a Stone cast off,
An antient Castle held by the old Knight
Of the most holy Order of the *Bell*,

Who gives to all Knights Errant entertain:

There plenty is of Food, and all prepar'd

By the white Hands of his own Lady dear.

He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests:

The first, High Chamberlain, who will see

Our Beds prepar'd, and bring us Snowy Sheets,

Where never Footman stretch'd his butter'd Hams.

The second height *Tapstro*, who will see

Our Pots full filled, and no froth therein;

The third, a gentle Squire *Ostlero* height,

Who will our Palfries flick with wisps of Straw,

And in the Manger put them Oats enough,

And never grease their Teeth with Candle-snuff.

Wife. That same Dwarf's a pretty Boy, but the Squire's a grout-nold.

Ralph. Knock at the Gates my Squire, with stately Lance.

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you see a Room?

Dwarf. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, this is the Squire *Tapstro*.

Ralph. Fair Squire *Tapstro*, I a wandring Knight,
Height of the *Burning Pestle*, in the quest
Of this fair Lady's Casket, and wrought Purse,
Losing my self in this vast Wilderness,
And to this Castle well by fortune brought,
Where hearing of the goodly entertain
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*,

Gives to all Damsels, and all Errant Knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapst. An't please you see a Chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

Wife. *George*, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, *Nell*?

Wife. Why *George*, shall *Ralph* beat no body again? Prethee Sweet-heart let him.

Cit. So he shall *Nell*, and if I joyn with him, we'll knock them all.

Enter Humphrey and Merchant.

Wife. O *George*, here's Master *Humphrey* again now, that lost Mistress *Luce*, and Mistress *Luce's* Father, Master *Humphrey* will do some bodies Arrant I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in Arms I ne'er shall clasp her, For she is stol'n away by your Man *Jasper*.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Mer. Unhappy that I am to lose my Child:
Now I begin to think on *Jasper's* Words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness,
Why didst thou let her go, thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy Life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgive me, I shall tell you true,
Look on my Shoulders, they are black and blue,
Whilst too and fro fair *Luce* and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge binding.

Mer. Get Men and Horses straight, we will be there
Within this hour; you know the Place again?

Hum. I know the Place where be my Loins did swaddle,
I'll get six Horses, and to each a Saddle.

Mer. Mean time I'll go talk with *Jasper's* Father.

[*Exeunt.*]

Wife. *George*, what wilt thou lay with me now, that
Master *Humphrey* has not Mistress *Luce* yet; speak *George*,
what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No *Nell*, I warrant thee, *Jasper* is at *Puckeridge*
with her by this.

Wife. Nay *George*, you must consider Mistress *Luce's*
Feet

Feet are tender, and besides, 'tis dark, and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of *Waltham* Forest with her yet.

Cit. Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that *Ralph* has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay against *Ralph* Honny, because I have not spoken with him: but look *George*, Peace, here comes the merry old Gentleman again.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. When it was grown to dark Midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came *Margaret's* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William's* Feet.

I have Mony, and Meat, and Drink before-hand, till to Morrow at Noon, why should I be sad? Methinks I have half a dozen Jovial Spirits within me, I am three merry Men, and three merry Men: To what end should any Man be sad in this World? Give me a Man that when he goes to hanging cries troul the black Boul to me: And a Woman that will sing a Catch in her Travel. I have seen a Man come by my Door with a serious Face, in a black Cloak, without a Hatband, carrying his Head as if he look'd for Pins in the Street. I have look'd out of my Window half a Year after, and have spied that Man's Head upon *London Bridge*: 'Tis vile, never trust a Taylor that does not sing at his Work, his Mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this *George*, 'tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Taylor, you know, never Sings, and he had fourteen Yards to make this Gown; and I'll be sworn, *Misirefs Penistone* the Draper's Wife had one made with twelve.

Old Mer. 'Tis Mirth that fills the Veins with Blood,
More than Wine, or Sleep, or Food,
Let each Man keep his Heart at ease,
No Man dies of that Disease;
He that would his Body keep
From Diseases, must not weep,
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never his Body brings

Into Feavers, Gouts, or Rhumes,
 Or lingringly his Lungs consumes:
 Or meets with Aches in the Bone,
 Or Catarrhs, or griping Stone:
 But contented lives for aye,
 The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look *George*, how say'st thou by this *George*?
 Is't not a fine old Man? Now God's Blessing a thy sweet
 Lips. When wilt thou be so merry, *George*? Faith thou
 art the frowningst little thing, when thou art angry, in
 a Country.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace Conny, Thou shalt see him took down too
 I warrant thee: Here's *Luce's* Father come now.

Old Mer. As you came from *Walsingham*, from the Holy
 Land, there met you not with my true Love by the way
 as you came.

Merch. Oh Master *Merry-thought*! my Daughter's gone,
 This Mirth becomes you not, my Daughter's gone.

Old Mer. Why an if she be, what care I?
 Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Merch. Mock not my Misery, it is your Son,
 Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him,
 Has stol'n my only Joy, my Child away. (upon a gray,

Old Mer. He set her on a milk white Steed, and himself
 He never turn'd his Face again, but he bore her quite away.

Merch. Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn
 To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive
 Thou art consenting to my Daughter's loss. (ter?

Old Mer. Your Daughter, what a stir's here wi' y'r Daugh-
 Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both
 my Sons were on the Gallows, I would sing down, down,
 down: they fall down, and arise they never shall.

Merch. Oh might I behold her once again,
 And she once more embrace her aged Sire.

Old Mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes: And she once more
 embrace her aged Sire? you'll make a Dog on her, will ye;
 she cares much for aged Sire, I warrant you. (my.
 She cares not for her Daddy, nor she cares not for her Mam-
 For she is, she is, she is my Lord of *Low-gaves* Lassie.

Merch.

Merch. For this thy scorn I will pursue
That Son of thine to Death.

Old Mer. Do, and when you ha' kill'd him,
Give him Flowers i'now Palmer, give him Flowers i'now,
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Merch. I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. I'll hear no more o' your Daughter, it spoils
my Mirth.

Merch. I say I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. Was never Man for Lady's sake, down, down,
Tormented as I Sir *Guy*? *de derry down*,
For *Lucy's* sake, that Lady bright, down, down,
As ever Men beheld with Eye? *de derry down*.

Merch. I'll be reveng'd, by Heav'n.

[*Exe un*

Finis Actus Secundus.

[*Musick.*

Wife. How dost thou like this, *George*?

Cit. Why this is well, *Cunny*; but if *Ralph* were ho
once, thou shouldst see more.

Wife. The Fidlers go again, Husband.

Cit. Ay, *Nell*, but this is scurvy Musick; I gave the
Whoreson Gallows Mony, and I think he has not got
me the Waits of *Southwark*: If I hear him not anon, I'll
twinge him by the Ears.

Your Musicians play *Baloo*.

Wife. No good *George*, let's ha' *Lachryma*.

Cit. Why this is it, *Cunny*.

Wife. It's all the better, *George*; now sweet Lamb,
what Story is that painted upon the Cloth? the confuta-
tion of Saint *Paul*?

Cit. No Lamb, that's *Ralph* and *Lucrece*.

Wife. *Ralph* and *Lucrece*? which *Ralph*? our *Ralph*?

Cit. No Mouse, that was a *Tartarian*.

Wife. A *Tartarian*? well, I wou'd the Fidlers had done,
that we might see our *Ralph* again.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jasper and Luce.

Jasp. **C**OME my Dear, though we have lost our way,
 We have not lost ourselves: Are you not weary
 With this Night's wandering, broken from your Rest?
 And frightened with the Terror that attends
 The darkness of this wild unpeopled Place?

Luce. No my best Friend, I cannot either fear,
 Or entertain a weary Thought, whilst you
 (The end of all my full desires) stand by me:
 Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
 Amongst the number of forsaken Lovers,
 Tell the long weary Steps, and number Time,
 Start at a Shadow, and shrink up their Blood,
 Whilst I (possess with all content and quiet)
 Thus takes my pretty Love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You have caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I live
 I shall become your faithful Prisoner,
 And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down,
 And rest your Body, too too delicate
 For these disturbances; so, will you sleep?
 Come, do not be more able than you are,
 I know you are not skilful in these Watches,
 For Women are no Soldiers; be not nice,
 But take it, sleep I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep,
 Indeed I cannot, Friend.

Jasp. Why then we'll sing,
 And try how that will work upon our Senses.

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

Jasp. Come little Mermaid, rob me of my Heart
 With that enchanting Voice.

Luce. You mock me, *Jasper*.

SONG.

Jasp. Tell me, dearest, what is Love?

Luce. 'Tis a Lightning from above,

'Tis

'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,
'Tis a Boy they call Desire.

'Tis a Smile
Doth beguile

Jasp. The poor Hearts of Men that prove.
Tell me more, are Women true?

Luce. Some Love change, and so do you.

Jasp. Are they fair, and never kind?

Luce. Yes, when Men turn with the Wind.

Jasp. Are they froward?

Luce. Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more, I see the God
Of heavy Sleep, lay on his heavy Mace
Upon your Eye-lids.

Luce. I am very heavy.

(Thoughts:

Jasp. Sleep, sleep, and quiet Rest crown thy sweet
Keep from her fair Blood Distempers, Startings,
Horrors and fearful Shapes: let all her Dreams
Be Joys, and chaste Delights, Embraces, Wishes,
And such new Pleasures as the ravish'd Soul
Gives to the Senses. So, my Charms have took.
Keep her you Powers Divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the Wealth and Beauty of her Mind.
She is only fair, and constant, only kind,
And only to thee Jasper. O my Joys!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And over-charge my Spirits; I am weak,
Some say (however ill) the Sea and Women
Are govern'd by the Moon, both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but Opinions are,
And Heresies to bring on pleasing War
Between our Tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present fear;
Which are the best of Cupid. O thou Child!
Bred from Despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a Love without the faults of Women,

And greater in her perfect goods than Men;
Which to make good, and please my self the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her Love,
I'll try her, that the World and Memory
May sing to after-times her Constancy.

Luce, Luce, awake. *Luce*. Why do you fright me Friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your Sword
Drawn in your Hand? who hath offended you?

I prithee *Jasper* sleep, thou art wild with watching,

Jasp. Come make your way to Heav'n, and bid the
With all the Villanies that stick upon it, (World,
Farewel; you're for another Life. *Luce*. Oh *Jasper*,

How have my tender Years committed evil,

Especially against the Man I love,

Thus to be cropt untimely? *Jasp*. Foolish Girl,

Canst thou imagine I could love his Daughter

That flung me from my Fortune into nothing?

Discharged me his Service, shut the Doors

Upon my Poverty, and scorn'd my Prayers,

Sending me, like a Boat without a Mast,

To sink or swim? Come, by this Hand you dye,

I must have Life and Blood, to satisfie

Your Father's wrongs.

Wife. Away *George*, away, raise the Watch at *Ludgate*,
and bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this despe-
rate Villain. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the
King's Peace kept. O my Heart what a Varlet's this,
to offer Man-slaughter upon the harmless Gentlewo-
man?

Cit. I warrant thee, Sweetheart, we'll have him ham-
pered.

Luce. Oh *Jasper*! be not cruel,

If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,

And let not many Deaths appear before me.

I am a Woman made of Fear and Love,

A weak, weak Woman, kill not with thy Eyes,

They shoot me through and through. Strike, I am ready,

And dying still I love thee.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, and his Men.

Merch. Where abouts?

Jasp.

Jasp. No more of this, now to my self again.

Hum. There, there he stands with Sword, like martial Knight,

Drawn in his Hand, therefore beware the Fight
You that are wise; for were I good Sir *Bevis*,
I would not stay his coming, by your Leaves.

Merch. Sirrah, restore my Daughter. *Jasp.* Sirrah, no.

Merch. Upon him then.

Wife. So, down with him, down with him, down
with him, cut him i'the Leg, Boys, cut him i'th' Leg.

Merch. Come your ways Minion, I'll provide a Cage
for you, you're grown so tame. Horse her away.

Hum. Truly I am glad your Forces have the Day. [*Exe.*

Manet Jasper.

Jasp. They are gone, and I am hurt; my Love is lost,
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy!

Bleed, bleed and die, I cannot: Oh my Folly!

Thou hast betray'd me; Hope, where art thou fled?

Tell me if thou be'st any where remaining.

Shall I but see my Love again? Oh no!

She will not dain to look upon her Butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.

Oh Chance, or Fortune, or what-e'er thou art

That Men adore for powerful, hear my Cry,

And let me loving live, or losing die.

[*Exit.*

Wife. Is he gone, George?

Cit. Ay, Conny.

Wife. Marry and let him go, Sweet-heart, by the
Faith a my Body a has put me into such a Fright, that
I tremble (as they say) as'twere an Aspin Leaf: Look a
my little Finger *George*, how it shakes: Now in Truth
every Member of my Body is the worse for't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine Arms sweet Mouse, he shall
not fright thee any more; alas mine own dear Heart,
how it quivers.

*Enter Mistress Merry-thought, Ralph, Michael, Squire,
Dwarf, Host, and a Tapster.*

Wife. O *Ralph*, how dost thou *Ralph*? How hast thou
slept to Night? has the Knight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace, *Nell*, let *Ralph* alone.

Tap.

Tap. Master, the Reckoning is not paid.

Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who for the Orders
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'it out the holy *Bell*, (fake
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied Limbs,
Stifned with hard Atchievements in wild Defart.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve Shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our Souls with double Jug,
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial Squire, to follow feats of Arms,
Take heed thou tender every Lady's Cause,
Every true Knight, and every Damsel fair,
But spill the Blood of treacherous *Sarazens*,
And false Inchanters, that with Magick Spells
Have done to Death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, give ear
to me, there is twelve Shillings to pay, and as I am a true
Knight, I will not bate a Penny.

Wife. *George*, I prethee tell me, must *Ralph* pay twelve
Shillings now?

Cit. No, *Nel*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry
with *Ralph*.

Wife. O is't nothing else? *Ralph* will be as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this Mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberal Courtesie,
If any of your Squires will follow Arms,
He shall receive from my Heroick Hand
A Knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble Offer,
Therefore gentle Knight
Twelve Shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife. Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the
Knight of the *Bell* is in earnest, *Ralph* shall not be be-
holding to him, give him his Mony *George*, and let him
go snick up.

Cit. Cap *Ralph*? No, hold your Hand fir Knight of the
Bell,

Bell, there's your Mony, have you any thing to say to *Ralph* now? *Cap Ralph*?

Wife. I would you should know it, *Ralph* has Friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that, now take thy course *Ralph*.

Mist. Mer. Come *Michael*, thou and I will go home to thy Father, he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set Fellows abroad to cry our Purse and Casket: Shall we, *Michael*?

Mich. Ay, I pray Mother, in truth my Feet are full of Chilblains with Travelling.

Wife. Faith and those Chilblains are a foul trouble: *Mistress Merry-thought*, when your Youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his Feet, and his Heels, and his Ankles, with a Mouse-skin; or if none of you can catch a Mouse, when he goes to Bed, let him rowl his Feet in the warm Embers, and I warrant you he shall be well, and you may make him put his Fingers between his Toes, and smell to them, it's very sovereign for his Head, if he be Costive.

Mist. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my Son *Michael* and I bid you farewell, I thank your Worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewel fair Lady, and your tender Squire. If pricking through these Desarts, I do hear Of any traiterous Knight who through his guile Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse, I will despoil him of them and restore them.

Mist. Mer. I thank your Worship. [*Exit with Michael*.

Ralph. Dwarf bear my Shield, Squire elevate my Launce, And now farewell you Knight of holy *Bell*,

Cit. Ay, ay, *Ralph*, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet before I go, speak worthy Knight, If oft you do of sad Adventures know, Where Errant Knight may through his Prowess win Eternal Fame, and free some gentle Souls From endless bounds of Steel and lingring Pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to *Nick* the Barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before quickly.

Tap. I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit Tapster*.
Host.

Hof. Sir Knight, this Wildernesse affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a Knight
Hath tried his Prowess, and come off with Shame,
And where I would not have you lose your Life,
Against no Man, but furious Fiend of Hell.

Ralph. Speak on Sir Knight, tell what he is, and where:
For here I vow upon my blazing Badge,
Never to blaze a Day in quietness;
But Bread and Water will I only eat,
And the green Herb and Rock shall be my Couch,
Till I have quell'd that Man, or Beast, or Fiend,
That works such damage to all Errant Knights.

Hof. Not far from hence, near a craggy Cliff
At the North end of this distressed Town,
There doth stand a lowly House
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave
In which an ugly Giant now doth won,
Ycleped *Barbaroso*: In his Hand
He shakes a naked Lance of purest Steel,
With Sleeves turn'd up, and him before he wears
A motly Garment, to preserve his Clothes
From Blood of those Knights which he massacres,
And Ladies gentle; without his Door doth hang
A copper Bason, on a prickant Spear;
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce *Barbaroso* hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the Errant Knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted Chair:
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd
With forty Teeth, he claws his courtly Crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his Chin,
He plants a brazen piece of mighty Board,
And knocks his Bullets round about his Cheeks,
Whilst with his Fingers, and an Instrument
With which he snaps his Hair off, he doth fill
The Wretch's Ears with a most hideous Noise.
Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim,
And now no Creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's Name, I will fight with him, kind Sir,
Go but before me to this dismal Cave

Where

Where this huge Giant *Barbaroso* dwells,
And by that virtue that brave *Rosiclere*,
That damned brood of ugly Giants slew,
And *Palmer in Frannarco* overthrew:
I doubt not but to curb this Traytor foul,
And to the Devil send his guilty Soul.

Host. Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
This your request, I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome Place, inhabited
By a more loathsome Man: But dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and
Page. [Exeunt.

Wife. *George*, dost think *Ralph* will confound the Giant?

Cit. I hold my Cap to a farthing he does: Why *Nell*, I
saw him Wrestle with the great *Dutchman*, and hurl him.

Wife. Faith and that *Dutchman* was a goodly Man, if all
things were answerable to his Bigness: And yet they say
there was a *Scottishman* higher than he, and that they
two and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing:
but of all the Sights that ever were in *London*, since I was
Married, methinks the little Child that was so fair grown
about the Members was the prettiest, that and the *Hermaphrodite*.

Cit. Nay, by your leave *Nel*, *Ninivie* was better.

Wife. *Ninivie*, O that was the Story of *Joan* and the
Wall, was it not *George*?

Cit. Yes Lamb.

Enter *Mistress Merry-thought*.

Wife. Look *George*, here comes *Mistress Merry-thought*
again, and I would have *Ralph* come and fight with the
Giant, I tell you true I long to see't.

Cit. Good *Mistress Merry-thought* be gone, I pray you
for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall have
Audience presently, I have a little Business.

Wife. *Mistress Merry-thought*, if it please you to refrain
your Passion a little, till *Ralph* have dispatcht the Giant
out of the way, we shall think our selves much bound to
thank you: I thank you good *Mistress Merry-thought*.

[Exit *Mistress Merry-thought*.

Enter

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither, send away *Ralph* and this Whoreson Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith, Sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost Mony, you will not suffer us to go on with our Plots; I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your Hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy Hand *George*, do, and I'll kiss him, I warrant thee the Youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll send him to you presently. [Exit Boy.]

Wife. I thank you little Youth; feth the Child hath a sweet Breath *George*, but I think it be troubled with the Worms, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mare's Milk were the only thing in the World for't. O *Ralph's* here, *George*; God send thee good luck *Ralph*.

Enter Ralph, Host, Squire and Dwarf.

Host. Puissant Knight, yonder his Mansion is, Lo, where the Spear and Copper Bason are, Behold the String on which hangs many a Tooth, Drawn from the gentle Jaw of wandring Knights, I dare not stay to sound, he will appear. [Exit Host.]

Ralph. O faint not Heart: *Susan* my Lady dear, The Cobler's Maid in *Milk-Street*, for whose sake I take these Arms, O let the Thought of thee Carry thy Knight through all adventurous Deeds, And in the Honour of thy beauteous self, May I destroy this Monster *Barbaroso*; Knock Squire upon the Bason 'till it break With the shrill Strokes, or 'till the Giant speak.

Enter Barbaroso.

Wife. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Ralph* for thy Life.

Bar. What fond unknowing Wight is this, that dares, So rudely knock at *Barbarossa's* Cell, Where no Man comes, but leaves his Fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traiterous Caitiff, who am sent by Fate To punish all the sad Enormities

Thou

Thou hast committed against Ladies gentle,
And Errant Knights, Traitor to God and Men:
Prepare thy self, this is the dismal Hour
Appointed for thee to give strict Account
Of all thy beastly treacherous Villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy Knight, full soon thou shalt aby
This fond Reproach, thy Body will I bang,
[*He takes down his Pole.*

And loe upon that String thy Teeth shall hang;
Prepare thy self, for dead soon shalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint George for me. [They fight.

Bar. Gargantua for me.

Wife. To him *Ralph*, to him, hold up the Giant, set out
thy Leg before, *Ralph*.

Cit. Falsifie a Blow *Ralph*, falsifie a Blow, the Giant
lyes open on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off still; there Boy; O *Ralph's*
almost down, *Ralph's* almost down.

Ralph. *Susan* inspire me, now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, so *Ralph*, down with
him, down with him *Ralph*.

Cit. Fetch him over the Hip, Boy.

Wife. There Boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Ralph*.

Cit. No *Ralph*, get all out of him first.

Ralph. Presumptuous Man, see to what desperate End
Thy Treachery hath brought thee; the just Gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the Villanies which thou hast done
To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home,
By my stiff Arm, a Knight adventurous.

But say, vile Wretch, before I send thy Soul
To sad *Avernus*, whither it must go,

What Captives holdst thou in thy sable Cave?

Bar. Go in and free them all, thou hast the Day.

Ralph. Go Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadful
And free the wretched Prisoners from their Bonds. (Cave,
[*Exe. Squire and Dwarf.*

Bar. I crave for Mercy as thou art a Knight,
And scorn'st to spill the Blood of those that beg.

Ralph.

Ralph. Thou shewest no mercy, nor shalt thou have any,
Prepare thy self, for thou shalt surely dye.

Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Basen under his Chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one Prisoner,
Whom this wild Man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the wisest word I hear the Squire speak.

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,
That I may give him condign Punishment.

1 Knight. I am a Knight that took my Journey Post
Northward from *London*, and in courteous wise,
This Gyant train'd me to his Den,
Under pretence of killing of the Itch,
And all my Body with a Powder strew'd,
That smarts and stings, and cut away my Beard,
And my curl'd Locks wherein were Ribands ty'd,
And with a water washt my tender Eyes,
Whilst up and down about me still he skipt,
Whose virtue is, that 'till my Eyes be wip'd
With a dry Cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a Dog i'th' Face.

Wife. Alas poor Knight, relieve him *Ralph*, relieve poor
Knights whilst you live.

Ralph. My trusty Squire convey him to the Town,
Where he may find relief; adieu fair Knight. [*Ex. Knight.*]

Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o'er his Nose.

Dwarf. Puissant Knight of the *Burning Pestle* height,
See here another Wretch, whom this foul Beast
Hath scorch'd and scor'd in this inhuman wise.

Ralph. Speak me thy Name, and eke thy place of Birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this Cave.

2 Knight. I am a Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* is my Name,
And by my Birth I am a *Londoner*,
Free by my Copy, but my Ancestors
Were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting Horse, my Bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary Limbs,
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious Fiend,
With sharpest Instrument of purest Steel,
Did cut the Gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this Velvet Plaster stands
Relieve me, gentle Knight, out of his Hands.

Wife.

Wife. Good *Ralph* relieve Sir *Pockhole*, and send him away, for in truth his Breath stinks.

Ralph. Convey him straight after the other Knight: Sir *Pockhole* fare you well.

3 Knight. Kind Sir, good Night.

[*Exit.*

[*Cries within.*

Man. Deliver us. *Wom.* Deliver us.

Wife. Harke *George*, what a woful cry there is, I think some Woman lies in there. *Man.* Deliver us.

Wom. Deliver us.

Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? speak *Barbarosi*, Or by this blazing Steel thy Head goes off.

Barb. Prisoners of mine, whom I in Diet keep, Send lower down into the Cave, And in a Tub that's heated smacking hot, There may they find them, and deliver them.

Ralph. Run Squire and Dwarf, deliver them with speed.

[*Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.*

Wife. But will not *Ralph* kill this Giant, surely I am afraid if he let him go he will do as much hurt as ever he did.

Cit. Not so Mouse neither, if he could convert him.

Wife. Ay, *George*, if he could convert him; but a Giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary People. There's a pretty Tale of a Witch, that had the Devil's mark about her, God bless us, that had a Giant to her Son, that was call'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didn't never hear it *George*?

Enter Squire leading a Man with a glass of Lotion in his Hand, and the Dwarf leading a Woman, with Dyet-bread and Drink.

Cit. Peace, *Nell*, here comes the Prisoners.

Dwarf. Here be these pined Wretches, manful Knight, That for these six Weeks have not seen a Wight.

Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came To this sad Cave, and what your Usage was?

Man. I am an Errant Knight that followed Arms, With Spear and Shield, and in my tender Years I stricken was with *Cupid's* fiery Shaft, And fell in Love with this my Lady dear, And stole her from her Friends in *Turnball-street*,

And bore her up and down from Town to Town,
Where we did Eat and Drink and Musick here;
Till at the length at this unhappy Town
We did arrive, and coming to this Cave,
This Beast us caught, and put us in a Tub,
Where we this two Months sweat, and should have done
Another Month if you had not relieved us.

Wom. This Bread and Water hath our Diet been,
Together with a Rib cut from a Neck
Of burned Mutton; hard hath been our fare,
Release us from this ugly Giant's snare.

Man. This hath been half the Food we have receiv'd,
But only twice a day for novelty,
He gave a Spoonful of his hearty Broth [*Pulls out a Siringe.*
To each of us, through this same tender Quill.

Ralph. From this infernal Monster you shall go,
That useth Knights and gentle Ladies so.

Convey them hence. [*Exeunt Man and Woman.*

Cit. Cunny, I can tell thee the Gentlemen like *Ralph.*

Wife. Ay *George*, I see it well enough. Gentlemen, I
thank you all heartily for gracing my Man *Ralph*, and I
promise you, you shall see him oftner.

Bar. Mercy, great Knight, I do recant my Ill,
And henceforth never gentle Blood will spill.

Ralph. I give thee Mercy, but yet thou shalt swear
Upon my Burning Pestle to perform
Thy promise utter'd.

Bar. I swear and kiss.

Ralph. Depart then and amend.

Come Squire and Dwarf, the Sun grows towards his set,
And we have many more Adventures yet. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Now *Ralph* is in this humour, I know he would ha'
beaten all the Boys in the House, if they had been set on
him.

Wife. Ay, *George*, but it is well as it is: I warrant you
the Gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a Gy-
ant: but look, *George*, here comes Mistress *Merry-thought*,
and her Son *Michael*; now you are welcome Mistress
Merry-thought, now *Ralph* has done you may go on.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought and Michael.

Mist. Mer. *Micke*, my Boy?

Mich.

Nich. Ay forsooth Mother.

Mist. Mer. Bemerry *Micke*, we are at home now, where I warrant you, you shall find the House flung out of the Windows: Hark; hey Dogs, hey, this is the old World ifaith with my Husband: I'll get in among them, I'll play them such lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again. Why Master *Merry-thought*, Husband, *Charles Merry-thought*.

Old Mer. within. If you will Sing, and Dance, and Laugh, and Hollow, and Laugh again; and then cry There Boys, there: why then, One, two, three, and four, We shall be merry within this hour.

Mist. Mer. Why *Charles*, do you not know your own natural Wife? I say open the Door, and turn me out those mangy Companions; 'tis more than time that they were Fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman *Charles*, and an old Man, and Father of two Children; and I my self, (though I say it) by my Mother's side, Niece to a Worshipful Gentleman, and a Conductor, he has been three times in his Majesty's Service at *Chester*, and is now the fourth time, God blefs him, and his charge upon his journey.

Old Mer. Go from my Window, Love go:
Go from my Window, my Dear,
The Wind and the Rain will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you Mistress *Merry-thought*, you that walk upon Adventures, and forsake your Husband, because he sings with never a Penny in his Purse; what, shall I think my self the worse? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not here, here's none but Lads of mettle, lives of a hundred Years, and upwards, care never drunk their Bloods, nor want made them warble.

Hey-ho, my Heart is heavy.

Mist. Mer. Why Master *Merry-thought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your Fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you, *Charles*? look upon

thine own Image, hard-hearted Man; and yet for all this——

Old Mer. within. Begon, begon my Juggy, my Puggy, begon my Love, my Dear:

The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm, thou canst not be lodged here.

Be merry Boys, some light Musick, and more Wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, Sweetheart?

Wife. Marry if he be, *George*, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ignorant old Man, to use his Bed-fellow so scurvily.

Cit. What, how does he use her Honey?

Wife. Marry come up sir Sauce-box, I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you grown: you are a fine Man an you had a fine Dog, it becomes you sweetly.

Cit. Nay, prithee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honest Man, and a true Christian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then *George*, you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities. D'ye hear Master *Merry-thought*, may I crave a word with you?

Old Mer. within. Strike up lively Lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Master *Merry-thought*, that a Man of your Age and Discretion, as I may say, being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his Wife: for your Wife is your own Flesh, the staff of your Age, your Yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory World: Nay, she's your own Rib. And again——

Old Mer. I come not hither for thee to teach, I have no Pulpit for thee to preach, I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the Breech, As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife. Marry with a vengeance, I am heartily sorry for the poor Gentlewoman: but if I were thy Wife, i'faith gray Beard, i'faith——

Cit. I prithee sweet Hony-suckle, be content.

Wife.

Wife. Give me such Words that am a Gentlewoman Born, hang him hoary Rascal. Get me some drink *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: Now beshrew his Knaves Heart for it.

Old Mer. Play me a light *Lavalto*: Come, be frolick, fill the good Fellows Wine.

Mist. Mer. Why Master *Merry-thought*, are you disposed to make me wait here: You'll open I hope, I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Old Mer. Good Woman, if you will Sing, I'll give you something, if not——

S O N G.

*You are no Love for me Marget, I am no Love for you.
Come aloft Boys, aloft.*

Mist. Mer. Now a Churles fart in your Teeth Sir: Come *Mick*, we'll not trouble him, a shall not ding us ith' Teeth with his Bread and his Broth, that he shall not: Come Boy, I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: We'll go to Master *Venterwels* the Merchant, I'll get his Letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'll place thee with the Tapster, will not that do well for thee *Mick*? And let me alone for that old Cuckoldy Knave your Father, I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye.

Wife. Come *George*, where's the Beer?

Cit. Here Love.

Wife. This old fornicating Fellow will not out of my Mind yet; Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all, I desire more of your Acquaintance, with all my Heart. Fill the Gentlemen some Beer, *George*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Boy Danceth.

Wife. LOOK *George*, the little Boy's come again, methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long Stocking, if he had a little harness about his

his Neck. *George*, I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine Jig, I'll assure you Gentlemen: Begin Brother, now a Capers sweet Heart, now a turn a th'toe, and then tumble: Cannot you tumble, Youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth.

Wife. Nor eat Fire? *Boy*. Neither.

Wife. Why then I thank you heartily, there's two Pence to buy you Points withal.

Enter Jasper and Boy

Jasp. There Boy, deliver this: But do it well. Hast thou provided me four Lusty Fellows, Able to carry me? And art thou perfect In all thy Business? *Boy*. Sir you need not fear, I have my Lesson here, and cannot miss it: The Men are ready for you, and what else Pertains to this Imployment. *Jasp*. There my Boy, Take it, but buy no Land. *Boy*. Faith Sir 'twere rare To see so young a Purchaser: I flie, And on my Wings carry your Destiny. [Exit.

Jasp. Go, and be happy: Now my latest hope Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out, And let it hold: Stand, fix thou rolling Stone, Till I enjoy my dearest: Hear me all You Powers that rule in Men Celestial. [Exit.

Wife. Go thy ways, thou art as crooked a Sprig as ever grew in *London*, I warrant him he'll come to some naughty end or other; for his Looks say no less: Besides, his Father (you know, *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take me up like a Gill flint. and sing bawdy Songs upon me: But I'faith if I live, *George* —

Cit. Let me alone Sweet-heart, I have a trick in my Head shall lodge him in the Arches for one Year, and make him sing *Peccavi*, e'er I leave him, and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good *George*, do.

Cit. What shall we have *Ralph* do now, Boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will, Sir.

Cit. Why so Sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of *Persia* come and Christen him a Child.

Boy.

Boy. Believe me Sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it has been had before at the *Red Bull*.

Wife. *George*, let *Ralph* Travel over great Hills, and let him be weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia*'s House, covered with Velvet, and there let the King's Daughter stand in her Window all in beaten Gold, combing her Golden Locks with a Comb of Ivory, and let her spy *Ralph*, and fall in Love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her Father's House, and then let *Ralph* talk with her.

Cit. Well said *Nell*, it shall be so : Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together : But we cannot present a House covered with black Velvet, and a Lady in beaten Gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a *Grocer*'s Prentice to court a King's Daughter.

Cit. Will it so Sir ? You are well read in Histories : I pray you what was Sir *Dagonet* ? Was not he Prentice to a Grocer in *London* ? Read the Play of the *Four Prentices of London*, where they toss their Pikes so : I pray you fetch him in Sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault, Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings I warrant thee *George*. O here they come ; how prettily the King of *Cracovia*'s Daughter is drest.

Enter Ralph and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.

Cit. Ay, *Nell*, it is the fashion of that Country, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome Sir Knight unto my Father's Court, King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona*

His Daughter dear : But sure you do not like

Your entertainment, that will stay with us

No longer but a Night. *Ralph.* Damsel right fair,

I'm on many sad Adventures bound,

That call me forth into the Wilderness:

Besides, my Horse's Back is something gal'd,

D 4

Which

Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks, fair Lady, be to you,
For using errant Knight with courtesie.

Lady. But say, brave Knight, what is your Name and Birth?

Ralph. My Name is *Ralph*, I am an *Englishman*,
As true as Steel, a hearty *Englishman*,
And Prentice to a Grocer in the *Strand*,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But fortune calling me to follow Arms,
On me this holy Order I did take,
Of *Burning Pestle*, which in all Mens Eyes,
I bear, confounding Ladies Enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave Countrymen,
And fertile Soil, and store of wholesome Food;
My Father oft will tell me of a drink
In *England* found, and *Nipitato* call'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your Hearts.

Ralph. Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your Lips
To better *Nipitato* than there is.

Lady. And of a Wild-fowl he will often speak,
Which Powdered Beef and Mustard called is:
For there have been great Wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly *Ralph*, it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Ralph*, could you contented be,
To wear a Lady's Favor in your Shield?

Ralph. I am a Knight of Religious Order,
And will not wear a Favor of a Ladies
That trusts in *Antichrist*, and false traditions.

Cit. Well said *Ralph*, convert her if thou canst.

Ralph. Besides, I have a Lady of my own
In merry *England*; for whose virtuous sake
I took these Arms, and *Susan* is her Name,
A Coblers Maid in *Milkstreet*, whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake, whilst Life and Pestle last.

Lady. Happy that Cobling Dame, who e'er she be,
That for her own (dear *Ralph*) hath gotten thee..
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the Day
To see thee more, that bear'st my Heart away.

Ralph.

Ralph. Lady farewell, I must needs take my leave.

Lady. Hard-hearted *Ralph*, that Ladies dost deceive.

Cit. Hark thee *Ralph*, there's Mony for thee; give something in the King of *Cracovia*'s House, be not be-holding to him.

Ralph. Lady before I go, I must remember
Your Father's Officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy snowy Hand thou princely Maid,
There's twelve Pence for your Father's Chamberlain.
And another Shilling for his Cook,
For by my troth the Goose was roasted well.
And twelve Pence for your Father's Horse-keeper,
For nointing my Horse Back, and for his Butter,
There is another Shilling to the Maid
That wash'd my Boot-hole, there's an *English* Groat,
And two Pence to the Boy that wip'd my Boots.
And last, fair Lady, there is for your self
Three pence to buy you Pins at *Bumbo* Fair.

Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe
Till all the Heads be off, for thy sake *Ralph*.

Ralph. Advance my Squire and Dwarf, I cannot stay.

Lady. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away.

[*Exeunt.*

Wife. I commend *Ralph* yet, that he will not stoop to
a *Cracovian*, there's properer Women in *London* than any
are there, I wils. But here comes Master *Humphrey*, and
his Love again, now *George*.

Cit. Ay Cunny, Peace.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, Luce, and Boy.

Merch. Go get you up, I will not be intreated.
And Gossip mine I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again, with Boys and Unthrifts;
Come they are Womens tears, I know your Fashion.
Go Sirrah, lock her in, and keep the Key [*Exit Luce and*
Safe as your Life. Now my Son *Humphrey*, (*Boy.*
You may both rest assured of my Love
In this, and reap your own Desire. (*Daughter,*

Humph. I see this Love you speak of, through your
Although the hole be little, and hereafter

Will

Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian, and a Gentleman.

Merch. I do believe you (my good Son) and thank you.
For 'twere an impudence to think you flattered.

Humph. It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,
I have been beaten twice about the lye. (ter

Merch. Well Son, no more of Complement, my Daugh-
Is yours again, appoint the time and take her.

We'll have no stealing for it, I my self
And some few of our Friends will see you married.

Humph. I would you would i'faith, for be it known
I ever was afraid to lye alone.

Merch. Some three Days hence then.

Humph. Three Days, let me see,
'Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,
Because I mean against the pointed Day,
To visit all my Friends in new Array.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speak
with your Worship. *Mer.* What is she?

Ser. Sir, I askt her not.

Mer. Bid her come in.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought, and Michael.

Mist. Mer. Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poor
Suitor to you Sir, in the behalf of this Child.

Merch. Are you not Wife to *Merry-thought*?

Mist. Mer. Yes truly, would I had ne'er seen his Eyes,
he has undone me and himself, and his Children, and there
he lives at home and sings, and hoits, and revels among
his drunken Companions, but I warrant you, where to
get a penny to put Bread in his Mouth, he knows not:
And therefore if it like your Worship, I would intreat
your Letter to the honest Host of the *Bell in Waltham*,
that I may place my Child under the protection of his
Tapster, in some settled course of Life.

Mer. I'm glad the Heav'ns have heard my Prayers: Thy
Husband,

When I was ripe in Sorrows, laught at me,
Thy Son, like an unthankful Wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To shew his love again, first stole my Daughter:

Then

Then wrong'd this Gentleman, and last of all
Gave me that Grief, had almost brought me down
Unto my Grave, had not a stronger Hand
Reliev'd my Sorrows; go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied, for here I profess
An everlasting hate to all thy Name.

Mist. Mer. Will you so Sir, how say you by that? Come
Micke, let him keep his Wind to cool his Pottage, we'll go
to thy Nurses, *Micke*, she knits silk Stockings Boy, and
we'll knit too Boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

[*Exeunt Michael and Mother.*]

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Master of this House.

Merch. How then Boy?

Boy. Then to your self, Sir, comes this Letter.

Merch. From whom, my pretty Boy?

Boy. From him that was your Servant, but no more
Shall that Name ever be, for he is Dead,
Grief of your purchas'd Anger broke his Heart;
I saw him die, and from his Hand receiv'd
This Paper, with a charge to bring it hither,
Read it, and satisfie your self in all.

L E T T E R.

Merch. **S**IR, that I have wronged your Love I must confess,
in which I have purchas'd to my self, besides
mine own undoing, the ill Opinion of my Friends; let not your
Anger, good Sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in Peace
with your forgiveness; let my Body (if a dying Man may so
much prevail with you) be brought to your Daughter, that
she may know my hot Flames are now buried, and withal
receive a testimony of the Zeal I bore her Virtue: Farewel
for ever, and be ever happy. *Jasper.*

God's hand is great in this, I do forgive him,
Yet am I glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again: Boy bring the body,
And let him have his Will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without Sir. *Mer.* So Sir, if you please
You may conduct it in, I do not fear it.

Humph. I'll be your Usher Boy, for though I say it,
He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Luce alone.

Luce. If there be any Punishment inflicted
 Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
 Let it together seize me, and at once
 Press down my Soul, I cannot bear the Pain
 Of these delaying Tortures: Thou that art
 The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
 Come, come, oh Death, bring me to thy peace,
 And blot out all the memory I nourish
 Both of Father and my cruel Friend;
 O wretched Maid still living to be wretched,
 To be a prey to Fortune in her Changes,
 And grow to number Times and Woes together.
 How happy had I been, if being Born
 My Grave had been my Cradle?

Enter Servant.

Ser. By your leave
 Young Mistress, here's a Boy hath brought a Coffin,
 What a would say I know not: But your Father
 Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jasper in it.

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Fair Mistress, let me not add greater Grief
 To that great store you have already; *Jasper,*
 That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,
 And here inclos'd, commanded me to bring
 His Body hither, and to crave a Tear
 From those fair Eyes, though he deserve not Pity,
 To deck his Funeral, for so he bid me
 Tell her for whom he dy'd. *Luce.* He shall have many.

[Exeunt Coffin-carrier and Boy.]

Good Friends depart a little, whilst I take
 My leave of this dead Man, that once I lov'd:
 Hold, yet a little, Life, and then I give thee
 To thy first Heav'nly Being; O my Friend!
 Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
 I shall not long be after, but believe me,
 Thou wert too cruel *Jasper* 'gainst thy self,
 In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,
 With so untimely Death; thou didst not wrong me,
 But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving;

And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel.
 Didst thou but ask a Tear? I'll give thee all,
 Even all my Eyes can pour down, all my Sighs,
 All my self, before thou goest from me,
 These are but sparing Rites; but if thy Soul
 Be yet about this Place, and can behold
 And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
 It shall go up, born on the Wings of Peace,
 And satisfy'd: First will I sing thy Dirge,
 Then kiss thy pale Lips, and then die my self,
 And fill one Coffin, and one Grave together.

S O N G.

*Come you whose Loves are dead,
 And whilst I sing,
 Weep and wring,
 Every Hand, and every Head,
 Bind with Cypress and sad Ewe,
 Ribbands black, and Candles blue,
 For him that was of Men most true.*

*Come with heavy Mourning,
 And on his Grave
 Let him have
 Sacrifice of Sighs and Groaning,
 Let him have fair Flowers enow,
 White and Purple, Green and Yellow,
 For him that was of Men most true.*

Thou sable Cloth, sad Cover of my Joys,
 I lift thee up, and thus I meet with Death. (Heav'n!

Jasp. And thus you meet the Living. *Luce.* Save me

Jasp. Nay, do not flye me, Fair, I am no Spirit;

Look better on me, do you know me yet?

Luce. O thou dear Shadow of my Friend.

Jasp. Dear Substance,

I swear I am no Shadow; feel my Hand,

It is the same it was, I am your *Jasper*,

Your *Jasper* that's yet living, and yet loving;

Pardon my rash Attempt, my foolish Proof

I put in practice of your Constancy.

For

For sooner should my Sword have drunk my Blood,
 And set my Soul at Liberty, than drawn
 The least Drop from that Body, for which Boldness
 Doom me to any thing; if Death, I take it
 And willingly. *Luce.* This Death I'll give you for it:
 So, now I am satisfy'd; you are no Spirit,
 But my own truest, truest, truest Friend,
 Why do you come thus to me?

Fasp. First, to see you,
 Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be,
 For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all Hours,
 That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

Fasp. Nothing more possible, within this Coffin
 Do you convey your self; let me alone,
 I have the Wits of twenty Men about me,
 Only I crave the Shelter of your Closet
 A little, and then fear me not; creep in
 That they may presently convey you hence:
 Fear nothing dearest Love, I'll be your second,
 Lye close, so, all goes well yet; Boy.

Boy. At hand, Sir.

Fasp. Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

Fasp. Now must I go conjure.

[*Exit.*

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, Boy.

Boy. Your Servant, Sir.

Merch. Do me this Kindness, Boy; hold here's a
 Crown: before thou bury the Body of this Fellow, car-
 ry it to his old merry Father, and salute him from me,
 and bid him sing, he hath Cause.

Boy. I will, Sir.

Merch. And then bring me Word what Tune he is in,
 and have another Crown; but do it truly.

I have fitted him a Bargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God bless your Worship's Health, Sir.

Merch. Farewel, Boy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Master Merry-thought.

Wife. Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there again? Let's
 hear some of thy Songs. Old Mer.

Old Mer. *Who can sing a merrier Note
Than he that cannot change a Groat?*

Not a Dinner left, and yet my Heart leaps; I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any Man will follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the Streets: My Wife and both my Sons are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by Meat to Supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall find it upon the Table at six a Clock; therefore hang Thought. I would not be a Servingman to carry the the Cloak-Bag still,

Nor would I be a Faulconer the greedy Hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good House, and have a good Master too;

But I would eat and drink of the best, and no Work would I do.

This is that keeps Life and Soul together, Mirth: This is the Philosophers Stone that they write so much on, that keeps a Man ever young.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your Mony is gone, and they will trust you for no more Drink.

Old Mer. Will they not? Let 'em chuse: The best is I have Mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their Drink to themselves.

For *Fillian* of *Berry*, she dwells on a Hill,

And she hath good Beer and Ale to sell,

And of good Fellows she thinks no Ill,

And thither will we go now, now, now, and thither Will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,

You need not know what is to pay,

But kiss your Hostess, and go your way. And thither, &c.

Enter another Boy.

2 Boy. Sir, I can get no Bread for Supper.

Old Mer. Hang Bread and Supper, let's preserve our Mirth, and we shall never feel Hunger, I'll warrant you; let's have a Catch, Boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

Ho, ho, no Body at home, Meat, nor Drink, nor Mony have we

Fill the Pot Eedy, never more need I.

(none;

Old Mer.

Old Mer. So Boys, enough, follow me, let's change our Place, and we shall laugh afresh. [Exeunt.]

Wife. Let him go, *George*, a shall not have any Countenance from us, not a good Word from any i'th' Company, if I may strike Stroak in't.

Cit. No more a shannot, Love; but *Nell*, I will have *Ralph* do a very notable Matter now, to the eternal Honour and Glory of all Grocers; Sirrah, you there, Boy, can none of you hear?

Boy. Sir, your Pleasure.

Cit. Let *Ralph* come out on *May Day* in the Morning, and speak upon a Conduit with all his Scarfs about him, and his Feathers, and his Rings, and his Knacks.

Boy. Why, Sir, you do not think of our Plot, what will become of that then?

Cit. Why, Sir, I care not what become on't. I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out my self, I'll have something done in Honour of the City; besides he hath been long enough upon Adventures; bring him out quickly, for I come amongst you —

Boy. Well, Sir, he shall come out, but if our Play miscarry, Sir, you are like to pay for't. [Exit.]

Cit. Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be brave i'faith: *George*, shall not he dance the Morrice too for the Credit of the Strand?

Cit. No, Sweet-heart, it will be too much for the Boy. O there he is, *Nell*, he's reasonable well in R apparel, but he has not Rings enough.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. London, to thee I do present the merry Month of May,

*Let each true Subject be content to hear me what I say:
For from the Top of Conduit Head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my Name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My Name is Ralph, by due descent, though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the Flock of gracious Grocery.*

*And by the Common-counsel of my Fellows in the Strand,
With gilded Staff, and crossed Scarf, the May-Lord here I
stand.*

Rejoyce

Rejoyce O English Hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce O Lovers dear;
Rejoyce O City, Town, and Country, rejoyce eke every
Shire;

For now the flagrant Flowers do spring and sprout in semely
sort,

The little Birds do sit and Sing, the Lambs do make fine
sport, (Boy cry,

And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that makes the School

The Morrice rings while Hobby Horse doth foot it featuously:

The Lords and Ladies now abroad, for their Disport and
Play,

Do Kifs sometimes upon the Grass, and sometimes in the
Hay.

Now Butter with a leaf of Sage is good to purge the Blood,

Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.

Now little Fish on tender Stone begin to cast their Bellies,

And sluggish Snails, that erst were mute, do creep out of
their Shellies.

The rumbling Rivers now do warm for little Boys to paddle,

The sturdy Steed now goes to Grass, and up they hang his
Saddle.

The heavy Hart, the blowing Buck, the Rascal and the
Pricket,

Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leave the fearful
Thicket.

And be like them, O you, I say, of this same noble Town,

And lift aloft your velvet Heads, and slipping of your Gown:

With Bells on Legs, and Napkins clean unto your Shoulders
ty'd, (cry'd:

With Scarfs and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Town

March out and shew your willing Minds, by twenty and
by twenty,

To Hogsdon or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are
plenty.

And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the Youths of
London,

Lay thrumming of our Caps at home, and left our Custome
undone.

Up then I say, both Young and Old, both Man and Maid
a Maying,

V o L. V.

E

With

With Drums and Guns that bounce aloud, and merry Taber playing.

Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Country Peace,

And root out Treason from the Land; and so, my Friends, I cease.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant solus.

Merch. I will have no great store of Company at the Wedding, a couple of Neighbours and their Wives, and we will have a Capon in stewed Broth, with Marrow, and a good piece of Beef, stuck with Rosemary.

Enter Jasper with his Face mealed.

Jasp. Forbear thy pains, fond Man, it is too late.

Merch. Heav'n bless me: *Jasper?*

Jasp. Ay, I am his Ghost,

Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant Love:
Fond worldly Wretch, who dost not understand
In Death that true Hearts cannot parted be.

First know, thy Daughter is quite born away,
On Wings of Angels, through the liquid Air

Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her Face: But she and I

Will in another World enjoy our Loves,

Where neither Father's Anger, Poverty,

Nor any Cross that troubles earthly Men,

Shall make us sever our united Hearts.

And never shalt thou sit, or be alone

In any place, but I will visit thee

With ghastly Looks, and put into thy Mind

The great Offences which thou didst to me.

When thou art at thy Table with thy Friends,

Merry in Heart, and fill'd with swelling Wine,

I'll come in midst of all thy Pride and Mirth,

Invisible to all Men but thy self,

And

And whisper such a sad Tale in thine Ear,
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy Hand,
And stand as mute and pale as Death it self.

Merch. Forgive me, *Jasper*; Oh! What might I do,
Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled Ghost?

Jasp. There is no means, too late thou think'st on this.

Merch. But tell me what were best for me to do?

Jasp. Repent thy Deed, and satisfy my Father,
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy Doors. [*Exit Jasper.*
Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Look *George*, his very Ghost would have folks
beaten.

Humph. Father, my Bride is gone, fair Mistress *Luce*,
My Soul's the font of Vengeance, mischiefs Sluce.

Merch. Hence Fool out of my sight, with thy fond Pas-
Thou hast undone me. (sion,

Humph. Hold my Father dear,
For *Luce* thy Daughter's sake, that had no Peer.

Merch. Thy Father, Fool? There's some blows more,
be gone.

Jasper, I hope thy Ghost be well appeased,
To see thy Will perform'd, now I'll go
To satisfy thy Father for thy Wrongs. [*Exit.*

Humph. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And Mistress *Luce* is gone? Help me Device:
Since my True-love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the Sky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my Shoo-soles
In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church under *Paul's*. [*Exit.*

Wife. *George* call *Ralph* hither, if you love me call *Ralph*
hither, I have the bravest thing for him to do *George*, pre-
thee call him quickly

Cir. *Ralph*, why *Ralph*, Boy.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here, Sir.

Cir. Come hither *Ralph*, come to thy Mistress, Boy.

Wife. *Ralph* I would have thee call all the Youths to-
gether in Battle-ray, with Drums, and Guns, and Flags,
and march to *Mile-end* in pompous Fashion, and there ex-
hort your Soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep
their

their Beards from burning, *Ralph*; and then skirmish, and let your Flags fly, and cry, kill, kill, kill: My Husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Ralph*, and there's a Scarfe; for he rest, the House shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't: do it bravely *Ralph*, and think before whom you perform, and what Person you represent.

Ralph. I warrant you Mistress, if I do it not, for the honour of the City, and the credit of my Master, let me never hope for freedom.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken i'faith; go thy ways, thou art a Spark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, double your Files bravely *Ralph*.

Ralph. I warrant you, Sir.

[*Exit Ralph*.]

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his Service, I shall take him else; I was there my self a Pike-man once, in the hottest of the Day, Wench, had my Feather shot shear away, the fringe of my Pike burnt off with Powder, my Pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet I thank God I am here.

[*Drum within*.]

Wife. Hark *George*, the Drums.

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran tan: Oh Wench an thou hadst but seen little *Ned* of *Aldgate*, drum *Ned*, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a Tyrant, and then struck softly till the Ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go: Sa, fa, fa, bounce quoth the Guns; courage my Hearts, quoth the Captains: Saint *George*, quoth the Pike-men; and withal here they lay, and there they lay: And yet for all this I am here Wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it *George*, for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Ralph and his Company with Drums and Colours.

Ralph. March fair my Hearts; Lieutenant, beat the Rear up: Ancient, let your Colours fly; but have a great care of the Butchers Hooks at *White-Chappel*, they have been the Death of many a fair Ancient. Open your Files, that I may take a view both of your Persons and Munition: Serjeant, call a Muster.

Serj. A stand, *William Hamerton* Pewterer.

Ham. Here Captain.

Ralph. A Corslet and a *Spanish* Pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a Terror?

Ham.

Ham. I hope so, Captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me, 'tis with the weakest : Put more strength *William Hamerton*, more strength : As you were again ; proceed Serjeant.

Serj. George Green-goose, Poulterer.

Green. Here.

Ralph. Let me see your Peice Neighbour *Green-goose*, when was she shot in ?

Green. And like you Master Captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her Breath is yet inflamed : Besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh ; and I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the Pox in the Army ; Get you a Feather, Neighbour, get you a Feather, Sweet Oil and Paper, and your Peice may do well enough yet. Where's your Powder ?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a Paper ? As I am a Soldier and a Gentleman, it craves a Martial Court : You ought to die for't. Where's your Horn ? Answer me to that.

Green. An't like you Sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not it should be so ; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our Neighbours, being a Man of Worth and Estimation, to leave your Horn behind you : I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't ; stand till I view you all. What's become o'th' Nose of your Flask ?

1 Sold. Indeed law Captain, 'twas blown away with Powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the Cities Charge. Where's the Stone of this Peice ?

2 Sold. The Drummer took it out to light Tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault my Friend, put it in again : You want a Nose, and you a Stone ; Serjeant, take a Note on't, for I mean to stop it in the Pay. Remove and march, soft and fair Gentlemen ; soft and fair : double and files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the sodden Face, keep in there : Look to your Match Sirrah, it will be in your Fellows Flask anon. So make a Crescent now, advance your Pikes,

stand and give ear, Gentlemen, Country-men, Friends, and my fellow-Soldiers, I have brought you this Day from the Shop of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out in these furious Fields, Honour by the Ell, and Prowess by the Pound: Let it not, O let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble Issue of this City fainted; but bear your selves in this fair action, like Men, valiant Men, and free Men: Fear not the Face of the Enemy, nor the noise of the Guns; for believe me Brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewer's Carr is more terrible, of which you have a daily Experience: Neither let the stink of Powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you. To a resolved Mind, his home is every where: I speak not this to take away the hope of your return; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving Wives again, and your sweet Children, whose care doth bear you company in Baskets. Remember then whose Cause you have in hand, and like a sort of true-born Scavengers, scour me this famous Realm of Enemies. I have no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings Lads, and shew to the World, you can as well brandish a Sword, as shake an Apron. Saint George, and on my Hearts.

Omnes. Saint George, Saint George.

[*Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done *Ralph*, I'll send thee a cold Capon a field, and a Bottle of *March-Beer*; and, it may be, come my self to see thee.

Cit. Nell, the Boy hath deceiv'd me much, I did not think it had been in him? He has perform'd such a matter Wench, that if I live, next Year I'll have him Captain of the *Galliffoist*, or I'll want my Will.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. Yet I thank God, I break not a Wrinkle more than I had, not a stoop Boys? *Care* live with Cats, I defie thee, my Heart is as sound as an Oak; and tho' I want Drink to wet my whistle, I can sing.

Come no more there Boys, come no more there:

For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there.

Enter

Burning Pestle.

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Enter a Boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you Sir.

Old Mer. It's a brave Boy : Can'st thou sing ? (time.

Boy. Yes Sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this

Old Mer. Sing we, and chaunt it, whilst love doth grant it. }

Boy. Sir, Sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing. (fought,

Old Mer. Oh the Mimon round, full long I have thee
And now I have thee found, and what hast thou here brought ?

Boy. A Coffin, Sir, and your dead Son *Jasper* in it.

Old Mer. Dead ? Why farewell he :

Thou wast a bonny Boy, and I did love thee.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Then I pray you Sir, do so still.

Old Mer. *Jasper's* Ghost ? Thou art welcome from *Strygian-lake* so soon, (done.

Declare to me what wondrous things in *Pluto's* Court are

Jasp. By my troth Sir, I ne'er came there, 'tis too hot for me Sir.

Old Mer. A merry Ghost, a very merry Ghost.
And where is your true Love ? Oh where is yours ?

Jasp. Marry look you Sir. [*Heaves up the Coffin.*

Old Mer. Ah ha ! Art thou good at that I'faith ?
With hey trixie terlerie-whiskin, the World it runs on
Wheels. }

When the young Man's — up goes the Maiden's Heels.

Mistress Merry-thought and Michael within.

Mist. Mer. What Mr. *Merry-thought*, will you not let's in ? What do you think shall become of us ?

Old Mer. What Voice is that that calleth at our Door ?

Mist. Mer. You know me well enough, I am sure I have not been such a Stranger to you.

Old Mer. And some they whistled, and some they sung,
Hey down, down : And some did loudly say, ever as the Lord
Barnet's Horn blew, *Away Musgrave away.*

Mist. Mer. You will not have us starve here, will you, Master *Merry-thought* ?

Jasp. Nay, good Sir be perswaded, she is my Mother : If her offences have been great against you, let your own Love remember she is yours, and so forgive her.

Luce. Good Master *Merry-thought*, let me intreat you, I will not be denied.

Mist. Mer. Why Master *Merry-thought*, will you be a vext thing still?

Old. Mer. Woman I take you to my love again, but you shall sing before you enter; therefore dispatch your Song, and so come in.

Mist. Mer. Well, you must have your Will when all's done; *Mich.* what Song can'st thou sing, Boy?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but a Lady's Daughter of *Paris* properly.

Mich. Mer. Song. *It was a Lady's Daughter, &c.*

Old Mer. Come, you're welcome home again. If such danger be in playing, and jest must to earnest turn, You shall go no more a Maying.

Merch. within. Are you within, Sir, Master *Merry-thought*?

Jasp. It is my Master's Voice, good Sir, go hold him talk whilst we convey our selves into some inward Room.

Old Mer. What are you? are you merry? you must be very merry if you enter.

Merch. I am, Sir.

Old Merch. Sing then.

Mer. Nay, good Sir open to me.

Old Mer. Sing, I say, or by the merry Heart you come not in.

Merch. Well, Sir, I'll sing.

Fortune my Foe, &c.

Old Merch. You are welcome, Sir, you are welcome: you see your Entertainment, pray you be merry.

Mer. Oh Master *Merry-thought*, I am come to ask you
 For giveness for the wrongs I offered you,
 And your most virtuous Son, they're infinite,
 Yet my contrition shall be more than they.
 I do confess my hardness broke his Heart,
 For which just Heav'n hath given me Punishment
 More than my Age can carry; his wandring Spirit,
 Not yet at rest, pursues me every where,
 Crying, I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.
 My Daughter she is gone, I know not how,

Taken

Taken invifible, and whether living,
Or in Grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
Oh Master *Merry-thought*, thefe are the Weights
Will fink me to my Grave; forgive me, Sir.

Old Mer. Why Sir, I do forgive you, and be merry.
And if the Wag in's Life-time play'd the Knave,
Can you forgive him too?

Merch. With all my Heart, Sir.

Old Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Merch. I do, Sir.

Now by my Soul I do.

Old Mer. With that came out his Paramour,
She was as white as the Lilly Flower,
Hey troul, trolly loly.

Enter Lucy and Jasper.

With that came out her own dear Knight,
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their Hands together,
there's no more to be faid i'th' matter.

Merch. I do, I do.

Cit. I do not like this; peace, Boys, hear me one of
you, every Body's part is come to an end but *Ralph's*,
and he's left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of your felf, Sir, we have nothing to
do with his part.

Cit. *Ralph*, come away, make on him as you have done
of the reft Boys, come.

Wife. Now good Husband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He fhall *Nell*; *Ralph*, come away quickly and die, Boy.

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he fhould die, Sir, upon no
occafion, and in a Comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care for that, Sir Boy, is not his
part at an end, think you, when he's dead? come away
Ralph.

Enter Ralph with a forked Arrow through his Head.

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my coftive Corps
Did lap up Figs and Raifons in the *Strand*,
Where fitting I efpy'd a lovely Dame,
Whofe Master wrought with *Lingell* and with *Aul*,
And underground he vampied many a Boot,

Straight

Straight did her Love prick forth me, tender Sprig,
 To follow featsof Arms in warlike wise,
 Through *Waltham* Defart; where I did perform
 Many Atchievements, and did lay on Ground
 Huge *Barbaroso*, that insulting Giant,
 And all his Captives soon set at liberty.
 Then Honour prick'd me from my Native Soil
 Into *Moldavia*, where I gain'd the Love
 Of *Pompiana*, his beloved Daughter;
 But yet prov'd constant to the black Thumm'd Maid
Susan, and scorned *Pompiana's* Love:
 Yet liberal I was, and gave her Pins,
 And Mony for her Father's Officers.
 I then returned home, and thrust my self
 In action, and by all means chosen was
 The Lord of *May*, where I did flourish it,
 With Scarfs and Rings, and Poesie in my Hand:
 After this Action I preferred was,
 And chosen City-Captain at *Mile-end*,
 With Hat and Feather, and with leading Staff,
 And train'd my Men, and brought them all off clear,
 Save one Man that beraid him with the noise.
 But all these things I *Ralph* did undertake,
 Only for my beloved *Susan's* sake.
 Then coming home, and sitting in my Shop
 With Apron blue, Death came unto my Stall
 To cheapen *Aquavita*, but e'er I
 Could take the Bottle down, and fill a taste,
 Death came and caught a Pound of Pepper in his Hand,
 And sprinkled all my Face and Body o'er,
 And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty Fiction i'faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,
 And walked in *Moorfields* to cool my self,
 But there grim cruel Death met me again,
 And shot this forked Arrow through my Head,
 And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,
 My Fellows every one, of forked Heads.
 Farewel all you good Boys in merry *London*,
 Ne'er shall we more upon *Shrove-Tuesday* meet,

And

And pluck down Houses of Iniquity.
My pain increaseth: I shall never more
Hold open, whilst another pumps both Legs,
Nor daub a Sattin Gown with rotten Eggs:
Set up a Stake, oh never more I shall;
Idie, fly, fly my Soul to Grocers Hall. Oh, oh, oh, &c.

Wife. Well said, *Ralph*, do your obeysance to the
Gentlemen, and go your ways, well said *Ralph*.

[*Exit Ralph.*

Old Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpected-
edly reconciled, should not part without a Song.

Merch. A good motion.

Old Mer. Strike up then.

S O N G.

*Better Musick ne'er was known,
Than a Quire of Hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the Gall or Spleen,
Learn of us to keep his Brow
Smooth and plain, as yours are now.
Sing though before the hour of dying,
He shall rise, and then be crying,
Heyho, 'tis nought but Mirth
That keeps the Body from the Earth.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

E P I L O G U S.

Cit. Come *Nell*, shall we go, the Play's done?

Wife. Nay, by my Faith *George*, I have more manners
than so, I'll speak to these Gentlemen first: I thank you
all Gentlemen, for your Patience and Countenance to
Ralph, a poor Fatherless Child, and if I may see you at my
House, it should go hard but I would have a Pottle of
Wine, and a Pipe of Tobacco for you; for truly I hope
you like the Youth, but I would be glad to know the
truth: I refer it to your own Discretions, whether you
will applaud him or no, for I will wink, and whilst you
shall do what you will. I thank you with all my Heart,
God give you good Night; come *George*.

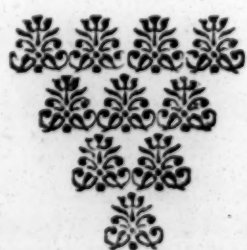


Love's Pilgrimage

Vol. 5 . p. 2337.

L O V E S
PILGRIMAGE.

A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

EXTRA

DEED

1871

PROLOGUE.

TO this Place, Gentlemen, full many a
Day

We have bid ye welcome, and to many a Play:
And those whose angry Souls were not diseas'd
With Law, or lending Mony, we have pleas'd;
And make no doubt to do again. This Night
No mighty Matter, nor no light,
We must intreat you look for: A good Tale,
Told in two Hours, we will not fail,
If we be perfect, to rehearse ye: New
I am sure it is, and handsom; but how true
Let them dispute that write it. Ten to one
We please the Women, and I would know that
Man

Follows not their Example? If ye mean
To know the Play well, travel with the Scene,
For it lyes upon the Road; if we chance tire,
As ye are good Men, leave us not i'th' Mire,
Another Bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary, cry but ho,
And we'll stay for ye. When our Journey ends,
Every Man's Pot I hope, and all part Friends.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Governor of Barcelona.

Leonardo, *a noble Genoese, Father to Mark Antonio.*

Don Zanchio, *an old lame angry Soldier, Father to Leocadia.*

Alphonso, *a choleric Don, Father to Theodosia.*

Philippo, *Son to Alphonso, Lover of Leocadia.*

Marc-Antonio, *Son to Leonardo.*

Pedro, *a Gentleman, and Friend to Leonardo.*

Rodorigo, *General of the Spanish Gallies.*

Incubo, *Bailiff of Castel Bianco.*

Diego, *Host of Ossuna.*

Lazaro, *Hostler to Diego.*

Host of Barcelona.

Bailiff of Barcelona.

Chirurgions.

Soldiers.

Townsmen.

Attendants.

W O M E N.

Theodosia, *Daughter to Alphonso,* } *Love-sick Ladies in*
Leocadia, *Daughter to Don Zanchio,* } *pursuit of M. Anton.*

Eugenia, *Wife to the Governor of Barcelona.*

Hostess, Wife to Diego.

Hostess, Wife to the Host of Barcellona:

S C E N E *Barcelona and the Road.*



Love's Pilgrimage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Incubo the Bailiff, and Diego the Host.

I N C U B O.



Ignior Don *Diego*, and mine Host, save thee.

Die. I thank you, Mr. Bailly.

Inc. O the Block!

Die. Why, how should I have answer'd?

Inc. Not with that (Hands,

Negligent Rudeness: But I kiss your

Signior Don *Incubo de Hambre*, and then
My Titles: Master Bailly of *Castle-Blanco*,
Thou ne'er wilt have the Elegancy of an Host;
I sorrow for thee, as my Friend and Gossip:
No smoak, nor steam out-breathing from the Kitchen?
There's little Life i'th' Hearth then.

Die. Ay, there, there,
That is his Friendship, harkening for the Spit,
And sorrow that he cannot smell the Pot boil.

Inc. Strange
An Inn should be so curst, and not the Sign
Blasted nor withered; very strange, three Days now,
And not an Egg eat in it, nor an Onion. (traps, I,

Die. I think they ha' strew'd the High-ways with Cal-
No Horse dares pass 'em; I did never know
A Week of so sad Doings, since I first
Stood to my Sign Post.

Inc. Gossip, I have found
The Root of all: Kneel, it is thy self

Art cause thereof; each Person is the Founder
Of his own Fortune, good or bad; but mend it,
Call for thy Cloak and Rapier.

Die. How?

Inc. Do, call,

And put 'em on in haste: Alter thy Fortune,
By appearing worthy of her: Dost thou think
Her good Face e'er will know a Man in *cuervo*?
In single Body, thus? In Hose and Doublet,
The Horse-Boy's Garb? Base Blank, and half Blank *cuervo*?
Did I, or Mr. Dean of *Sevil* our Neighbour
E'er reach our Dignities in *cuervo*, think'st thou,
In squirting Hose and Doublet? Signior, no,
There went more to't: There were Cloaks, Gowns,
And other *Paramentos*: Call, I say. (Cassocks,
His Cloak, and Rapier here.

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. What means your Worship?

Inc. Bring forth thy Husband's Sword; so, hang it on,
And now his Cloak, here cast it up; I mean,
Gossip, to change your Luck, and bring you Guests.

Hostess. Why! Is there Charm in this?

Inc. Expect; now walk,

But not the Pace of one that runs on Errands;
For, want of Gravity in an Host, is odious:
You may remember, Gossip, if you please,
(Your Wife being then th' Infanta of the Gipsies,
And your self governing a great Man's Mules then)
Me a poor Squire at *Madrid* attending
A Master of Ceremonies; but a Man, believe it,
That knew his Place to the gold Weight, and such
Have I heard him oft say, ought every Host
Within the Catholick King's Dominion
Be in his own House.

Die. How?

Inc. A Master of Ceremonies;

At least Vice-Master, and to do nought in *cuervo*,
That was his Maxim, I will tell thee of him:
He would not speak with an Ambassador's Cook,
See a cold bake Meat from a foreign Part

In *cuerpo*: Had a Dog but stay'd without,
Or Beast of Quality, as an *English* Cow,
But to present it self, he would put on
His *Savoy* Chain about his Neck, the Ruff
And Cuffs of *Holland*; then the *Naples* Hat
With the *Rome* Hat-band, and the *Florentine* Agat,
The *Milan* Sword, the Cloak of *Genoa* set
With *Flemish* Buttons; all his given Pieces
To entertain 'em in, and Complement [*Knock within.*
With a tame Cony, as with the Prince that sent it.

Die. List, who is there?

Inc. A Guest, and't be thy Will.

Die. Look Spouse, cry Luck, and we be encounter'd, ha?

Hostess. Luck then, and good, for 'tis a fine brave Guest,
With a brave Horse.

Inc. Why now, believe of *Cuerpo*
Enter Theodosia.

As you shall see Occasion; go and meet him.

Theo. Look to my Horse, I pray you, well.

Die. He shall, Sir.

Inc. Oh how beneath his Rank and Call was that now?
Your Horse shall be entreated as becomes
A Horse of Fashion, and his Inches!

Theo. Oh.

Inc. Look to the Cavalier: What ails he? Stay
If it concern his Horse, let it not trouble him,
He shall have all Respect the Place can yield him
Either of Barly, or fresh Straw.

Dio. Good Sir, look up.

Inc. He sinks, somewhat to cast upon him,
He'll go away in *cuerpo* else.

Die. What, Wife!

Oh your hot Waters quickly, and some cold
To cast in his sweet Face.

Hostess. Alas, — fair Flower!

[*Exit.*

Inc. Does any Body entertain this Horse?

Die. Yes, *Lazaro* has him.

Enter Hostess with a Glass of Water.

Inc. Go you see him in Person. [*Exit Diego.*

Hostess. Sir, taste a little of this, of mine own Water,

I did distill't my self; sweet Lilly look upon me,
 You are but newly blown, my pretty Tulip.
 Faint not upon your Stalk, 'tis firm and fresh,
 Stand up so bolt upright, you are yet in growing.

Theo. Pray you let me have a Chamber.

Hostess. That you shall, Sir.

Theo. And where I may be private, I entreat you.

Hostess. For that in troth, Sir, we ha no Choice: Our
 Is but a Vent of need, that now and then (House
 Receives a Guest, between the greater Towns
 As they come late; only one Room.

Inc. She means, Sir, it is none
 Of those wild, scatter'd Heaps, call'd Inns, where scarce
 The Host is heard, though he wind his Horn t'his People,
 Here is a competent Pile, wherein the Man,
 Wife, Servants, all do live within the whistle.

Hostess. Only one Room.

Inc. A pretty modest Quadrangle
 She will describe to you.

Hostess. Wherein stands two Beds, Sir,

Enter Diego.

We have, and where, if any Guest do come,
 He must of Force be lodg'd, that is the truth, Sir.

Theo. But if I pay you for both your Beds, methinks
 That should alike content you.

Hostess. That it shall, Sir.
 If I be paid, I am paid.

Theo. Why, there's a Ducket,
 Will that make your Content?

Hostess. Oh the sweet Face on you:
 A Ducket? Yes, and there were three Beds, Sir,
 And twice so many Rooms, which is one more,
 You should be private in 'em all, in all, Sir;
 No one should have a Piece of a Bed with you,
 Not Master Dean of *Sevil* himself, I swear.
 Though he came naked hither, as once he did,
 When h'had like t'have been ta'en a Bed with the *Moor*,
 And guelt by her Master; you shall be as private,
 As if you lay in's own great House that's haunted,
 Where no Body comes, they say.

Theo.

Theo. I thank you, Hostess.
Pray you, will you shew me in.

Hostess. Yes marry will I, Sir,
And pray that not a Flea, or a chink vex you.

[*Exit Hostess and Theo.*]

Inc. You forget Supper: Gossip, move for Supper.

Die. 'Tis strange what love to a Beast may do, his Horse
Threw him into this fit.

Inc. You shall excuse me,
It was his being in *cuerpo* meerly caus'd it.

Die. Do you think so, Sir?

Inc. Most unlucky *cuerpo*.

Naught else, he looks as he would eat Partridge;
This Guest; ha' you 'em ready in the House?
And a fine piece of Kid now? and fresh Garlick,

Enter Hostess.

With *Sardinia* and *Zant* Oil? How now?
Has he bespoke, what will he have a brace,
Or but one Partridge, or a short leg'd Hen,
Daintily carbonado'd?

Hostess. 'Lafs the dead
May be as ready for a Supper as he.

Inc. Ha?

Hostess. He has no mind to eat, more than his shadow.

Inc. Say you.

Die. How does your Worship?

Inc. I put on

My left Shoe first to day, now I perceive it,
And skipt a Bead in saying 'em o'er, else
I could not be thus cross'd: He cannot be
Above seventeen; one of his Years, and have
No better a Stomach?

Hostess. And in such good Cloaths too. (Wife,

Die. Nay, these do often make the Stomach worse,
That is no reason.

Inc. I cou'd, at his Years, Gossips,
(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten
My brace of Ducks, with my half Goose, my Cony,
And drank my whole twelve *Marvedis* in Wine,
As easie as I now get down three Olives.

Die. And, with your temperance-favour, yet I think
Your Worship would put to't at fix and thirty
For a good Wager; and the Meal in too.

Inc. I do not know what mine old Mouth can do,
I ha not prov'd it lately.

Die. That's the grief, Sir.

Inc. But is he without hope then gone to Bed?

Hostess. I fear so, Sir; h'as lock'd the Door close to him,
Sure he is very ill.

Inc. That is with fasting,
You should ha' told him Gossip, what you had had,
Given him the Inventory of your Kitchen,
It is the Picklock in an Inn, and often
Opens a close barr'd Stomach: What may he be troh?
Has he so good a Horse?

Die. Oh a brave Jennet,
As e'er your Worship saw.

Inc. And he eats?

Die. Strongly.

Inc. A mighty Solecism, Heav'n give me Patience,
What Creatures has he?

Hostess. None.

Inc. And so well cloath'd,
And so well mounted?

Die. That's all my wonder, Sir,
Who he should be; he is attir'd and hors'd
For the Constable's Son of *Spain*.

Inc. My wonder's more
He should want Appetite: Well, a good Night
To both my Gossips; I will for this time
Put off the thought of supping: In the Morning
Remember him of Breakfast pray you.

Hostess. I shall, Sir.

Die. A hungry time, Sir.

Inc. We that live like Mice
On others Meat, must watch when we can get it. [*Ex. Inc.*

Hostess. Yes, but I would not tell him: Our fair Guest
Says, though he eats no Supper he will pay for one.

Die. Good news; we'll eat it Spouse, t' his Health,
'Twas politickly done t' admit no sharers.

Enter

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Look to the Mules there, where's mine Host?

Die. Here, Sir.

Another Fairy?

Hostess. Bless me.

Phi. From what, sweet Hostess?

Are you afraid o' your Guests?

Host. From Angels, Sir,

I think there's none but such come here to Night,
My House had never so good luck afore
For brave fine Guests; and yet the ill luck on't is
I cannot bid you welcome.

Phi. No?

Hostess. Not lodge you, Sir.

Phi. Not, Hostess?

Hostess. No in troth, Sir, I do tell you,
Because you may provide in time: my Beds
Are both ta'en up by a young Cavalier
That will and must be private.

Die. He has paid, Sir, for all our Chambers.

Hostess. Which is one; and Beds,
Which I already ha' told you are two: But, Sir,
So sweet a Creature, I am very sorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like him,
You're both the loveliest pieces.

Phi. What train has he?

Die. None but himself.

Phi. And will no less than both Beds
Serve him?

Hostess. H'as given me a Ducket for 'em.

Phi. Oh,

You give me reason, Hostess: Is he handsome,
And young, do you say?

Hostess. Oh Sir, the delicat'st Flesh
And finest Cloaths withal, and such a Horse,
With such a Saddle.

Phi. She's in love with all,
The Horse, and him, and Saddle, and Cloaths, good Woman,
Thou justifiest thy Sex; lov't all that's brave:

Enter Incubo.

Sure though I lye o'th' ground, I'll stay here now
 And have a sight of him: You'll give me House-room,
 Fire, and fresh Meat, for Mony, gentle Hostess;
 And make me a Pallat?

Inc. Sir, she shall do reason,—

I understood you had another Guest, Gossips,
 Pray you let his Mule be look'd to, have good Straw,
 And store of Bran: And Gossip, do you hear,
 Let him not stay for Supper: What good Fowl ha' you?
 This Gentleman would eat a Pheasant.

Hostess. 'Lass Sir,
 We ha' no such.

Inc. I kiss your Hands, fair Sir.
 What ha' you then? speak what you have? I'm one, Sir,
 Here for the Catholick King, an Officer
 T'enquire what Guests come to these Places; you, Sir,
 Appear a Person of Quality, and 'tis fit
 You be accommodared: Why speak you not,
 What ha' you Woman? are you afraid to vent
 That which you have?

Pbi. This is a most strange Man;
 T'appoint my Meat.

Hostess. The half of a cold Hen, Sir,
 And a boil'd quarter of Kid, is all i'th' House.

Inc. Why all's but cold; let him see it forth,
 Cover, and give the Eye some satisfaction,
 A Traveller's Stomach must see Bread and Salt,
 His Belly is nearer to him than his Kindred:
 Cold Hen's a pretty Meat, Sir.

Pbi. What you please,
 I am resolv'd t'obey.

Inc. So is your Kid,
 With Pepper, Garlick, and the juice of an Orange;
 She shall with Sallads help it, and clean Linnen;
 Dispatch. What news at Court, Sir?

Pbi. Faith, new Tires
 Most of the Ladies have, the Men old Suits;
 Only the King's Fool has a new Coat
 To serve you.

Inc.

Inc. I did guess you came from thence, Sir.

Pbi. But I do know I did not.

Inc. I mistook, Sir.

What hear you of the Archdukes?

Pbi. Troth, your Question.

Enter Hostess and Servants with a Table.

Inc. Of the *French* Business, What?

Pbi. As much.

Inc. No more?

They say the *French*: Oh that's well; come, I'll help you.

Have you no Jiblets now? Or a broil'd Rasher.

Or some such present Dish t'assist?

Hostess. Not any, Sir.

Inc. The more your fault, you ne'er should be without
Such aids, what Cottage would ha' lack'd a Pheasant
At such a time as this? Well, bring your Hen
And Kid forth quickly.

Pbi. That should be my Prayer,
To scape his Inquisition.

Inc. Sir, the *French*,
They say, are divided 'bout their Match with us,
What think you of it?

Pbi. As of naught to me, Sir.

Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love
To ask after these things, to know the Affections
Of States and Princes, now and then for bettering.

Pbi. Of your own Ignorance.

Inc. Yes, Sir.

Pbi. Many do so.

Inc. I cannot live without it; what do you hear
Of our *Indian* Fleet; they say they are well return'd.

Pbi. I had no venture with 'em Sir; had you?

Enter Hostess and Servants with Meat.

Inc. Why do you ask, Sir?

Pbi. 'Cause it might concern you,
It does not me.

Inc. Oh here's your Meat come.

Pbi. Thanks,

I welcome it at any price.

Inc. Some Stools here,

And

And bid mine Host bring Wine, I'll try your Kid,
If he be sweet: He looks well; yes, he is good;
I'll carve you, Sir.

Phi. You use me too too Princely,
Taste, and carve too.

Inc. I love to do these Offices.

Phi. I think you do, for whose sake?

Inc. For themselves, Sir,

The very doing of them is Reward.

Phi. 'Had little Faith would not believe you, Sir.

Inc. Gossip, some Wine.

Enter Diego with Wine.

Die. Here 'tis, and right St. Martin.

Inc. Measure me out a Glass.

Phi. I love the Humanity
Us'd in this Place.

Inc. Sir, I salute you here.

Phi. I kiss your Hands, Sir.

Inc. Good Wine, it will beget an Appetite:
Fill him, and sit down, Gossip, entertain
Your noble Guest here, as becomes your Title.

Die. Please you to like this Wine, Sir?

Phi. I dislike

Nothing, mine Host, but that I may not see,
Your conceal'd Guest; here's to you.

Die. In good faith, Sir,

I wish you as well as him; would you might see him.

Inc. And wherefore may he not?

Die. 'Has lock'd himself, Sir,

Up, and has hir'd both the Beds o' my Wife
At extraordinary rate.

Phi. I'll give as much,
If that will do't, for one, as he for both;
What say you mine Host, the Door once open
I'll fling my self upon the next Bed to him,
And there's an end of me till Morning; Noise
I will make none

Die. I wish your Worship well——but

Inc. His Honour is engag'd: And my she-Gossip
Hath past her Promise, hath she not?

Die.

Die. Yes truly.

Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the House:
Well, I will eat a little, and think; how say you, Sir,
Unto this Brawn o' th' Hen?

Phi. I ha' more mind
To get this Bed, Sir.

Inc. Say you so? Why then
Give't me again, and drink to me; Mine Host
Fill him his Wine, thou'rt dull, and dost not praise it,
I eat but to teach you the way, Sir.

Phi. Sir,
Find but the way to lodge me in this Chamber,
I'll give mine Host two Duckets for his Bed,
And you Sir two Reals; here's to you.

Inc. Excuse me,
I am not Mercenary; Gossip pledge him for me,
I'll think a little more, but ev'n one bit
And then talk on, you cannot interrupt me.

Die. This piece of Wine, Sir, cost me ——

Inc. Stay, I have found:
This little Morsel, and then, here's excellent Garlick:
Have you not a bunch of Grapes now; or some Bacon,
To give the Mouth a relish?

Die. Wife, do you hear?

Inc. It is no matter: Sir, give mine Host your Duckets.

Die. How, Sir?

Inc. Do you receive 'em, I will save
The honesty of your House; and yours too, Gossip,
And I will lodge the Gentleman, shew the Chamber.

Die. Good Sir, do you hear?

Inc. Shew me the Chamber.

Die. Pray you, Sir,
Do not disturb my Guests.

Inc. Disturb? I hope
The Catholick King, Sir, may command a Lodging
Without disturbing in his Vassals House,
For any Minister of his, employ'd
In business of the State. Where is the Door?
Open the Door, who are you there? Within?
In the King's Name.

[Theodosia within,
Theo.

Theo. What would you have?

Inc. Your Key, Sir,

And your Door open: I have here command
To lodge a Gentleman, from the Justice, sent
Upon the King's Affairs.

Theo. Kings and Necessities
Must be obey'd: The Key is under the Door.

Inc. How now Sir, are you fitted? You secur'd?

Phi. Your two Reals are grown a piece of Eight.

Inc. Excuse me, Sir.

Phi. 'Twill buy a Hen, and Wine,
Sir, for to Morrow.

[*Exit Phi.*

Inc. I do kifs your Hands, Sir.

Well, this will bear my Charge yet to the Gallies,
Where I am owing a Ducket, whither this Night
By the Moon's leave I'll march; for in the Morning
Early, they put from Port St. Mary's. [*Exit all but Diego.*

Die. Lazaro.

Enter Lazaro.

How do the Horses?

Laz. Would you would go and see, Sir,
A——of all Jades, what a clap h'as given me:
As sure as you live Master he knew perfectly
I couzen'd him on's Oats, he lookt upon me,
And then he sneer'd, as who should say, take heed Sirrah:
And when he saw our half Peck, which you know
Was but an old Court Dish, Lord how he stamp't;
I thought 't had been for Joy, when suddenly
He cuts me a back Caper with his Heels,
And takes me just o'th' Crupper, down came I,
And all my ounce of Oats: Then he Neigh'd out,
As though he had had a Mare by th' Tail.

Die. Faith Lazaro

We are to blame, to use the poor dumb Serviters
So cruelly.

Laz. Yonder's this other Gentleman's Horse
Keeping our Lady Eve, the Devil a bit
H'as got since he came in yet; there he stands,
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleasure, Sir,
He shall look lean enough; h'as Hay before him,

But

But 'tis as big as Hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eat it-butter'd; he had four Shoes
And good ones when he came; 'tis a strange wonder,
With standing still he should cast three.

Die. O *Lazaro*,

The Devil's in this Trade; Truth never knew it:
And to the Devil we shall travel, *Lazaro*,
Unless we mend our Manners: Once every Week
I meet with such a knock to mollifie me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my Conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.

Laz. Certain, Master,
We must use better dealing.

Die. 'Faith for mine own part,
Not to give ill example to our Issues,
I could be well content to steal but two Girths,
And now and then a Saddle-cloth; change a Bridle
Only for Exercise.

Laz. If we could stay there,
There were some hope on's, Master; but the Devil is
We are drunk so early, we mistake whole Saddles,
Sometimes a Horse; and then it seems to us too
Every poor Jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his Ears in clean Straw, and every Bottle
Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,
There's no such matter, not a smell of Provender,
Not so much Straw as would tye up a Horse Tail,
Nor any thing i'th' Rack, but two old Cobwebs,
And so much rotten Hay as had been a Hen's Nest.

Die. Well, these mistakings must be mended, *Lazaro*,
These Apparitions, that abuse our Senses,
And make us ever apt to sweep the Manger,
But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot,
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whose Horse we ought, in Conscience, to cozen,
And how, and when: A Parson's Horse may suffer
A little greasing in his Teeth, 'tis wholesome,
And keeps him in a sober shuffle; and his Saddle
May want a Stirrop, and it may be sworn
His Learning lay on one side, and so broke it:

H'as

H'as ever Oats in's Cloak-bag to prevent us,
And therefore 'tis a meritorious Office
To Tythe him soundly.

Laz. And a Grazier may
(For those are pinching Puckfoysts, and suspicious)
Suffer a Mist before his Eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees his Horse eat half a Bushel :
When the truth is, rubbing his Gumbs with Salt,
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble
Like an old Woman that were chewing Brawn,
And drop 'em out again.

Die. That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial; but good *Lazaro*,
Have you a care of understanding Horses,
Horses that know the World; let them have Meat
Till their Teeth ake, and rubbing till their Ribs
Shine like a Wenches Forehead; they are Devils.

Laz. And look into our Dealings; as sure as we live
These Courtiers Horses are a kind of *Welch* Prophets,
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd,
And of all four too: I'll no more such Complements
Upon my Crupper.

Die. Steal but a little longer
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll Repent together,
It will not be above two Days.

Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot, Sir.

Die. Why then I'll stay for thee.

[*Exe.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Theodosia and Philippo on several Beds.

Theo. Oh,——ho? oh——ho?

Pbi. Ha?

Theo. Oh----oh? Heart----heart----heart----heart?

Pbi. What's that?

Theo. When wilt thou break?----break, break, break?

Pbi. Ha?

I would the Voice were strong, or I nearer.

Theo.

Theo. Shame, shame, eternal shame? what have I done?

Pbi. Done?

Theo. And to no end, what a wild journey
Have I more wildly undertaken?

Pbi. Journey?

Theo. How, without counsel, care, reason, or fear?

Pbi. Whither will this fit carry?

Theo. Oh my folly.

Pbi. This is no common sickness.

Theo. How have I left

All I should love, or keep? oh Heav'n.

Pbi. Sir.

Theo. Ha?

Pbi. How do you, gentle Sir?

Theo. Alas, my fortune.

(*ness,*

Pbi. It seems your sorrow oppresses: please your good-
Let me bear half, Sir; a divided burthen
Is so made lighter.

Theo. Oh!

Pbi. That Sigh betrays
The fulness of your Grief.

Theo. Ay, if that Grief
Had not bereft me of my Understanding,
I should have well remembred where I was,
And in what Company; and clapt a Lock
Upon this Tongue for talking.

Pbi. Worthy Sir,
Let it not add to your Grief, that I have heard
A Sigh or Groan come from you; that is all, Sir. (*fear,*

Theo. Good Sir, no more; you have heard too much I
Would I had taken Poppy when I spake it.

Pbi. It seems you have an ill belief of me,
And would have fear'd much more, had you spoke ought
I could interpret. But believe it, Sir,
Had I had means to look into your Breast,
And ta'en you sleeping here, that so securely
I might have read all that your Woe would hide,
I would not have betray'd you.

Theo. Sir, that Speech
Is very noble, and almost would tempt
My need to trust you.

Pbi.

Phi. At your own Election,
I dare not make my Faith so much suspected
As to protest again; nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.

Theo. Sir, I will trust you,
But you shall promise, Sir, to keep your Bed,
And whatsoe'er you hear, not to importune
More, I beseech you, from me——

Phi. Sir, I will not.

Theo. Than I am prone to utter.

Phi. My Faith for it.

Theo. If I were wise, I yet should hold my peace;
You will be noble?

Phi. You shall make me so,
If you'll but think me such.

Theo. I do: Then know
You are deceiv'd with whom you have talk'd so long.
I am a most unfortunate lost Woman.

Phi. Ha?

Theo. Do not stir, Sir; I have here a Sword.

Phi. Not I, sweet Lady: Of what Blood or Name?

Theo. You'll keep your Faith?

Phi. I'll perish else.

Theo. Believe then
Of Birth too noble for me, so descended——
I am ashamed, no less than I am affrighted.

Phi. Fear not; by all good things I will not wrong you.

Theo. I am the Daughter of a noble Gentleman
Born in this part of *Spain*; my Father's Name, Sir:
But why should I abuse that Reverence,
When a Child's Duty has forsaken me.

Phi. All may be mended, in fit time too: speak it.

Theo. *Alphonso*, Sir.

Phi. *Alphonso*? What's your own Name?

Theo. Any base thing you can invent.

Phi. Deal truly.

Theo. They call me *Theodosia*.

Phi. Ha? and Love
Is that that hath chang'd you thus?

Theo. Ye have observ'd me

Too nearly Sir, 'tis that indeed: 'tis Love, Sir: (thus?
And Love of him (oh Heavens) why should Men deal
Why should they use their Arts to cozen us,
That have no cunning, but our fears about us?

And ever that too late too; no dissembling
Or double way, but doating, too much loving?

Why should they find new Oaths, to make more

Pbi. What may his Name be? (Wretches?

Theo. Sir, a Name that promises,
Methinks, no such ill usage: *Mark-Antonio*,
A noble Neighbour's Son: Now I must desire ye
To stay a while; else my weak Eyes must answer.

Pbi. I will:--- Are ye yet ready? What is his Quality?

Theo. His best a Thief, Sir: that he would be known by,
Is Heir to *Leonardo*, a rich Gentleman:

Next, of a handsome Body, had Heav'n made him
A Mind fit to it. To this Man, my Fortune,
(My more than purblind Fortune) gave my Faith,
Drawn to it by as many shews of Service
And signs of Truth, as ever false Tongue utter'd:
Heav'n pardon all.

Pbi. 'Tis well said: forward, Lady.

Theo. Contracted Sir, and by exchange of Rings
Our Soul's deliver'd: nothing left unfinish'd
But the last work, enjoying me, and Ceremony;
For that, I must confess, was the first wise doubt
I ever made: Yet after all this Love, Sir,
All this profession of his Faith, when daily
And hourly I expected the blest Priest,
He left me like a dream, as all this story
Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not;
Yet I have called my Conscience to confession,
And every Syllable that might offend
I have had in shrift: yet neither Love's Law, Signior,
Nor tye of Maiden's duty, but desiring,
Have I transgressed in: left his Father too,
Nor whither he is gone, or why departed,
Can any Tongue resolve me: All my hope
(Which keeps me yet alive, and would perswade me
I may be once more happy, and thus shapes me

A shame to all my modest Sex) is this, Sir,
 I have a Brother and his old Companion,
 Student in *Salamanca*, there my last hope
 If he be yet alive, and can be loving,
 's left me to recover him: For which Travel
 In this Suit left at home of that dear Brother's
 Thus as you find me, without Fear, or Wisdom,
 I have wander'd from my Father, fled my Friends,
 And now am only Child of hope and danger:
 You are now silent, Sir, this tedious Story
 (That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy,
 'Tis fit you should do so; for that and I
 Can be but troubles.

Pbi. No, I sleep not Lady:

I would I could: Oh Heav'n, is this my Comfort?

Theo. What ail you, gentle Sir?

Pbi. Oh.

Theo. Why do you groan so?

Pbi. I must, I must; Oh Misery!

Theo. But now, Sir,

You were my Comfort, if any thing afflict ye
 Am not I fit to bear a part on't? And by your own Rule?

Pbi. No; if you could heal, as you have wounded me,
 But 'tis not in your Power.

Theo. I fear Intemperance.

Pbi. Nay, do not seek to shun me; I must see you,
 By Heav'n I must. Hoa there mine Host; a Candle:
 Strive not, I will not stir ye.

Theo. Noble Sir,

This is a breach of Promise.

Pbi. Tender Lady,

It shall be none but necessary. Hoa there,
 Some light, some light for Heav'n's sake.

Theo. Will ye betray me?

Are ye a Gentleman?

Pbi. Good Woman:

Theo. Sir.

Enter Diego with a Light.

Pbi. If I be prejudicial to you, curse me.

Die. Ye are early stirring, Sir.

Pbi.

Phi. Give me your Candle,
And so good morrow for a while.

Die. Good morrow, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Theo. My Brother Don *Philippo*: Nay Sir, kill me,
I ask no mercy Sir, for none dare know me,
I can deserve none: As ye look upon me
Behold in infinite these foul Dishonours,
My noble Father, then your self, last all
That bear the name of Kindred, suffer in me:
I have forgot whose Child I am; whose Sister:
Do you forget the Pity tied to that,
Let not Compassion sway you, you will be then
As foul as I, and bear the same brand with me,
A favourer of my fault; ye have a Sword, Sir,
And such a cause to kill me in.

Phi. Rise Sister,
I wear no Sword for Women, nor no Anger;
While your fair Chastity is yet untouch'd.

Theo. By those bright Stars, it is, Sir.

Phi. For my Sister
I do believe ye, and so near Blood has made us,
With the dear love I ever bore your Virtues,
That I will be a Brother to your Griefs too:
Be comforted, 'tis no dishonour, Sister,
To love, nor to love him you do; he is a Gentleman
Of as sweet Hopes, as Years, as many Promises,
As there be growing Truths, and great ones:

Theo. O Sir, I——

Phi. Do not despair.

Theo. Can ye forgive?

Phi. Yes Sister,

Though this be no small Error, a far greater;

Theo. And think me still your Sister?

Phi. My dear Sister.

Theo. And will you counsel me?

Phi. To your own peace too:

Ye shall love still.

Theo. How good ye are?

Phi. My business,
And duty to my Father, which now drew me

From *Salamanca*, I will lay aside,
And only be your Agent to perswade ye
To leave both Love, and him, and well retire ye.

Theo. Oh gentle Brother.

Pbi. I perceive 'tis Folly :
Delays in Love, more dangerous.

Theo. Noble Brother.

Pbi. Fear not, I'll run your own way ; and to help you,
Love having rackt your Passions beyond Counsel,
I'll hazard mine own Fame. Whither shall we venture?

Theo. Alas, I know not, Sir.

Pbi. Come, 'tis bright Morning,
Let's walk out, and consider ; you'll keep this Habit.

Theo. I would, Sir.

Pbi. Then it shall be, what must I call ye?
Come, do not blush, pray speak, I may spoil all else.

Theo. Pray call me *Theodoro*.

Enter Diego.

Die. Are ye ready?

The day draws on apace, once more good Morrow.

Theo. Good morrow, gentle Host, now I must thank ye.

Pbi. Who dost thou think this is?

Die. Were you a Wench, Sir,
I think you would know before me.

Pbi. Mine own Brother.

Die. By the Mass your Noses are akin ; should I then
Have been so barbarous to have parted Brothers?

Pbi. You knew it then.

Die. I knew 'twas necessary
You should be both together : Instinct, Signior,
Is a great matter in an Host.

Theo. I am satisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Is not mine Host up yet?

Pbi. Who's that?

Die. I'll see.

Pbi. Sister, withdraw your self.

Ped. Signior *Philippo*.

Pbi. Noble Don *Pedro*, where have you been this way?

Ped. I came from Port *St. Maries*, whence the Gallies
Put

Put this last Tide, and bound for *Barcelona*,
I brought *Mark-Antony* upon his way.

Pbi. Mark-Antony?

*Ped. Who is turn'd Soldier,
And entertain'd in the new Regiment
For Naples.*

Pbi. Is it possible?

Ped. I assure you.

Pbi. And put they in at Barcelona?

Ped. So

One of the Masters told me.

Pbi. Which way go you, Sir?

Ped. Home.

*Pbi. And I for Sevil: Pray you, Sir, say not
That you saw me, if you shall meet the Question;
I have some little business.*

*Ped. Were it less, Sir,
It shall not become me to lose the caution:
Shall we breakfast together?*

Pbi. I'll come to you, Sir.

Sister, you hear this; I believe your Fortune
Begins to be propitious to you: we will hire
Mules of mine Host here; if we can, himself
To be our Guide, and straight to *Barcelona*.
This was as happy News, as unexpected.
Stay you 'till I rid him away.

Theo. I will.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso and a Servant.

Alpb. Knock at the Door.

Ser. 'Tis open, Sir.

*Alpb. That's all one,
Knock when I bid you.*

Ser. Will not your Worship enter?

*Alpb. Will not you learn more Manners, Sir, and do that
Your*

Your Master bids ye; knock ye Knave, or I'll knock
Such a round Peal about your Pate: I enter
Under his Roof, or come to say God save ye
To him, the Son of whose base dealings has undone me?
Knock louder, louder yet: I'll starve and rot first,
This open Air is every Man's.

2 Ser. *within.* Come in, Sir.

Enter two Servants.

Alph. No, no, Sir, I am none of these *Come in Sirs*,
None of those Visitants; bid your wise Master
Come out, I have to talk unto him: go, Sir.

2 Ser. Your Worship may be welcome.

Alph. Sir, I will not,
I come not to be welcome: good my three Duckets,
My pickl'd Sprat a day, and no Oil to't,
And once a Year a Cotten Coat, leave prating,
And tell your Master I am here.

2 Ser. I will, Sir.

This is a strange old Man.

[Exit.

Alph. I welcome to him?

I'll be first welcome to a Pesthouse: Sirrah
Let's have your Valour now cas'd up, and quiet,
When an occasion calls, 'tis Wisdom in ye,
A Servingman's Discretion: if you do draw,

*Enter Leonardo, and Don Zanchio, carried by two
Servants in a Chair.*

Draw but according to your Entertainment;
Five Nobles worth of fury.

Leo. Signior *Alphonso*,

I hope no discontent from my Will given,
Has made ye shun my House;
And credit me, amongst my fears 'tis greatest
To minister Offences.

Alph. O good Signior

I know ye for *Italian* breed, fair Tongu'd,
Spare your Apologies, I care not for 'em,
As little for your Love, Sir; I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and sleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon ye:
I come to ask my Daughter.

Leo.

Leo. Gentle Sir.

Alph. I am not gentle, Sir, nor gentle will be,
'Till I have Justice, my poor Child restor'd
Your caper-cutting Boy has run away with;
Young Signior smooth-face, he that takes up Wenches
With Smiles and sweet Behaviours, Songs, and Sonnets,
Your high fed Jenney, that no hedge can hold,
They say you bred him for a Stallion.

Zanb. Fie Signior, there be Times, and terms of Honour
To argue these things in, deciderments able
To speak ye noble Gentlemen, ways punctual,
And to the Life of credit, ye are too rugged.

Alph. I am too tame, Sir.

Leo. Will ye hear but reason?

Alph. No, I will hear no reason: I come not hither
To be popt off with reason; reason then.

Zanb. Why Signior, in all things there must be method,
Ye choak the Child of Honour else, Discretion.
Do you conceive an Injury?

Alph. What then, Sir?

Zanb. Then follow it in fair terms, let your Sword bite
When time calls, not your Tongue.

Alph. I know, Sir,
Both when and what to do without Directions,
And where, and how, I come not to be tutor'd,
My cause is no Man's but mine own: you Signior,
Will ye restore my Daughter?

Leo. Who detains her?

Alph. No more of these flight shifts.

Leo. Ye urge me, Signior,
With strange injustice, because my Son has err'd

Zanb. Mark him.

Leo. Out of the heat of Youth, does't follow
I must be Father of his Crimes.

Alph. I say still,
Leave off your Rhetorick, and restore my Daughter,
And suddenly; bring in your Rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without Commission,
That I may see him punished, and severely,
Or by that Holy Heav'n I'll fire your House,

And there's my way of Honour.

Zanch. Pray give me leave;
Was not Man made the noblest Creature?

Alph. Well Sir.

Zanch. Should not his Mind then answer to his Making,
And to his Mind his Actions? If this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our Worths,
And cancel our Discretions, doing those things
To cure Offences, are the most Offences?
We have Rules of Justice in us, to those Rules
Let us apply our Angers: You can consider
The want in others of these terminations,
And how unfurnish'd they appear.

Alph. Hang others,
And where the Wrongs are open, hang Respects,
I come not to consider.

Leo. Noble Sir,
Let us argue coolly, and consider like Men.

Alph. Like Men!

Leo. Ye are too sudden still.

Alph. Like Men, Sir?

Zanch. It is fair Language, and ally'd to Honour.

Alph. Why, what strange Beast would your grave Re-
Make me appear? like Men! (rence

Zanch. Taste but that point, Sir,
And ye recover all.

Alph. I tell thy Wisdom
I am as much a Man, and as good a Man.

Leo. All this is granted, Sir.

Alph. As wise a Man.

Zanch. Ye are not tainted that way.

Alph. And a Man
Dares make thee no Man; or at best, a base Man.

Zanch. Fie, fie, here wants much Carriage.

Alph. Hang much Carriage.

Leo. Give me good Language.

Alph. Sirrah Signior, give me my Daughter.

Leo. I am as gentle as your self, as free Born.

Zanch. Observe his way.

Leo. As much respect ow'd to me.

Zanch. This hangs together nobly.

Leo.

Leo. And for Civil,
A great deal more, it seems: Go look your Daughter.

Zanch. There ye were well off, Signior.

Leo. That rough Tongue
You understand at first: You never think, Sir,
Out of your Mightiness, of my Loss; here I stand
A patient Anvil, to your burning Angers,
Made Subject to your Dangers; yet my Loss equal:
Who shall bring home my Son?

Alpb. A whipping Beadle.

Leo. Why, is your Daughter whorish?

Alpb. Ha, thou dar'st not;
By Heav'n I know thou dar'st not.

Leo. I dare more, Sir,
If you dare be uncivil.

Alpb. Laugh too, Pidgeon.

Zanch. A fitter time for Fame's sake; two weak Nurses
Would laugh at this; are there no more Days coming,
No Ground but this to argue on? No Swords left,
Nor Friends to carry this, but your own Furies?
Alas! it shows too weakly.

Alpb. Let it show,
I come not here for Shews: Laugh at me, Sirrah?
I'll give ye Cause to laugh.

Leo. Ye are as like, Sir,
As any Man in *Spain*.

Alpb. By Heav'n, I will,
I will, brave *Leonardo*.

Leo. Brave *Alphonso*,
I will expect it then.

Zanch. Hold ye there both,
These Terms are noble.

Alpb. Ye shall hear shortly from me.

Zanch. Now discreetly.

Alpb. Assure your self ye shall: Do ye see this Sword,
He has not cast his Teeth yet. (Sir?)

Zanch. Rarely carried.

Alpb. He bites deep, most Times mortal: Signior,
I'll bound him at thee fair and home.

Zanch. Still nobly.

Alpb.

Alph. And at all those that dare maintain ye.

Zanch. Excellent.

Leo. How you shall please, Sir, so it be fair, though cer-
I had rather give you Reason. (tain

Zanch. Fairly urg'd to.

Alph. This is no Age for Reason; prick your Reason
Upon your Sword's point.

Zanch. Admirably follow'd.

Alph. And there I'll hear it: so 'till I please, live, Sir. [*Ex.*

Leo. And so farewell, you're welcome.

Zanch. The end crowns all things.

Signior, some little business past, this cause I'll argue
And be a Peace between ye, ift so please ye,
And by the square of Honour to the utmost.
I feel the old Man's master'd by much Passion,
And too high rack'd, which makes him overshoot all
His Valour should direct at, and hurt those
That stand but by as blenchers; this he must know too,
As necessary to his Judgment, doting Women
Are neither safe nor wise Adventurers; conceive me,
If once their Will have wander'd; nor is't then
A time to use our Rages: for why should I
Bite at the Stone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that Women are most Wooers,
Though closest in their Carriage? Do not all Men know,
Scarce all the compass of the Globe can hold 'em,
If their Affections be afoot? shall I then covet
The Follies of a She-fool, that by Nature
Must seek her like, by reason, be a Woman,
Sink a tall Ship, because the Sails defie me?
No, I disdain that Folly; he that ventures
Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlasting motion in his Scabbard.
I doubt not to make Peace; and so for this time
My best Love and Remembrance.

Leo. Your poor Servant.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Diego, Philippo, and Theodosia.

Phi. Where will our Horses meet us?

Die.

Die. Fear not you, Sir,
Some half Mile hence my Worship's Man will stay us:
How is it with my young Bloods? come, be jovial,
Let's travel like a merry Flock of wild Geese,
Every Tongue talking.

Phi. We are very merry;
But do you know this way, Sir?

Theo. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks these woody Thickets should harbour Knaves.

Die. I fear none but fair Wenches; those are Thieves,
May quickly rob me of my good Conditions,
If they cry stand once: But the best is, Signiors,
They cannot bind my Hands; for any else,
They meet an equal Knave, and there's my Passport.
I have seen fine Sport in this place: Had these Trees
Tongues, (though,
They would tell ye pretty Matters: Do not you fear,
They are not every Days Delights.

Phi. What Sport, Sir?

Die. Why, to say true, the Sport of all Sports.

Phi. What was't?

Die. Such turning up of Taffataes; and you know
To what rare whistling Tunes they go, far beyond
A soft Wind in the Shrouds; such stand there,
And down i'th' other Place: Such Supplications
And Sub-divisions for those Toys their Honours,
One, as ye are a Gentleman, in this Bush;
And oh, sweet Sir, what mean ye? There's a Bracelet,
And use me, I beseech ye, like a Woman,
And her Petition's heard: Another scratches, (tain
And cries she will die first, and then swoonds; but cer-
She is brought to Life again, and does well after.
Another, save mine Honour, Oh mine Honour.
My Husband serves the Duke, Sir, in his Kitchen,
I have a cold Pye for ye; fie, fie, fie, Gentlemen,
Will nothing satisfie, where's my Husband?
Another cries, do ye see, Sir, how they use me,
Is there no Law for these things?

Theo. And, good mine Host,
Do you call these fine Sports?

Die. What should I call 'em,

They

They have been so call'd these thousand Years and up-
Phi. But what becomes o'th' Men? (wards.

Die. They're stript and bound,
 Like so many *Adams*, with Fig-Leaves afore 'em,
 And there's their Innocence.

Theo. Would we had known this,
 Before we reacht this Place.

Phi. Come, there's no Danger,
 These are but sometimes Chances.

Enter Bailiff.

Die. Now we must through.

Theo. Who's that?

Die. Stand to it Signiors.

Phi. No it needs not.

I know the Face, 'tis honest.

Bail. What mine Host,
 Mine everlasting honest Host?

Die. Mafs Bailly:
 Now in the Name of an ill Reckoning,
 What make you walking this round?

Bail. A——of this round,
 And of all Business too, through Woods, and Rascals,
 They have rounded me away a dozen Duckets,
 Besides a fair round Cloak: Some of 'em knew me,
 Else they had cas'd me like a Cunny too,
 As they have done the rest, and I think roasted me,
 For they began to baste me soundly: My young Signiors,
 You may thank Heav'n, and heartily, and hourly,
 You set not out so early; ye had been smoak'd else,
 By this true Hand ye had, Sirs, finely smoak'd,
 Had ye been Women, smockt too.

Theo. Heav'n defend us.

Bail. Nay, that had been no Prayer; there were those
 That run that Prayer out of Breath, yet fail'd too.
 There was a Friar, now ye talk of Prayer,
 With a huge Bunch of Beads, like a Rope of Onions,
 I am sure as big, that out of Fear and Prayer,
 In half an Hour, wore 'em as small as Bugles,
 Yet he was flead too.

Phi. At what Hour was this?

Bail.

Bail. Some two hours since.

Theo. Do you think the Passage sure now?

Bail. Yes, a Rope take 'em, as it will, and blest 'em,
They have done for this Day sure.

Pbi. Are many rifled?

Bail. At the least a dozen,
And there left bound.

Theo. How came you free?

Bail. A Courtesie

They use out of their Rogueships, to bequeath
To one, that when they give a sign from far
Which is from out of Danger; he may presently
Release the rest; as I met you, I was going,
Having the sign from yonder Hill to do it.

Theo. Alas poor Men.

Pbi. Mine Host, pray go untie 'em.

Die. Let me alone for Cancelling, where are they?

Bail. In every Bush, like black Birds, you cannot miss 'em.

Die. I need not stalk unto 'em.

[*Exit.*

Bail. No, they'll stand ye,

My busie Life for yours, Sir: You would wonder
To see the several Tricks and strange Behaviours
Of the poor Rascals in their Miseries,
One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monstrous angry he can laugh,
And cries, go too, this is no time; he laughs still;
A fourth exhorts to Patience, him a fifth Man
Curses for tameness; him a Friar schools,
All hoot the Friar, here one sings a Ballad,
And there a little Curate confutes him,
And in this Linsey-woolsey way, that would make a Dog
Forget his Dinner, or an old Man fire,
They rub out for their Ransoms: Amongst the rest,
There is a little Boy robb'd, a fine Child,
It seems a Page: I must confess my pity
(As 'tis a hard thing in a Man of my place
To shew Compassion) stir'd at him, so finely
And without Noise he carries his Afflictions,
And looks as if he had but dreamt of losing.

Enter

Enter Host and Leocadia, and others as robb'd.

This Boy's the glory of this Robbery,
The rest but shame the Action; now ye may hear 'em.

Host. Come Lads, 'tis Holy-day; hang Cloaths, 'tis hot;
And sweating Agues are abroad.

1. It seems so;

For we have met with rare Physicians
To cure us of that Malady.

Host. Fine footing,
Light and deliver; now my Boys: Master Friar,
How does your Holiness, bear up Man; what
A cup of neat Sack now and a Toast: Ha, Friar,
A warm plaister to your Belly, Father,
There were a Blessing now.

Friar. Ye say your Mind, Sir.

Host. Where my fine Boy, my Pointer.

Bail. There's the wonder.

Host. A rank Whore scratch their Sides till the Pox fol-
For robbing thee, thou hast a thousand ways
To rob thy self Boy, Dice, and a Chamber-Devil.

Leo. Ye are deceiv'd, Sir.

Host. And thy Master too, Boy.

Phi. A sweet-fac'd Boy indeed; what Rogues were these?
What barbarous, brutish Slaves to strip this Beauty?

Theo. Come hither my Boy: Alas! he's cold; mine Host,
We must intreat your Cloak.

Host. Can ye intreat it.

Phi. We do presume so much, you have other Garments.

Host. Will you intreat those too?

Theo. Your Mule must too,

To the next Town, you say 'tis near; in pity
You cannot see this poor Boy perish.

I know ye have a better Soul, we'll fatisfie ye. (it,

Host. 'Tis a strange foolish trick I have, but I cannot help
I am ever cozen'd with mine own Commendations;
It is determin'd then I shall be robb'd too.

To make up vantage to his dozen; here Sir,
Heav'n has provided ye a simple Garment
To set ye off, pray keep it handsomer

Than you kept your own; and let me have it render'd,
Brush'd

Brush'd and discreetly folded.

Leo. I thank ye, Sir.

Hof. Who wants a Doublet?

2. 1.

Hof. Where will you have it?

2. From you Sir, if you please.

Hof. Oh, there's the point, Sir.

Pbi. My honest Friends, I am sorry for your Fortunes,
But that's but poor Relief; here are ten Duckets,
And to your Distribution, holy Sir,
I render 'em, and let it be your care
To see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.

Hof. Plain dealing now my Friends, and Father Friar,
Set me the Saddle right; no wringing, Friar,
Nor Tithing to the Church, these are no Duties;
Scour me your Conscience, if the Devil tempt ye
Off with your Cord, and swing him.

Friar. Ye say well, Sir.

All. Heav'n keep your Goodness.

Theo. Peace keep you, farewell Friends.

Hof. Farewel Light-Horse-men. [*Ex. the rob'd.*

Pbi. Which way Travel you, Sir.

Bail. To the next Town.

Theo. Do you want any thing?

Bail. Only Discretion to travel at good Hours,
And some warm Meat to moderate this matter,
For I am most outrageous cruel hungry.

Hof. I have a Stomach too, such as it is,
Would pose a right good Pasty, I thank Heav'n for't.

Bail. Cheese, that would break the Teeth of a new Hand-
I could endure now like an Ostrich, or salt Beef, (saw,
That *Cæsar* left in Pickel.

Pbi. Take no care,
We'll have Meat for you, and enough; i'th' mean time
Keep you the Horse way, lest the Fellow miss us,
We'll meet ye at the end o'th' Wood.

Hof. Make haste then. [*Ex. Hof and Bail.*

Theo. My pretty Sir, till your Necessities
Be full supplied, so please you trust our Friendships,
We must not part.

Leo,

Leo. Ye have pull'd a Charge upon ye,
Yet such a one as ever shall be thankful.

Pbi. Ye have said enough, may I be bold to ask ye,
What Province you were bred in? And of what Parents?

Leo. Ye may Sir: I was Born in *Andaluzia*,
My Name *Francisco*, Son to *Don Henriques*
De Cardinas.

Theo. Our noble Neighbour.

Pbi. Son to *Don Henriques*?

I know the Gentleman: And by your leave, Sir,
I know he has no Son.

Leo. None of his own Sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his Brother
Don Zanchio's Children: One of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.

Pbi. Still ye do, Sir,
For neither has *Don Zanchio* any Son;
A Daughter, and a rare one, is his Heir,
Which though I never was so blest to see,
Yet I have heard great good of.

Theo. Urge no further,
He is ashamed, and blushes.

Pbi. Sir,
If it might import you to conceal your self,
I ask your Mercy, I have been so curious.

Leo. Alas! I must ask yours Sir, for these Lies,
Yet they were useful ones; for by the claiming
Such noble Parents, I believ'd your bounties (men,
Would shew more gracious: The plain Truth is, Gentle-
I am *Don Zanchio's* Steward's Son, a wild Boy,
That for the Fruits of his unhappiness
Is feign to seek the Wars.

Theo. This is a lie too,
If I have any Ears.

Pbi. Why?

Theo. Mark his Language,
And ye shall find it of too sweet a relish
For one of such a breed: I'll pawn my Hand,
This is no Boy.

Pbi. No Boy? What would you have him?

Theo.

Theo. I know no Boy: I watcht how fearfully,
And yet how suddenly he cur'd his Les,
The right Wit of a Woman; now I am sure.

Pbi. What are ye sure?

Theo. That 'tis no Boy: I'll burn in't.

Pbi. Now I confider better, and take Council,
Methinks he shows more sweetness in that Face,
Than his fears dare deliver.

Theo. No more talk on't,
There hangs some great weight by it; soon at Night
I'll tell ye more.

Pbi. Come, Sir, whate'er you are,
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
any need you have.

Leo. All my poor Service
Shall be at your Command, Sir, and my Prayers.

Pbi. Let's walk apace; Hunger will cut their Throats
else. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Roderigo, Marc Antonio, and a Ship-master,
two Chairs set out.

Rod. Call up the Master.

Maft. Here, Sir.

Rod. Honest Master,
Give order all the Gallies with this Tide
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The Port of *Barcelona*, without parting.

Maft. Your Pleasure's done, Sir. [*Exit.*

Rod. Signior *Marc Antonio*,
'Till Meat be ready, let's sit here, and prepare
Our Stomachs with Discourses.

Marc. What you please, Sir.

Rod. Pray ye answer me to this doubt.

Marc. If I can, Sir. (dren,

Rod. Why should such Plants as you are, Pleasure's Chil-
That owe their blushing Years to gentle Objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulness,
Desire the stubborn Wars?

Marc. In those 'tis wonder,
That make their Ease their God, and not their Honour:
But noble General, my end is other,
Desire of Knowledge, Sir, and hope of tying
Discretion to my time, which only shews me,
And not my Years, a Man, and makes that more,
Which we call handsome, the rest is but Boys Beauty,
And with the Boy consum'd.

Rod. Ye argue well, Sir.

Marc. Nor do I wear my Youth, as they wear Breeches,
For object, but for use; my Strength for Danger,
Which is the liberal part of Man, not Dalliance:
The Wars must be my Mistress, Sir.

Rod. Oh Signior,
You'll find her a rough Wench.

Marc. When she is won once,
She'll show the sweeter, Sir.

Rod. You can be pleas'd though,
Sometimes to take a tamer?

Marc. 'Tis a truth, Sir,
So she be handsome, and not ill condition'd.

Rod. A Soldier should not be so curious.

Marc. I can make shift with any for a heat, Sir.

Rod. Nay, there you wrong your Youth too; and how-
ever

You are pleas'd to appear to me, which shews well, Signior,
A tougher Soul than your few Years can testify;
Yet, my young Sir, out of mine own experience
When my Spring was, I am able to confute ye,
And say, y'had rather come to th' shock of Eyes,
And boldly march up to your Mistress Mouth,
Then to the Cannons.

Marc. That's as their lading is, Sir.

Rod. There be Trenches
Fitter and warmer for your Years, and safer,
Than where the Bullet plays.

Marc. There's it I doubt, Sir.

Rod. You'll easily find that faith: But come, be liberal,
What kind of Woman could you make best Wars with?

Marc. They are all but heavy marches.

Rod. Fie, *Marc Antonio*:

Beauty

Beauty in no more Reverence?

Marc. In the Sex, Sir,
I Honour it, and next to Honour, love it,
For there is only Beauty; and that sweetness
That was first meant for Modesty; sever it
And put it in one Woman, it appears not,
'Tis of too rare a Nature, she too gross
To mingle with it.

Rod. This is a meer Herefie.

Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloss
That cozens us for Beauty, is but Bravery,
An outward shew of things well set, no more:
For heav'nly Beauty, is as Heav'n it self, Sir,
Too excellent for Object, and what is seen
Is but the Vail then, airy Clouds; grant this
It may be seen, 'tis but like Stars in twinklings.

Rod. 'Twas no small study in their Libraries
Brought you to this Experience: But what think ye
Of that fair red and white, which we call Beauty?

Marc. Why? 'tis our Creature, Sir, we give it 'em,
Because we like those colours, else 'tis certain
A blue Face with a motley Nose would do it;
And be as great a Beauty, so we lov'd it;
That we cannot give, which is only Beauty,
Is a fair Mind.

Rod. By this Rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.

Marc. Except the dull end, doing.

Rod. Then all to you seem equal?

Marc. Very true, Sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love all
That's worth Love.

Rod. How long love ye, Signior?

Marc. 'Till I have other business.

Rod. Do you never
Love stedfastly one Woman?

Marc. 'Tis a Toil, Sir,
Like riding in one Road perpetually,
It offers no variety.

Rod. Right Youth,

He must needs make a Soldier; nor do you think
One Woman can love one Man?

Marc. Yes, that may be,
Though it appear not often; they are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that Superstition
Of doting fondness; yet of late Years, Signior,
That World's well mended with 'em, fewer are found now
That love at length, and to the right mark, all
Stir now as the time stirs; Fame and Fashion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiser Ages held Ambition:
They that cannot reach this may love by Index;
By every day's surveying who best promises,
Who has done best, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again; who appears neatest
Either in new stamp'd Clothes, or courtesies, (things
Done but from Hand to Mouth neither; nor love they these
Longer than new are making, nor that Succession
Beyond the next fair Feather: Take the City,
There they go to't by Gold weight, no gain from 'em,
All they can work by Fire and Water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at; if there be Love,
'Tis shew'd ye by so dark a Light, to bear out
The bracks and old stains in it, that ye may purchase
French Velvet better cheap; all loves are endless.

Rod. Faith, if you have a Mistress, would she heard you.

Marc. 'Twere but the vent'ring of my Place, or swearing
I meant it but for Argument, as Schoolmen
Dispute high Questions.

Rod. What a World is this,
When young Men dare determine what those are,
Age the best Experience ne'er could aim at. (bigger,

Marc. They were thick-ey'd then, Sir; now the Print is
And they may read their Fortunes without Spectacles.

Rod. Did you ne'er love?

Marc. Faith yes, once after Supper,
And the fit held 'till Midnight.

Rod. Hot, or shaking?

Marc. To say true, both.

Rod. How did ye rid it?

Marc.

Marc. Thus, Sir,
I laid my Hand upon my Heart, and blest me,
And then said over certain Charms I had lea'n'd
Against mad Dogs, for Love and they are all one;
Last thought upon a Windmil, and so slept,
And was well ever after.

Rod. A rare Physician,
What would your Practice gain ye?

Marc. The Wars ended,
I mean to use my Art, and have these Fools
Cut in the Head like Cats, to save the Kingdom
Another Inquisition.

Rod. So old a Soldier
Out of the Wars, I never knew yet practised,

Marc. I shall mend every Day; but noble General,
Believe this, but as this you nam'd, Discourses.

Rod. Oh ye are a cunning Gamester.

Marc. Mirths and Toys
To cozen Time withal; for o'my Troth, Sir,
I can Love, I think, well too, well enough;
And think as well of Women as they are,
Pretty fantastick things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a Service: I am so honest,
I wish 'em all in Heav'n, and you know how hard, Sir,
'I will be to get in there with their great Farthingals.

Rod. Well *Marc Antonio*, I would not lose thy Company
For the best Galley I command,

Marc. Faith General,
If these Discourses please ye, I shall sit ye
Once every Day. [Knock within,

Rod. Thou canst not please me better; hark, they call
Below to Dinner; ye are my Cabbin Guest,
My Bosom's, so you please, Sir.

Marc. Your poor Servant. [Exeunt,

S C E N E IV.

Enter second Host, and his Wife.

Host. Let 'em have Meat enough Woman, half a Hen;
There be old rotten Pilchards, put 'em off too,

H 3

T 12

'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em,
And a strong Onion, that confounds the stink.

Hostess. They call for more, Sir.

Host. Knock a dozen Eggs down,
But then beware your Wenches.

Hostess. More than this too? (up Wench,

Host. Worts, worts, and make 'em Porridge, pop 'em
But they shall pay for Cullyses.

Hostess. All this is nothing;
They call for Kid and Partridge.

Host. Well remembred,
Where's the Faulconer's half Dog he left?

Hostess. It stinks, Sir,
Past all hope that way.

Host. Run it o'er with Garlick,
And make a *Roman* Dish on't.

Hostess. Pray ye be patient,
And get Provision in; these are fine Gentlemen,
And liberal Gentlemen; they have *unde quare*
No mangey Muleters, nor pinching Posts,
That feed upon the parings of Musk-melons
And Radishes, as big and tough as Rasters:
Will ye be stirring in this Business? Here's your Brother,
Mine old Host of *Offuna*, as wise as you are,
That is, as Knavish; if ye put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.

Host. I'll be wagging.

Hostess. 'Tis for your own Commodity; why Wenches?

Ser. within. Anon forsooth. (ter?

Hostess. Who makes a Fire there? And who gets in Wa-
Let *Oliver* go to the Justice, and beseech his Worship
We may have two Spits going; and do you hear *Druce*,
Let him invite his Worship, and his Wives Worship,
To the left Meat to Morrow.

Enter Bailiff.

Bail. Where's this Kitchen?

Hostess. Even at the next Door Signior; what, old Don?
We meet but seldom.

Bail. Prethee be patient Hostess,
And tell me where the Meat is.

Host.

Host. Faith Master Bailly,
How have ye done? And how Man?

Bail. Good sweet Hostess,
What shall we have to Dinner?

Hostess. How does your Woman,
And a fine Woman she is, and a good Woman;
Lord, how you bear your Years?

Bail. Is't Veal or Mutton,
Beef, Bacon, Pork, Kid, Pheasant, or all these,
And are they ready all?

Host. The hours that have been
Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!

Bail. Hostess,
Dear Hostess do but hear; I am hungry.

Hostess. Ye are merrily disposed, Sir.

Bail. Monstrous hungry,
And hungry after much Meat, I have brought hither
Right worshipful to pay the reckoning,
Mony enough too with 'em, desire enough
To have the best Meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point sweet Wench, and so I kiss thee.

Hostess. Ye shall have any thing, and instantly,
E'er you can lick your Ears, Sir.

Bail. Portly Meat,
Bearing substantial stuff, and fit for Hunger,
I do beseech ye Hostess first, then some light ~~Garnish~~,
Two Pheasants in a Dish, if ye have Leverits,
Rather for way of Ornament, than Appetite,
They may be look'd upon, or Larks; for Fish,
As there is no great need, so I would not wish ye
To serve above four Dishes, but those full ones;
Ye have no Cheese of *Parma*?

Hostess. Very old, Sir.

Bail. The less will serve us, some ten Pound.

Hostess. Alas, Sir,
We have not half these Dainties.

Bail. Peace good Hostess,
And make us hope ye have.

Hostess. Ye shall have all, Sir,

Bail. That may be got for Mony.

*Enter Diego, and a Boy.**Die.* Where's your Master?

Bring me your Master, Boy: I must have Liquor
 Fit for the *Mermidons*, no dashing now, Child,
 No Conjurings by Candle-light, I know all;
 Strike me the oldest Sack, a Piece that carries
 Point blank to this place Boy, and batters; Hostess,
 I kiss thy Hands through which many a round reckoning
 And things of moment have had motion.

Hostess. Still mine old Brother.*Die.* Set thy Seller open,

For I must enter, and advance my Colours; (Duckets,
 I have brought thee Dons indeed Wench, Dons with
 And those Dons must have dainty Wine, pure *Bacchus*
 That bleeds the life Blood; what, is your cure ended?

Bail. We shall have Meat, Man.*Die.* Then we will have Wine, Man,

And Wine upon Wine, cut and drawn with Wine.

Hostess. Ye shall have all, and more than all.*Bail.* All, well then.

Die. Away, about your Business, you with her
 For old acquaintance sake, to stay your Stomach.
 And Boy, be you my Guide, *ad inferos*,
 For I will make a full descent in Equipage.

*[Exe. Hostess and Bailiff.]**Boy.* I'll shew you rare Wine.*Die.* Stinging Beer.*Boy.* Divine, Sir.

(Boy

Die. O divine Boy, march, march my Child, rare Wine*Boy.* As any is in *Spain*, Sir.*Die.* Old, and strong too,

Oh my fine Boy, clear too?

Boy. As Christal Sir, and as Truth.*Die.* Away Boy,

I am enamor'd, and I long for Dalliance,
 Stay no where Child, not for thy Father's Blessing,
 I charge thee not to save thy Sister's Honour,
 Nor to close thy Dames Eyes, were she a Dying
 Till we arrive, and for thy Recompence

I will remember thee in my Will.

Boy. Ye have said, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Philipppo, and second Host.

Pbi. Mine Host, is that Apparell got ye spoke of?
Ye shall have ready Mony.

2 Host. 'Tis come in Sir, he has it on Sir,
And I think 'twill be fit, and o' my Credit
'Twas never worn but once Sir, and for necessity
Pawn'd to the Man I told ye of.

Pbi. Pray bargain for it,
And I will be the Pay-master.

2 Host. I will, Sir.

Pbi. And let our Meat be ready when you please,
I mean as soon.

2 Host. It shall be presently.

Pbi. How far stands *Barcelona*?

2 Host. But two Leagues off, Sir,
You may be there by three a Clock.

Pbi. I am glad on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Theodosia, and Leocadia.

Theo. Signior *Francisco*, why I draw you hither
To this remote Place marvel not, for trust me
My Innocence yet never knew ill dealing,
And as ye have a noble Temper, start not
Into Offence, at any thing my Knowledge,
And for your special good, would be inform'd of,
Nor think me vainly curious.

Leo. Worthy Sir,
The courtesies you and your noble Brother,
Even then when few Men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, so freely showr'd upon me,
So truly, and so timely minister'd,

Must,

Must, if I should suspect those Minds that made 'em,
 Either proclaim me an unworthy Taker,
 Or worse, a base Believer: Speak your Mind, Sir,
 Freely, and what you please, I am your Servant.

Theo. Then my young Sir, know, since our first Acquain-
 Induc'd by Circumstances that deceive not (tance,
 To clear some doubts I have; nay blush not, Signior,
 I have beheld ye narrowly: More blushes?
 Sir, ye give me so much light, I find ye
 A thing confess'd already: Yet more blushes?
 You would ill cover an Offence might sink ye,
 That cannot hide your self; why do ye shake so?
 I mean no trouble to ye; this fair Hand
 Was never made for hardness, nor those Eyes
 (Come do not hide 'em) for rough Objects; hark ye,
 Ye have betray'd your self, that Sigh confirms me;
 Another? and a third too? then I see
 These Boys Cloaths do but pinch ye; come, be liberal,
 Ye have found a Friend that has found you, disguise not
 That loaden Soul that labours to be open:
 Now you must weep, I know it, for I see
 Your Eyes down laden to the Lids, another
 Manifest token that my doubts are perfect;
 Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
 Why were these holes left open, there was an error,
 A foul one, my *Francisco*, have I caught ye?
 Oh pretty Sir, the custom of our Country
 Allows Men none in this place: Now the show'r comes:

Leo. Oh Signior *Theodoro*.

Theo. This sorrow shows so sweetly,
 I cannot chuse but keep it Company:
 Take truce and speak, Sir: and I charge your goodness,
 By all those perfect hopes that point at Virtue,
 By that remembrance these fair Tears are shed for,
 If any sad Misfortune have thus form'd ye,
 That either Care or Counsel may redeem,
 Pain, Purse, or any thing within the Power
 And Honour of free Gentlemen, reveal it,
 And have our labours.

Leo. I have found ye noble,

And

And ye shall find me true; your Doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more dissemble; I am a Woman,
The great example of a wretched Woman.
Here you must give me leave to shew my Sex;
And now to make ye know how much your Credit
Has won upon my Soul, so it please your Patience
I'll tell you my unfortunate sad Story.

Theo. Sit down and say on, Lady.

Leo. I am born, Sir,
Of good and honest Parents, rich, and noble,
And not to lie, the Daughter of Don *Zancho*,
If my unhappy Fortune have not lost me:
My Name call'd *Leocadia*, even the same
Your worthy Brother did the special Honour
To name for beautiful, and without Pride
I have been often made believe so, Signior;
But that's impertinent: Now to my Sorrows;
Not far from us a Gentleman of worth,
A Neighbour and a noble Visitor,
Had his abode, who often met my Father
In gentle sports of Chase, and River-Hawking,
In Course and Riding; and with him often brought
A Son of his, a young and hopeful Gentleman,
Nobly train'd up, in years fit for Affection,
A sprightly Man, of Understanding excellent,
Of speech and civil 'haviour no less powerful;
And of all Parts, else my Eyes lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Nearer into Affection; from Affection
Into Belief.

Theo. Well.

Leo. Then we durst kiss.

Theo. Go forward.

Leo. But oh, Man, unconstant, careless Man,
Oh subtle Man, how many are thy mischiefs;
Oh *Marc Antonio*, I may curse those Kisses.

Theo. What did you call him, Lady?

Leo. *Marc Antonio*,

The name to me of Misery.

Theo. Pray forward.

Leo.

Leo. From these we bred Desires, Sir; but lose me Heav'n
If mine were Lustful.

Theo. I believe.

Leo. This nearness
Made him importunate: When to save mine Honour,
Love having full possession of my Powers,
I got a Contract from him.

Theo. Sealed?

Leo. And sworn too;
Which since, for some Offence Heav'n laid upon me,
I lost amongst my Monies in the Robbery,
The loss that makes me poorest; this won from him,
Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
I pointed him a by-way to my Chamber
The next Night at an hour.

Theo. Pray stay there Lady; (ye?
And when the Night came, came he, kept he touch with
Be not so shame-fac'd; had you both your Wishes?
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye,
Were ye in one anothers Arms abed? The Contract
Confirm'd in full joys there? Did he lye with ye?
Answer to that; ha? Did your Father know this,
The good old Man, or Kindred privy to't?
And had ye their consents? Did that Night's promise
Make ye a Mother?

Leo. Why do you ask so nearly?
Good Sir, do's it concern you any thing?

Theo. No, Lady.
Only the Pity why you should be used so
A little stirs me, but did he keep his Promise?

Leo. No, no, Signior,
Alas he never came, nor never meant it,
My Love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,
My Expectation flouted; and guess you Sir,
What dor unto a doating Maid this was,
What a base breaking off?

Theo. All's well then Lady;
Go forward in your Story.

Leo. Not only fail'd, Sir,
Which is a curse in Love, and may he find it

When

When his Affections are full-wing'd, and ready
To stoop upon the Quarry, then when all
His full Hopes are in's Arms; not only thus, Sir,
But more injurious, faithless, treacherous,
Within two Days Fame gave him far remov'd
With a new Love, which much against my Conscience,
But more against my Cause, which is my Hell,
I must confess a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable Sweetness, Daughter
Unto another of our noble Neighbours,
The Thief call'd *Theodosia*, whose Perfections
I am bound to ban for ever, curse to Wrinkles,
As Heav'n I hope will make 'em soon, and Aches;
For they have robb'd me poor unhappy Wench
Of all, of all Sir, all that was my Glory,
And left me nothing but these Tears, and Travel:
Upon this certain News, I quit my Father,
And if you be not milder in Construction
I fear mine Honour too, and like a Page
Stole to *Ossuna*, from that Place to *Sevil*,
From thence to *Barcelona* I was travelling,
When you o'er-took my Misery, in hope to hear of
Gallies bound up for *Italy*; for never
Will I leave off the search of this bad Man,
This Filcher of Affections, this Love-Pedler;
Nor shall my Curses cease to blast her Beauties,
And make her Name as wandring as her Nature,
'Till standing Face to Face before their Lusts
I call Heav'n's Justice down.

Theo. This shows too angry,
Nor can it be her Fault she is lov'd,
If I give Meat, must they that eat it surfeit?

Leo. She loves again, Sir, there's thy Mischief of it,
And in despite of me, to drown my Blessings,
Which she shall dearly know.

Theo. Ye are too violent.

Leo. She has Devil's in her Eyes, to whose Devotion
He offers all his Service.

Theo. Who can say
But she may be forsaken too? He that once wanders
From

From such a perfect Sweetness, as you promise,
Has he not still the same Rule to deceive?

Leo. No, no, they are together, love together,
Past all Deceit of that side; sleep together,
Live, and delight together, and such Deceit
Give me in a wild Desert.

Theo. By your Leave, Lady,
I see no Honour in this Cunning.

Leo. Honour?

True, none of her part, Honour, she deserves none,
'Tis ceas'd with wandring Ladies such as she is,
So bold and impudent.

Theo. I could be angry,
Extreamly angry now beyond my Nature,
And 'twere not for my Pity: What a Man
Is this, to do these Wrongs? believe me Lady,
I know the Maid, and know she is not with him.

Leo. I would you knew she were in Heav'n.

Theo. And so well know her,
That I think you are cozen'd.

Leo. So I say, Sir.

Theo. I mean, in her Behaviour;
For trust my Faith, so much I dare adventure for her
She never yet delighted to do Wrong (Credit,

Leo. How can she then delight in him? dare she
Be what she will, as excellent as Angels, (think,
My Love so fond, my Wishes so indulgent,
That I must take her Prewnings; stop at that
She has tyr'd upon? No, Sir, I hold my Beauty,
Wash but these Sorrows from it, of a Sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my Means as equal,
My Youth as much unblown; and for our Worths
And Weight of Virtue.

Theo. Do not task her so far. (Sir, Vapour:

Leo. By Heav'n she is Cork, and Clouds, Light, Light,
But I shall find her out, with all her Witchcrafts,
Her Paintings, and her Pouncings; for 'tis Art,
And only Art preserves her, and meer Spells
That work upon his Powers; let her but shew me
A ruin'd Cheek like mine, that holds his Colour

And

And writes but sixteen Years in spight of Sorrows,
An unbathed Body, smiles, that give but Shadows,
And wrinkle not the Face; besides she is little,
A demy Dame, that makes no Object.

Theo. Nay,

Then I must say you err; for credit me,
I think she is taller than your self.

Leo. Why let her,

It is not that shall mate me, I but ask
My Hands may reach unto her.

Theo. Gentle Lady,

'Tis now ill time of farther Argument,
For I perceive your Anger void of Counsel,
Which I could wish more temperate.

Leo. Pray forgive me,

If I have spoken uncivilly: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beseech ye
Impute it Love's Offence, not mine; whose Torments,
If you have ever lov'd, and found my Crosses,
You must confess are seldom ty'd to Patience,
Yet I could wish I had said less.

Theo. No harm then,

Ye have made a full amends; our Company
You may command, so please you, in your Travels,
With all our Faith and Furtherance; let it be so.

Leo. Ye make too great an Offer.

Theo. Then it shall be.

Go in and rest your self, our wholesome Diet
Will be made ready straight: But hark ye Lady,
One thing I must entreat, your Leave and Sufferance,
That these things may be open to my Brother,
For more Respect and Honour.

Leo. Do your Pleasure.

Theo. And do not change this Habit by no means,
Unless ye change your self.

Leo. Which must not yet be.

Theo. It carries ye concealed and safe.

Leo. I am counsel'd.

[*Exit.*

Enter Philipppo.

Phi. What's done?

Theo.

Theo. Why, all we doubted ; 'tis a Woman,
And of a noble Strain too, guests.

Pbi. I cannot.

Theo. You have heard often of her.

Pbi. Stay, I think not.

Theo. Indeed ye have ; 'tis the fair *Leocadia*,
Daughter unto Don *Zanchio*, our noble Neighbour.

Pbi. Nay?

Theo. 'Tis she, Sir, o'my Credit.

Pbi. *Leocadia*,

Pish *Leocadia*, it must not be.

Theo. It must be, or be nothing.

Pbi. Pray give me leave to wonder: *Leocadia*?

Theo. The very same.

Pbi. The Damsel *Leocadia* ;

I guest it was a Woman, and a fair one.

I see it through her Shape, transparent plain ;

But that it should be she ; tell me directly.

Theo. By Heav'n's 'tis she.

Pbi. By Heav'n then 'tis a sweet one,

Theo. That's granted too.

Pbi. But hark ye, hark ye, Sister,
How came she thus disguis'd?

Theo. I'll tell you that too ;

As I came, on the self same Ground, so us'd too.

Pbi. By the same Man?

Theo. The same too.

Pbi. As I live

You Lovers have fine Fancies.

Wondrous fine ones.

Theo. Pray Heav'n you never make one.

Pbi. Faith I know not,

But in that Mind I am, I had rather cobble,

'Tis a more Christian Trade ; pray tell me one thing,

Are not you two now monstrous jealous

Of one another?

Theo. She is much of me,
And has rail'd at me most unmercifully
And to my Face, and o'my Conscience
Had she but known me, either she or I,

Or

Or both, had parted with strange Faces,
She was in such a fury.

Phi. *Leocadia?*

Do's she speak handsomely?

Theo. Wondrous well, Sir,

And all she do's becomes her, even her Anger.

Phi. How seemed she when you found her?

Theo. Had you seen

How sweetly fearful her pretty self
Betray'd her self, how neat her sorrow show'd,
And in what handsome phrase she put her Story,
And as occasion stir'd her how she started,
Tho' roughly, yet most aptly, into anger,
You would have wonder'd.

Phi. Do's she know ye?

Theo. No,

Nor must not by no means.

Phi. How stands your difference?

Theo. I'll tell ye that some fitter time, but trust me
My *Marc Antonio* has too much to answer.

Phi. May I take knowledge of her?

Theo. Yes, she is willing.

Phi. Pray use her as she is, with all respects then,
For she is a Woman of a noble breeding.

Theo. Ye shall not find me wanting.

Phi. Which way bears she?

Theo. Our way, and to our end.

Phi. I am glad on't; hark ye,
She keeps her shape?

[*Enter Leocadia.*

Theo. Yes, and I think by this time
Has mew'd her old.

Phi. She is here: By Heav'n a rare one,
An admirable sweet one, what an Eye
Of what a full command she bears, how gracious
All her aspect shows; blest me from a Feaver,
I am not well o'th' sudden

Leo. Noble Friends,
Your Meat and all my Service waits upon ye.

Phi. Ye teach us Manners, Lady; all which Service
Must now be mine to you, and all too poor too;

Blush not we know ye, for by all our Faiths
With us your Honour is in Sanctuary,
And ever shall be.

Leo. I do well believe it;
Will ye walk nearer, Sir?

[*Exit.*

Theo. She shows still fairer,
Younger in every change, and clearer, neater;
I know not, I may fool my self, and finely
Nourish a Wolf to eat my Heart out: Certain
As she appears now, she appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would she do then
In Woman's helps, in Ornaments apt for her
And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt
She would be held a Miracle; nor can I think
He has forsaken her: Say what she please,
I know his curious Eye, or say he had,
Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish,
Yet still I fear she keeps the Contract with her,
Not stol'n as she affirms, nor lost by negligence,
She would lose her self first, 'tis her Life, and there
All my hopes are dispatch'd. O noble Love,
That thou couldst be without this Jealousie,
Without this Passion of the Heart, how heav'nly
Wouldst thou appear unto us? Come what may come,
I'll see the end on't: and since chance has cast her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely shall command, except the Man.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E - III.

Enter Leonardo, and Don Pedro.

Leo. Don *Pedro*, do you think assuredly
The Gallies will come round to *Barcelona*
Within these two Days?

Ped. Without doubt.

Leo. And think ye
He will be with 'em certainly?

Ped. He is Sir,
I saw him at their setting off.

Leo. Must they needs
Touch there for Water, as you say?

Ped.

Ped. They must Sir,
And for fresh Meat too. Few or none go by it,
Beside so great a Fleet must needs want trimming
If they have met with foul Seas, and no Harbour
On this side *Spain* is able, without danger,
To moor 'em, but that Haven.

Leo. Are the Wars
His only end?

Ped. So he professes.

Leo. Bears he
Any command amongst 'em?

Ped. Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.

Leo. Pray Sir tell me,
And as you are a Gentleman be liberal.

Ped. I will Sir, and most true.

Leo. Who saw ye with him?

Ped. None but things like himself; young Soldiers
And Gentlemen desirous to seek Honour.

Leo. Was there no Woman there, nor none disguis'd
That might be thought a Woman? In his Language?
Did he not let slip something of suspicion
Touching that wanton way?

Ped. Believe me Sir,
I neither saw, nor could suspect that Face
That might be doubted Woman's, yet I am sure
Aboard him I see all that past; and 'tis impossible
Among so many high set Bloods there should be
A Woman, let her close her self within a Cockle,
But they would open her, he must not Love
Within that Place alone, and therefore surely
He would not be so foolish, had he any,
To trust her there; for his Discourse, 'twas ever
About his Business, War, or Mirth to make us
Relish a Can of Wine well; when he spoke private,
'Twas only the remembrance of his Service,
And hope of your good Prayers for his Health Sir,
And so I gave him to the Seas.

Leo. I thank ye,
And now am satisfied, and to prevent

Suspicious that may nourish dangers, Signior,
 For I have told you how the mad *Alphonso*
 Chafes like a Stag i'th' toil, and bends his Fury
 'Gainst all, but his own Ignorance; I am determin'd,
 For peace sake and the preservation
 Of my yet untouch'd Honour, and his cure,
 My self to seek him there, and bring him back,
 As testimony of an unsought Injury
 By either of our Actions; that the World,
 And he if he have Reason, may see plainly
 Opinion is no perfect Guide; nor all Fames
 Founders of Truths: In the mean time this courtesie
 I must intreat of you, Sir, Be my self here,
 And as my self command my Family.

Ped. Ye lay too much trust on me.

Leo. 'Tis my Love, Sir,
 I will not be long from ye; if this question
 Chance to be call'd upon e'er my return,
 I leave your care to answer; so farewell, Sir.

Ped. Ye take a wise way; all my best Endeavours
 Shall labour in your absence; peace go with ye. [*Ex. Leo.*
 A noble honest Gentleman, free hearted,
 And of an open Faith, much loving, and much loved,
 And Father of that Goodness only Malice
 Can truly stir against; what dare befall
 'Till his return I'll answer.

[*Exit Ped.*

Enter Alphonso, and Servant.

Alph. Walk off, Sirrah,
 But keep your self within my call.

Serv. I will, Sir.

Alph. And stir my Horse for taking cold: Within there,
 Hoa People; you that dwell there my brave Signior,
 What are ye all asleep? is't that time with ye?
 I'll ring a little louder.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir, who seek ye?

Alph. Not you, Sir: Where's your Master?

Ped. I serve no Man

In way of pay, Sir.

Alph. Where's the Man o'th' House then?

Ped.

Ped. What would you have with him, Sir?

Alph. Do you stand here, Sir,
To ask Men questions when they come?

Ped. I would, Sir,
Being his Friend, and hearing such alarms,
Know how Men come to visit him.

Alph. Ye shall, Sir,
Pray tell his Mightiness here is a Gentleman
By Name *Alphonso*, would intreat his Conference
About affairs of State, Sir; are ye answer'd?

Enter Zanchio carried.

Ped. I must be, Sir.

Zanch. Stay, set me down, stay Signior,
You must stay, and ye shall stay.

Alph. Meaning me, Sir?

Zanch. Yes, you Sir, you I mean, I mean you.

Alph. Well, Sir.
Why should I stay?

Zanch. There's Reason.

Alph. Reason, Sir?

Zanch. Ay Reason, Sir,
My wrong is greatest, and I will be served first;
Call out the Man of Fame.

Alph. How serv'd, Sir?

Zanch. Thus, Sir.

Alph. But not before me?

Zanch. Before all the World, Sir,
As my case stands.

Alph. I have lost a Daughter, Sir.

Zanch. I have lost another worth five score of her, Sir.

Alph. Ye must not tell me so.

Zanch. I have, and hark ye,
Make it up five score more: Call out the Fellow,
And stand you by, Sir.

Ped. This is the mad Morrifs.

Alph. And I stand by?

Zanch. I say stand by, and do it.

Alph. Stand by among thy Lungs.

Zanch. Tune presently
And say thy Prayers, thou art dead.

Alph. I scorn thee,
And scorn to say my Prayers more than thou dost,
Mine is the most wrong, and my Daughter dearest,
And mine shall first be righted.

Zanch. Shall be righted?

Ped. A third may live I see; pray hear me, Gentlemen.

Zanch. Shall be?

Alph. Ay, shall be righted.

Zanch. Now?

Alph. Now.

Zanch. Instantly?

Alph. Before I stir.

Zanch. Before me?

Alph. Before any.

(Friends here

Zanch. Dost thou consider what thou say'st? hast thou
Able to quench my Anger, or perswade me
After I have beaten thee into one main bruist,
And made thee spend thy state in rotten Apples,
Thou canst at length be quiet, shall I kill thee,
Divide thee like a rotten Pumpion,
And leave thee stinking to Posterity,
There's not the least blow I shall give; but does this
Urge me no farther: I am first.

Alph. I'll hang first.

No Goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,
Your punctual Honour, nor Soldadoship.

Zanch. Set me a little nearer.

Alph. Let him sally.

Zanch. Lin'd with your quirks of Carriage and Discretion,
Can blow me off my purpose. Where's your credit,
With all your School points now? your decent arguing,
And apt time for performing; where are these Toys,
These wise ways, and most honourable courses,
To take Revenge? how dar'st thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but Squirts,
When Letchery has dry founderd thee?

Zanch. Nearer yet,

That I may spit him down: thou look'st like a Man.

Ped. I would be thought so, Sir.

Zanch.

Zanch. Prithee do but take me,
And fling me upon that Puppy.

Alph. Do for Heav'ns sake,
And see but how I'll hug him.

Zanch. Yet take warning.

Ped. Faith Gentlemen, this is a needless quarrel.

Zanch. And do you desire to make one?

Ped. As a Friend, Sir,
To tell you all this Anger is but lost, Sir,
For *Leonardo* is from home.

Alph. No, no, Sir.

Ped. Indeed he is.

Zanch. Where dare he be, but here Sir,
When Men are wrong'd, and come for Satisfaction?

Ped. It seems he has done none, Sir; for his business
Clear of those cares, hath carried him for some time
To *Barcelona*: if he had been guilty,
I know he would have staid, and clear'd all difference
Either by free Confession, or his Sword.

Zanch. This must not be.

Ped. Sure as I live, it is, Sir.

Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever: *Barcelona*!
Why? 'tis the Key for *Italy*, from whence
He stole first hither.

Zanch. And having found his Knaveries
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the same way back again: I believe too
The good Grass Gentleman, for his own ease,
Has taken one o'th' Fillies: Is not his stuff sold.

Alph. I fear his Worship's Shoes too; to escape us,
I do not think he has a Dish within Doors,
A Louse left of his Linnage.

Ped. Ye are too wide, Sir.

Alph. Or one poor wooken Spoon,

Ped. Come in and see, Sir.

Alph. I'll see his House on fire first.

Ped. Then be pleased, Sir, to give better censure.

Zanch. I will after him,

And search him like conceal'd Land, but I'll have him,
And though I find him in his shrift, I'll kill him.

Alpb. I'll bear ye Company.

Zanb. Pray have a care then,
A most special care, indeed a fear,
Ye do not anger me.

Alpb. I will observe ye,
And if I light upon him handsomly.

Zanb. Kill but a piece of him, leave some, *Alphonso*,
For your poor Friends.

Ped. I fear him not for all this.

Alpb. Shall we first go home,
For it may prove a Voyage, and dispose
Of things there; Heav'n knows what may follow.

Zanb. No,
I'll kill him in this Shirt I have on: let things
Govern themselves, I am Master of my Honour
At this time, and no more; let Wife, and Land,
Lie lay 'till I return.

Alpb. I say Amen to't:
But what care for our Monies?

Zanb. I will not spend
Above three Shillings, 'till his Head be here,
Four is too great a Sum for all his Fortunes.
Come, take me up instantly.

Alpb. Farewel to you, Sir,
And if your Friend be in a Featherbed,
Sow'd up to shrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly,
For no course but his voluntary hanging
Can get our Pardons.

[*Exeunt.*

Ped. These I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiscretions
Would suffer 'em; two of the old seditious,
When they want Enemies, they are their own Foes:
Were they a little wiser, I should doubt 'em:
'Till when I'll ne'er break sleep, nor suffer hunger
For any harm he shall receive: for 'tis as easie,
If he be guilty, to turn these two old Men
Upon their own Throats, and look on, and live still,

As

As 'tis to tell five Pound; a great deal sooner,
And so I'll to my Meat, and then to hawking. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Marc Antonio, and a Gentleman.

Marc. **S**IR, this is Complement; I pray you leave me.

Gent. Sir, it is not.

Marc. Why? I would only see the Town.

Gent. And only that I come to shew you.

Marc. Which I can see without you.

Gent. So you may

Plainly, not safely: For such Difference
As you have seen betwixt the Sea and Earth
When Waves rise high, and Land would beat 'em back
As fearful of Invasion; such we find
When we land here at *Barcelona*.

Marc. Sir.

Gent. Besides our General of the Gallies, fearing
Your hasty Nature, charg'd me not return
Without you safe.

Marc. O Sir, that *Rodorigo*
Is noble, and does mistake my Temper,
There is not in the World a Mind less apt
To conceive Wrongs, or do 'em; has he seen me
In all this Voyage, in the which he pleases

Enter Eugenia, and divers Attendants.

To call me Friend, let slip a hasty Word?
S'ligh, Sir, yonder is a Lady vailed,
For Properness beyond Comparifon,
And sure her Face is like the rest; we'll see't.

Gent. Why? You are hasty, Sir, already; know you
What 'tis you go about?

Marc. Yes, I would see
The Woman's Face.

Gent. By Heav'n you shall not do't:
You do not know the Custom of the Place:

To

To draw that Curtain here, though she were mean,
Is mortal.

Marc. Is it? Earth must come to Earth
At last, and by my Troth, I'll try it, Sir.

Gent. Then I must hold you fast. By all the Faith
That can be plac'd in Man, 'tis an Attempt
More dangerous than Death, 'tis Death and Shame;
I know the Lady well.

Marc. Is she a Lady?
I shall the more desire to see her, Sir.

Gent. She is *Alonso's* Wife, the Governor,
A noble Gentleman.

Marc. Then let me go,
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This Town, Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
These barbarous Customs then; for every Lady
Shall be seen daily, and seen over too.

Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your Passions bear
To such wild Enterprizes: Hold you still, (you
For as I have a Soul, you shall not do't.
She is a Lady of unblemish'd Fame,
And here to offer that Affront, were base:
Hold on your way, and we will see the Town,
And overlook the Ladies.

Marc. I am school'd,
And promise you I will; but good Sir, see,
She will pass by us now; I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.

Gent. 'Sfoot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as th'other.

i Attend. What's the matter?
What would that Fellow have?

Gent. Good Sir, forbear.

i Attend. It seems you are new landed; would you
Beg any thing here?

Marc. Yes, Sir, all Happiness
To that fair Lady, as I hope.

Gent. Marc Antonio.

Marc. Her Face, which needs no hiding, I would beg
A sight of.

Gent.

Gent. Now go on, for 'tis too late
To keep this from a Tumult.

I Attend. Sirrah, you
Shall see a fitter Object for your Eyes,
Than a fair Lady's Face.

Eug. For Heav'ns sake, raise not
A Quarrel in the Streets for me.

I Attend. Slip in then;
This is your Door.

Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?

I Attend. We must, or suffer
This Outrage: Is't not all your Minds, Sirs, speak
All. Yes.

Eug. Then I do beseech ye, let my Lord

Enter three or four Soldiers.

Not think the Quarrel about me; for 'tis not. [*Exit.*

Gent. See happily some of our Gally Soldiers
Are come ashoar.

I Attend. Come on, Sir, you shall see
Faces enough.

Gent. Some one of you call to

Enter certain Townsmen.

Our General, the whole Roar of the Town
Comes in upon us.

Marc. I have seen, Sir, better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd, and will yet

Enter Philippo, Theodosia, and Leocadia.
See that, or spoil yours.

Phi. On, why start you back?

Theo. Alas, Sir, they are fighting.

Leo. Let's be gone,
See, see, a handsome Man struck down.

Gent. Ho General,
Look out, *Antonio* is in Distress.

Enter Roderigo above.

Theo. *Antonio.*

Leo. *Antonio,* 'tis he.

Rod. within. Ho, Gunner, make a Shot into the Town,
I'll part you; bring away *Antonio* [*A Shot.*
Into my Cabbin, [*Exe. Attendants and Townsmen.*

Gent.

Gent. I will do that Office:
I fear it is the last that I shall do him.

[*Exe. Soldiers and Gentlemen with Marc Antonio.*

Theo. The last! why, will he die?

Leo. Since I have found him; Happiness leave me,
When I leave him. [Exit.

Phi. Why *Theodosia*?

My Sister, wake; alas, I griev'd but now
To see the Streets so full; and now I grieve
To see them left so empty: I could wish
Tumult himself were here, that yet at least
Amongst the Band, I might espy some Face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an Errand for a Cordial,
Or *Aquavita*, or a Cup of Sack,
Or a Physician; but to talk of these,
She breaths: Stand up O *Theodosia*,
Speak but as thou wert wont; give but a Sigh,
Which is but the most unhappy Piece of Life,
And I will ever after worship Sadness,
Apply my self to Grief; prepare and build
Altars to Sorrow.

Theo. O *Philippo*, help me.

Phi. I do; these are my Arms, *Philippo's* Arms,
Thy Brother's Arms that hold thee up.

Theo. You help me
To Life; but I would see *Antonio*
That's dead.

Phi. Thou shalt see any thing; how dost thou?

Theo. Better, I thank you.

Phi. Why that's well; call up
Thy Senses, and uncloud thy cover'd Spirits.
How now?

Theo. Recover'd; but *Antonio*,
Where is he?

Phi. We will find him; art thou well?

Theo. Perfectly well, saving the miss of him;
And I do charge you here, by our Alliance,
And by the Love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no Kindred; by that killing Fear,

Mingled

Mingled with twenty thousand Hopes and Doubts,
Which you may think, plac'd in a Lover's Heart,
And in a Virgin's too, when she wants help,
To grant me your Assistance, to find out
This Man alive, or dead; and I will pay you,
In Service, Tears, or Prayers, a world of Wealth:
But other Treasure I have none: Alas!
You Men have strong Hearts; but we feeble Maids
Have tender Eyes, which only given be
To blind themselves, crying for what they see.

Pbi. Why dost thou charge me thus? Have I been
found

Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wishes were? Have I at any time
Tender'd a business of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? Have I not been,
As if I were a senseless Creature, made
To serve thee without pow'r of questioning,
If so, why fear'st thou?

Theo. I am satisfied.

Pbi. Come, then let's go: Where's *Leocadia*?

Theo. I know not, Sir.

Pbi. Where's *Leocadia*?

Theo. I do not know,

Pbi. *Leocadia*!

This Tumult made the Streets as dead as Night,
A Man may talk as freely; what's become
Of *Leocadia*? *Theo.* She's run away.

Pbi. Be gone, and let us never more behold
Each others Face, till we may, both together,
Fasten our Eyes on her; accursed be
Those tender cozening names of Charity,
And natural Affection, they have lost
Me only by observing them, what Cost,
Travel, and fruitless Wishes may in vain
Search through the World, but never find again.

Theo. Good Sir be patient, I have done no fault
Worthy this Banishment.

Pbi. Yes *Leocadia*,
The Lady so distress'd, who was content
To lay her Story, and to lay her Heart

As

As open as her Story to your self,
 Who was content that I should know her Sex,
 Before dissembl'd, and to put her self
 Into my conduct, whom I undertook
 Safely to Guard, is in this Tumult lost.

Theo. And can I help it, Sir?

Pbi. No, would thou could'st,
 You might have done, but for that zeal'd Religion
 You Women bear to Swoonings; you do pick
 Your times to faint when some Body is by,
 Bound or by Nature, or by Love, or Service,
 To raise you from that well dissembled Death;
 Inform me but of one that has been found
 Dead in her private Chamber by her self,
 Where Sicknes would no more forbear, than here,
 And I will quit the rest for her.

Theo. I know not
 What they may do, and how they may dissemble;
 But by my Troth, I did not.

Pbi. By my Troth,
 Would I had try'd; would I had let thee lain,
 And followed her.

Theo. I would you had done so,
 Rather than been so angry; where's *Antonio*?

Pbi. Why dost thou vex me with these Questions?
 I'll tell thee where, he's carried to the Gallies,
 There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
 With knotted Ropes, and Pizzels; if he swound,
 He has a dose of Bisket.

Theo. I am glad
 He is alive.

Pbi. Was ever Man thus troubled,
 Tell me where *Leocadia* is?

Theo. Good Brother be not so hasty, and I think I can:
 You found no Error in me, when I first
 Told you she was a Woman, and believe me
 Something I have found out, which makes me think,
 Nay, almost know so well, that I durst swear
 She follow'd hurt *Antonio*.

Pbi. What do we

Enter

Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townsmen.
Then lingring here? we will aboard the Gallies,
And find her.

Gov. Made he a shot into the Town?

1 Attend. He did, Sir.

Gov. Call back those Gentlemen.

1 Attend. The Governor commands you back.

Pbi. We will obey him, Sir.

Gov. You gave him cause to shoot; I know he is
So far from rash Offence, and holds with me
Such curious Friendship, could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing, such an Uproar,
Before my Door too?

1 Townsf. By my troth Sir, we are so busy in the pub-
lick cause, of our own private falling out, that we for-
got it; at home we see now you were not, but as soon
as the shot made us fly, we ran away as fast as we could
to seek your Honour.

Gov. 'Twas gravely done; but no Man tells the cause
Or chance, or what it was that made you differ.

1 Townsf. For my part Sir, if there were any that I knew
of, the shot drove it out of my Head; do you know any,

All. Not we, not we. (Neighbours?)

Gov. Not we! Nor can you tell?

1 Attend. No other cause,

But the old Quarrel betwixt the Town and the Gallies.

Gov. Come nearer Gentlemen; what are your Names?

Pbi. My name *Philippo*.

Theo. And mine *Theodoro*.

Gov. Strangers you are, it seems.

Pbi. Newly arriv'd.

Gov. Then you are they begun this Tumult.

Pbi. No, Sir.

Gov. Speak one of you.

1 Attend. They are not, I can quit 'em.

Theo. Yet we saw part, and an unhappy part
Of this Debate, a long fought Friend of ours
Struck down for Dead, and born unto the Gallies,
His name is *Marc Antonio*.

Pbi. And another
Of our Company, a Gentleman

Of

Of noble Birth, besides accompanied
 With all the gifts of Nature, ravish'd hence
 We know not how, in this Dissention.

Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I hear
 You meddle with a Weapon any more,
 But those belonging to your Trades, I'll lay you
 Where your best Customers shall hardly find you.

[Exeunt Townsmen.]

I am sorry, Gentlemen, I troubled you,
 Being both Strangers, by your Tongues, and Looks,
 Of worth: To make ye some part of amends,
 If there be any thing in this poor Town
 Of *Barcelona* that you would command,
 Command me.

Theo. Sir, this wounded Gentleman,
 If it might please you, if your Pow'r and Love
 Extend so far, I would be glad to wish
 Might be remov'd into the Town for cure:
 The Gallies stay not, and his Wound I know
 Cannot endure a Voyage.

Gov. Sir, he shall,
 I warrant you: Go call me hither, Sirrah,
 One of my other Servants. *[Exit 1 Attend.]*

Pbi. And besides,
 The Gentleman we lost, Signior *Francisco*,
 Shall be render'd too.

Enter a Servant.

Gov. And he Sir too: Go Sirrah, bear this Ring
 To *Rodorigo*, my most noble Friend,
 The General of the Gallies: Tell him this.

[Whispers to his Servant. Exit Servant.]

Theo. Now we shall have 'em both.

Pbi. Blest be thy Thoughts
 For apprehending this, blest be thy Breath
 For uttering it.

Gov. Come Gentlemen, you shall
 Enter my Roof; and I will send for Surgeons,
 And you shall see your Friends here presently.

Theo. His Name was *Marc Antonio*.

Gov. I know it,
 And have sent word so.

Pbi.

Pbi. Did you not forget
Francisco's Name?

Gov. Nor his; y'are truly welcome,
To talk about it more, were but to say
The same Word often over: You are welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Marc Antonio *carried by two Soldiers*; *Leocadia*
and the Servant following.

Serv. This is the House, Sir.

Marc. Enter it, I pray you,
For I am faint, although I think my Wound
Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now; I thank you.

1 Sold. Heav'n send you Health, Sir.

Serv. Let me lead you in.

Marc. My Wound's not in my Feet; I shall entreat 'em
I hope to bear me so far. [*Exit.* (neral made a

2 Sold. How seriously these Land-men fled, when our Ge-
Shot, as if he had been a Warning to call 'em to their Hall.

1 Sold. I cannot blame 'em. What Man have they now
in the

Town, able to maintain a Tumult, or uphold a Matter out
Of square, if need be? O the Quiet Hurly Burlies that I
Have seen in this Town, when we have fought four Hours
Together, and not a Man amongst us so impertinent or
Modest to ask why? But now the Pillars that bare
Up this blessed Town in that regular Debate, and
Scambling, are dead, the more's the pity.

2 Sold. Old *Ignatio* lives still. (Man's Liver:

1 Sold. Yes, I know him; he will do prettily well at
But where is there any Man now living in the Town
That hath a steady Hand, and understands *Anatomy*
Well? If it come to a particular matter of the Lungs,
Or the Spleen, why? Alas *Ignatio* is to seek; are
There any such Men left as I have known, that
Would say they would hit you in this Place? Is there
Ever a good Artist, or a Member-Piercer, or a
Small-Gut Man left in the Town, answer
Me that?

2 Sold. Mafs, I think there be not.

VOL. V.

K

1 Sold.

Sold. No, I warrant thee. Come, come, 'tis time
We were at the Gallies. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Governor, Eugenia, Marc Antonio, Philippo,
Theodofia, Leocadia and Attendants*

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I said already,
You may command my House; but I must beg
Pardon to leave you. If the publick Business
Forc'd me not from you, I my self should call it
Unmannerly; but good Sir, do you give it
A milder Name: It shall not be an Hour
E'er I return.

Marc. Sir, I was ne'er so poor
In my own Thoughts, as that I want a Means
To requite this with.

Gov. Sir, within this Hour.

[*Exit.*

Marc. This the Lady that I quarrel'd for?
O Lust, if Wounds cannot restrain thy Power,
Let Shame; nor do I feel my Hurt at all,
Nor is it ought, only I was well beaten:
If I pursue it, all the civil World,
That ever did imagine the Content
Found in the Band of Man and Wife unbroke,
The Reverence due to Households, or the Blemish
That may be stuck upon Posterity,
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my Forehead;
This is the wounded Stranger, that receiv'd
For Charity into a House, attempted——
I will not do it.

Eug. Sir, how do you do now?
That you walk off.

Marc. Worse, Madam, than I was;
But it will over.

Eug. Sit, and rest a while.

Marc. Where are the Surgeons?

Eug. Sir, it is their Manner,
When they have seen the Wound, especially
The Patient being of Worth, to go consult,
Which they are now at in another room,
About the Dressing.

Marc. Madam, I do feel my self not well.

Theo.

Theo. Alas!

Leo. How do you, Sir?

Eug. Will you drink Waters?

Marc. No, good Madam, 'tis not
So violent upon me, nor I think
Any thing dangerous; but yet there are
Some things that fit so heavy on my Conscience,
That will perplex my Mind, and stop my Cure,
So that unless I utter 'em, a Scratch
Here on my Thumb will kill me: Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the Room, and come not in
Your selves, or any other, 'till I have
Open'd my self to this most honour'd Lady.

Phi. We will not.

Theo. O blest! he will discover now
His Love to me.

Leo. Now he will tell the Lady
Our Contract.

[*Exeunt.*

Eug. I do believe he will confess to me
The Wrong he did a Lady in the Streets;
But I forgive him.

Marc. Madam, I perceive
My self grow worse and worse.

Eug. Shall I call back your Friends?

Marc. O no, but e'er I do impart
What burthens me so fore, let me intreat you
(For there is no trust in these Surgeons)
To look upon my Wound; it is perhaps
My last Request: But tell me truly too,
That must be in, how far do you imagine
It will have Pow'r upon me?

Eug. Sir, I will.

Marc. For Heav'ns sake, softly: Oh, I must needs lay
My Head down easily, whilst you do it.

Eug. Do Sir.

'Tis but an ordinary Blow; a Child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well;
Are you faint-hearted?

Marc. Oh!

Eug. Why do you sigh?

K 2

There

There is no Danger in the World in this;
 I wonder it should make a Man sit down;
 What do you mean, why do you kiss my Breasts?
 Lift up your Head, your Wound may well endure it.

Marc. O Madam, may I not express Affection,
 Dying-Affection too I fear, to those
 That do me Favours, such as this of yours?

Eug. If you mean so, 'tis well; but what's the Bu-
 Lyes on your Conscience? (ness

Marc. I will tell you, Madam.

Eug. Tell me, and laugh?

Marc. But I will tell you true,
 Though I do laugh: I know as well as you
 My Wound is nothing, nor the Power of Earth
 Could lay a Wound upon me in your Presence,
 That I could feel; but I do laugh to think
 How covertly, how far beyond the reach
 Of Men, and wise Men too, we shall deceive 'em,
 Whilst they imagine I am talking here
 With that short Breath I have, ready to swoon
 At every full Point, you my ghostly Mother
 To hear my sad Confession; you and I,
 Will on that Bed within, prepar'd for me,
 Debate the Matter privately.

Eug. Forbear,
 Thou wert but now as welcome to this House
 As certain Cures to sick Men, and just now
 This sudden Alteration makes thee look
 Like Plagues come to infect it; if thou knew'st
 How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst intreat
 These Walls or Posts to help thee to a Hurt,
 Past thy Dissimulation.

Marc. Gentle Madam,
 Call 'em not in.

Eug. I will not yet, this Place
 I know to be within the reach of Tongue
 And Ears, thou canst not force me; therefore hear me
 What I will tell thee quickly; thou art born
 To end some way more disesteem'd than this,
 Or which is worse, to die of this Hurt yet;
 Come Gentlemen.

Enter

Enter Leocadia.

Marc. Good Madam.

Eug. Gentlemen.

Leo. Madam, how is't? Is *Marc Antonio* well?
Methinks your Looks are alter'd, and I see
A strange Distemper in you.

Eug. I am wrought
By that dissembling Man, that Fellow, worth
Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philipppo and Theodosia.

Leo. Gentle Madam, speak
To me alone, let not them understand
His Fault, he will repent I dare swear.

Eug. I'll tell it you in private.

Phil Marc Antonio,
How do you?

Marc. Stand farther off I pray you,
Give me some Air.

Theo. Good Brother, will he scape,
The Surgeons say there is no Danger.

Phi. Scape?
No doubt he will.

Leo. Alas, will he not leave
This trying all; Madam, I do beseech you
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,
And I dare almost promise you to make him
Shew himself truly sorrowful to you, besides a Story I shall
Not put in so good Words, but in it self (open to you.
So full of Chance, that you will easily
Forgive my Tedioufness, and be well pleas'd
With that so much afflicts me.

Eug. Good Sir, do.

Leo. And I desire no Interruption
Of Speech may trouble me, 'till I have said
What I will quickly do.

Theo. What will she say?

Eug. Come, Gentlemen, I pray you lend your Ears,
And keep your Voices.

Leo. Signior *Marc Antonio,*
How do you do?

K 3

Marc.

Marc. Oh the Surgeons.

Leo. Let me tell you,
Who know as well as you, you do dissemble,
It is no time to do so; leave the Thoughts
Of this vain World, forget your Flesh and Blood,
And make your Spirit an untroubled way
To pass to what it ought.

Marc. You're not in earnest?
Why I can walk, Sir, and am well.

Leo. 'Tis true
That you can walk, and do believe you're well:
It is the Nature, as your Surgeons say,
Of these Wounds, for a Man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, 'till his last Hour, his Minute:
For Heav'n's sake, Sir, sit down again.

Marc. Alas,
Where are the Surgeons?

Leo. Sir, they will not come;
If they should dress you, you would die, they say,
E'er one would tell twenty; trouble not your Mind,
Keep your Head warm, and do not stir your Body,
And you may live an Hour.

Marc. Oh Heav'n's, an Hour?
Alas, it is too little to remember
But half the Wrongs that I have done; how short
Then for Contrition, and how least of all
For Satisfaction?

Leo. But you desire
To satisfy?

Marc. Heav'n knows I do.

Leo. Then know
That I am he, or she, or what you will,
Most wrong'd by you, your *Leocadia*;
I know you must remember me.

Marc. Oh Heav'n!

Leo. That lost her Friends, that lost her Father's House,
That lost her Fame in losing of her Sex,
With these strange Garments; there is no Excuse
To hinder me, it is within your Power
To give me Satisfaction; you have time

Left

Left in this little piece of Life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your Conscience sake,
And for our Fame, which I would fain have live
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That Contract, which you have both seal'd and sworn,
Yet e'er you dye, which must be hastily,
Heav'n knows.

Marc. Alas, the sting of Conscience
To death-ward for our faults; draw nearer all,
And hear what I unhappy Man shall say.
First, Madam, I desire your Pardon; next
(I feel my Spirits fail me) Gentlemen,
Let me shake Hands with you, and let's be Friends,
For I have done wrong upon wrong so thick
I know not where, that every Man methinks
Should be mine Enemy; forgive me both.
Lastly 'tis true (oh I do feel the Power
Of Death seize on me) that I was contracted
By Seal and Oath to *Leocadia*;
(I must speak fast, because I fear my Life
Will else be shorter than my Speech would be)
But 'tis impossible to satisfie
You *Leocadia*, but by Repentance,
Though I can dyingly and boldly say
I know not your Dishonour, yet that was
Your Virtue, and not mine, you know it well;
But herein lies th' impossibility,
O *Theodosia*, *Theodosia*,
I was betroth'd to *Theodosia*
Before I ever saw thee; Heav'n forgive me,
She is my Wife this half hour whilst I live.

Theo. That's I, that's I, I'm *Theodosia*;
Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd
Disgrace at all methinks, since you confess
What I so long have sought for; here is with me
Philippo too, my Brother.

Marc. I am glad;
All Happiness to him; come let me kiss thee,
Beg pardon of that Maid for my Offence,
And let me farther, with a dying Breath,

Tell in thine Ear the rest of my desires.

Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn Women,
If we hold longer talk.

Leo. Alas there is

No hope for me; that's *Theodosia*,
And that her Brother, I am only sorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will search
Over the World, as careless of my Fortunes,
As they of me, 'till I can meet a curse
To make these almost killing-sorrows worse.

[*Exit.*

Theo. Sir, as I live she ly'd, only to draw
A just Confession from you, which she hath,
A happy one for me; ask of this Lady,
Ask of my Brother.

Eug. Sir, she did dissemble,
Your Wound is nothing.

Phi. *Leocadia's* gone.

[*Exit.*

Theo. Rise up, and stir your self, 'tis but amazement
And your Imagination that afflicts you,
Look you Sir, now.

Marc. I think 'tis so indeed.

Theo. The Surgeon's do not come, because they swear
It needs no dressing.

Eug. You shall talk with 'em
Within, for your own fancy.

Marc. Where's your Brother, and *Leocadia*?

Eug. Within belike.

Marc. I feel my self methinks as well as ever.

Eug. Keep then your Mind so too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me, but here is one
Must not be wrong'd hereafter.

Marc. Neither shall she:

When I make Jest of Oaths again, or make
My Lust play with Religion, when I leave
To keep true Joys for her, and yet within
My self true Sorrow for my passed Deeds,
May I want Grace when I would fain repent,
And find a great and sudden Punishment.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Philipppo, Diego, and Incubo.

Phi. **W**Here is mine Host, did he not see him neither?
Die. Not I, i'faith, Sir.

Phi. Nor the Muleter?

Inc. Nay he is past seeing, unless it be in's sleep,
 By this time; all his Visions were the Pots,
 Three hours since, Sir.

Phi. Which way should she take?
 Nay, look you now; do you all stand still? good Heav'n
 You might have lighted on him, now, this instant?
 For loves sake see him out, whoever find him
 I will reward his Fortune as his Diligence;
 Get all the Town to help, that will be hir'd,
 Their Pains I'll turn to annual Holiday,
 If it shall chance, but one bring word of her,
 Pray you about it.

Inc. Her, Sir? who do you mean?

Phi. I had forgot my self, the Page I meant
 That came along with us.

Die. He you gave the Cloaths to?

Phi. I gave the Cloaths to, Rascal?

Die. Nay, good Sir.

Phi. Why dost thou mention or upbraid my Courtesies,
 Slave?

Die. For your Honour, Sir.

Phi. Wretch; I was honour'd,
 That she would wear 'em (he, I would say) s'death?
 Go, get and find 'em out, or never see me,
 I shall my betray my Love e'er I possess it,
 Some Star direct me, or ill Planet strike me. [*Ex. Phi.*]

Inc. Best to divide.

Die. I'll this way,

Inc. And I this.

Die. I, as you, find him for a Real.

Inc. 'Tis done.

Die.

Die. My course is now directly to some Pie-house,
I know the Pages compass.

Inc. I think rather
The Smock side o'th' Town, the surer Harbour
At his Years to put in.

Die. If I do find
The hungry haunt, I take him by the Teeth now.

Inc. I by the Tail, yet I as you.

Die. No more.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Philippo.

Pbi. Dear *Leocadia*, where canst thou be fled
Thus like a Spirit hence? and in a moment?
What Cloud can hide thee from my following search
If yet thou art a Body? sure she hath not
Ta'en any House? she did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a Place receiv'd her,
And would, if she had staid, have help'd to right
The wrong her Fortune did her; yet she must
Be enter'd somewhere, or be found, no Street,
Lane, Passage, Corner, Turn, hath scap'd enquiry:
If her Despair had ravish'd her to Air,
She could not yet be rarified so
But some of us should meet her? though their Eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn; mine would
Strike out a Lightning for her, and divide
A Mist as thick as ever darkness was,
Nay see her through a Quarry; they do lie,
Lie grossly that say Love is blind; by him,
And Heav'n they lie; he has a sight can pierce
Through Ivory, as clear as it were Horn,
And reach his Object.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found.

Pbi. Ha? where? But reach that happy Note again,
And let it relish Truth, thou art an Angel.

Inc. He's here; fast by, Sir, calling for a Boat
To go aboard the Gallies.

Pbi. Where, where; hold thee.

[*Exit.*
Inc.

Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I had nought to shew
If he had had the wit t' have gone from's word, (for't;
These direct Men, they are no Men of fashion,
Talk what you will, this is a very Smelt. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Leonardo with a Surgeon.

Leo. Upon your Art, Sir, and your Faith to assist it,
Shall I believe you then his Wound's not mortal?

Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your question, less your fear.

Leo. You do restore me, Sir, I pray you accept
This small remembrance of a Father's thanks
For so assur'd a benefit.

Surg. Excuse me.

Leo. Sir, I can spare it, and must not believe
But that your Fortune may receive't, except
You'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.

Surg. I crave your pardon, Sir, you teach me Manners.

Leo. I crave your Love and Friendship, and require,
As I have made now both my self and business
A portion of your care, you will but bring me
Under the Person of a call'd Assistant
To his next opening, where I may but see him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me; for I am loth
Since here I have not to appear my self,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpose.

Surg. Neither
I hope will be your need, Sir; I shall bring you
Both there, and off again, without the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Philippo, and Leocadia.

Phi. Will you not hear me?

Leo. I have heard so much
Will keep me deaf for ever; no, *Marc Antonio*,
After thy Sentence, I may hear no more,
Thou hast pronounc'd me dead.

Phi. Appeal to Reason,

She

She will reprieve you from the power of Grief,
Which rules but in her absence; hear me say
A sovereign Message from her, which in Duty,
And Love to your own Safety, you ought hear:
Why do you strive so? Whither would you fly?
You cannot wrest your self away from Care,
You may from Counsel; you may shift your Place
But not your Person; and another Clime
Makes you no other.

Leo. Oh!

Pbi. For Passions sake,
(Which I do serve, honour, and love in you)
If you will sigh, sigh here; if you would vary
A Sigh to Tears, or Out-cry, do it here.
No Shade, no Desert, Darkness, nor the Grave
Shall be more equal to your Thoughts than I,
Only but hear me speak.

Leo. What would you say? (mine,

Pbi. That which shall raise your Heart, or pull down
Quiet your Passion, or provoke mine own;
We must have both one Balsome, or one Wound.
For know, lov'd Fair, since the first Providence
Made me your Rescue, I have read you through,
And with a wandering Pity look'd on you,
I have observ'd the method of your Blood,
And waited on it even with Sympathy
Of a like Red and Paleness in mine own;
I knew which Blush was Anger's, which was Love's,
Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth;
And could distinguish Honour from Disdain,
In every change, and you are worth my Study;
I saw your voluntary Misery
Sustain'd in Travel: A disguis'd Maid,
Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost,
Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by;
I saw it, and have laid it to my Heart,
And though it were my Sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off Nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to Triumph;
My care for you, so drown'd respect of her;

Not

Nor did I only apprehend your Bonds,
But studied your Release; and for that Day
Have I made up a Ransome, brought you a Health
Preservative 'gainst Chance, or Injury,
Please you apply it to the Grief; my self.

Leo. Humph.

Pbi. Nay, do not think me less than such a Cure,
Antonio was not; And 'tis possible
Philippo may succeed: My Blood and House
Are as deep rooted, and as fairly spread,
As *Marc Antonio's*, and in that all seek,
Fortune hath given him no Precedency:
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incense as much as he; I ever durst
Walk with *Antonio* by the self-same Light
At any Feast, or Triumph, and ne'er car'd
Which side my Lady or her Woman took
In their survey; I durst have told my Tale too,
Though his Discourse new ended.

Leo. My Repulse.

Pbi. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy,
Nor think that Conscience, Fair, which is no shame;
'Twas no Repulse, I was your Dowry rather:
For then methought a thousand Graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand Stories
Of constant Virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one Example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or disgrac'd,
After this suffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and business of those Powers,
Who, like best Tutors, do inflict hard Tasks
Upon great Natures, and of noblest Hopes;
Read trivial Lessons, and half lines to Slugs;
They that live long, and never feel Mischance,
Spend more than half their Age in Ignorance.

Leo. 'Tis well you think so.

Pbi. You shall think so too,
You shall, sweet *Leocadia*, and do so.

Leo. Good Sir, no more; you have too fair a Shape

To

To play so foul a Part in, as the Tempter:
 Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,
 Who should absolve me of my Vow yet; ha?
 My Contract made?

Pbi. Your Contract?

Leo. Yes, my Contract:
 Am I not his? His Wife?

Pbi. Sweet, nothing less.

Leo. I have no name then?

Pbi. Truly then you have not;
 How can you be his Wife, who was before
 Another's Husband?

Leo. Oh, though he dispence
 With his Faith given, I cannot with mine.

Pbi. You do mistake, clear Soul; his Precontract
 Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no Faith
 That ties you in Religion, or Humanity,
 You rather sin against that greater Precept,
 To covet what's another's; Sweet, you do,
 Believe me, who dare not urge dishonest things,
 Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
 Your dangers now into your Judgment's skale,
 And weigh them with your safeties: Think but whither
 Now you can go: What you can do to live:
 How near you ha' bar'd all Ports to your own Succour,
 Except this one that I here open, Love:
 Should you be left alone, you were a Prey
 To the wild Lust of any, who would look
 Upon this shape like a Temptation,
 And think you want the Man you personate,
 Would not regard this shift, which Love put on
 As Virtue forc'd, but covet it like Vice;
 So should you live the slander of each Sex,
 And be the Child of Error and of Shame,
 And which is worse, even *Marc Antony*
 Would be call'd just, to turn a Wanderer off,
 And Fame report you worthy his Contempt;
 Where if you make new Choice, and settle here,
 There is no further Tumult in this Flood,
 Each Current keeps his Course, and all Suspicions

Shall

Shall return Honours: Came you forth a Maid?
Go home a Wife: Alone? And in Disguise?
Go home a waited *Leocadia*:
Go home, and by the virtue of that Charm
Transform all Mischiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended Father's Wrath to Wonder,
And all his loud Grief to a silent Welcome:
Unfold the Riddles you have made; what say you?

Enter Zanchio carried, Alphonso, and Servants.

Now is the time; Delay is but Despair,
If you be chang'd, let a Kiss tell me so.

Leo. I am; but how, I rather feel than know.

Zanch. Come Sir; you are welcome now to *Barcelona*,
Take off my Hood.

Phi. Who be these? Stay, let's view 'em?

Alph. 'Twas a long Journey; are you not weary, Sir?

Zanch. Weary? I could have rid it in mine Armour.

Leo. Alas!

Phi. What ail you, Dear?

Leo. It is my Father.

Phi. Your Father? Which?

Leo. He that is carried: Oh

Let us make hence.

Phi. For Loves sake, good my Heart.

Leo. Into some House before he see me.

Phi. Dear,

Be not thus frightened.

Leo. Oh his Wrath is Tempest.

Phi. Sweet, take your Spirit to you, and stay; be't he,
He cannot know you in this Habit, and me
I'm sure he less knows, for he never saw me.

Alph. Ha? Who is that? My Son *Philippo*?

Phi. Sir.

Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this *Salamanca*?
And that your Study? ha? Nay stay him too,
We'll see him by his leave.

Ser. You must not strive, Sir.

Alph. No, no, come near.

Zanch. My Daughter: *Leocadia*?

Alph. How Sir, your Daughter?

Zanch.

Zanch. Yes Sir, and as sure
As that's your Son: Come hither: What now? run
Out o' your Sex? Breech'd? Was't not enough
At once to leave thy Father, and thine Honour,
Unless th' hadst quit thy self too?

Pbi. Sir, what fault
She can be urg'd of, I must take on me
The Guilt and Punishment.

Zanch. You must, Sir; how
If you shall not, though you must? I deal not
With Boys, Sir; Ay, you have a Father here
Shall do me right.

Alph. Thou art not mad, *Philippo*?
Art thou *Marc Antonio*? Son to *Leonardo*?
Our business is to them.

Zanch. No, no, no, no.
I'll ha' the business now, with you, none else,
Pray you let's speak in private: (carry me to him)
Your Son's the Ravisher Sir, and here I find him:
I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
And do me right, with your sword Sir, as becomes
One Gentleman of Honour to another;
All this is fair Sir, here's the Sea fast by,
Upon the Sands, we will determine,
'Tis that I call you to, let's make no Days on't,
I'll lead your way; to the Sea-side, Rascals.

Pbi. Sir,
I would beseech your stay, he may not follow you.

Zanch. No, turn, I'll kill him here then: Slaves,
Rogues, Blocks,
Why do you not bear me to him? Ha' you been
Acquainted with my Motions, Logs, so long,
And yet not know to time 'em?

Pbi. Were you, Sir,
Not impotent.

Alph. Hold you your peace, Boy.

Zanch. Impotent!

'Death, I'll cut his Throat first, and then his Father's.

Alph. You must provide you then a sharper Razor
Than is your Tongue, for I not fear your Sword.

Zanch.

Zanch. 'Heart bear me to either of 'em.

Pbi. Pray, Sir, your Patience.

Enter Governor and Attendants.

Alpb. My curse light on thee if thou stay him:

Pbi. Hold.

Gov. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen, what tumult
Is this you raise i'th' Street? before my Door?
Know you what 'tis to draw a Weapon here?

Zanch. Yes, and to use it (bear me up to him, Rogues)
Thus, at a Traitor's Heart.

Alpb. Truer than thine.

Gov. Strike, strike; some of the People disarm 'em,
Kill 'em if they resist.

Pbi. Nay generous Sir,
Let not your courtesie turn fury now.

Gov. Lay hold upon 'em, take away their Weapons,
I will be worth an answer, e'er we part.

Pbi. 'Tis the Governor, Sir.

Alpb. I yield my self. (tell me.

Zanch. My Sword? what think'st thou of me? pray thee

I Attend. As of a Gentleman.

Zanch. No more?

I Attend. Of Worth,
And Quality.

Zanch. And I should quit my Sword
There were small Worth or Quality in that, Friend;
Pray thee learn thou more Worth and Quality
Than to demand it.

Gov. Force it, I say.

I Attend. The Governor,
You hear, Commands.

Zanch. The Governor shall pardon me.

Pbi. How, *Leocadia* gone again? [Exit Phi]

Zanch. He shall, Friend,
I'th' point of Honour; by his leave, so tell him,
His Person and Authority I acknowledge,
And do submit me to it; but my Sword,
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen Governors;
That and I dwell together, and must yet,
'Till my Hands part, assure him.

V. O. L. V.

L

Gov.

Gov. I say, force it.

Zanch. Stay, hear me. Hast thou ever read *Caranza*?
Understand'st thou Honour, noble Governor?

Gov. For that we'll have more fit dispute.

Zanch. Your Name, Sir?

Gov. You shall know that too, but on colder terms,
Your Blood and Brain are now too hot to take it.

Zanch. Force my Sword from me? this is an Affront.

Gov. Bring 'em away.

Zanch. You'll do me reparation.

[*Exeunt*:

Enter Philippo.

Phi. I have for ever lost her, and am lost,
And worthily, my tameness hath undone me;
She's gone hence, asham'd of me, yet I seek her;
Will she be ever found to me again,
Whom she saw stand so poorly, and dare nothing
In her Defence here? when I should have drawn
This Sword out like a Meteor, and have shot it
In both our Parents Eyes, and left 'em blind
Unto their impotent Angers? Oh I am worthy,
On whom this loss and scorn should light to Death;
Without the pity that should wish me better,
Either alive, or in my Epitaph.

[*Exit*.

Enter Leonardo, and Marc Antonio.

Leo. Well, Son, your Father is too near himself,
And hath too much of Nature, to put off
Any Affection that belongs to you;
I could have only wish'd you had acquainted
Her Father, whom it equally concerns,
Though you'd presum'd on me; it might have open'd
An easier Gate, and Path to both our Joys:
For though I am none of those flinty Fathers
That when their Children do but natural things,
Turn Rock and Offence straight: Yet, *Marc Antonio*,
All are not of my quarry.

Marc. 'Tis my Fear, Sir;
And if hereafter I should e'er abuse
So great a Piety, it were my Malice.

Enter Attendants.

Atten. We must intreat you, Gentlemen, to take
Another

Another Room, the Governor is coming
Here, on some business.

Enter Governor, Zanchio, Alphonso, and Attendants.

Marc. We will give him way.

Zanch. I will have right, Sir, on you; that believe,
If there be any Marshals Court in *Spain*.

Gov. For that, Sir, we shall talk.

Zanch.——— Do not slight me,
Though I am without a Sword.

Gov. Keep to your Chair, Sir.

Zanch.---Let me fall, and hurl my Chair (Slaves) at him.

Gov. You are the more temper'd Man, Sir; let me intreat
Of you the manner how this Brawl fell out.

Alph. Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care much;
But here we came, Sir, to this Town together,
Both in one business, and one wrong, engag'd
To seek one *Leonardo*, an old *Genoese*,
I ha' said enough there; would you more? false Father
Of a false Son, call'd *Marc Antonio*,
Who had stole both our Daughters; and which Father
Conspiring with his Son in Treachery,
It seem'd, to flie our Satisfaction,
Was, as we heard, come private to this Town,
Here to take Ship for *Italy*,

Leo. You heard

More than was true then; by the Fear, or Falshood.
And though I thought not to reveal my self
(Pardon my Manners in't to you) for some
Important Reasons; yet being thus character'd
And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and do,
To who dares threaten.

Marc. I say he is not worthy
The Name of Man, or any honest Preface,
That dares report or credit such a slander.
Do you, Sir, say it?

Alph. I do say it.

Gov. Hold.

Is this your Father, Signior *Marc Antonio*?
You have ill requited me thus to conceal him
From him would honour him, and do him service.

*Love's Pilgrimage.**Enter Eugenia.**Leon.* 'Twas not his fault, Sir.*Eug.* Where's my Lord?*Gov.* Sweet-heart.

(thers

Eug. Know you these Gentlemen? they are all the Fa-
Unto our Friends.*Gov.* So it appears, my Dove.*Zanch.* Sir, I say nothing: I do want a Sword.
And 'till I have a Sword I will say nothing.*Eug.* Good Sir, command these Gentlemen their Arms,
Entreat 'em as your Friends, not as your Prisoners.
Where be their Swords?*Gov.* Restore each Man his Weapon.*Zanch.* It seems thou hast not read *Caranza*, Fellow,
I must have reparation of Honour,
As well as this: I find that wounded.*Gov.* Sir,I did not know your Quality, if I had,
'Tis like I should have done you more respects.*Zanch.* It is sufficient by *Caranza's* Rule.*Eug.* I know it is, Sir.*Zanch.* Have you read *Caranza*, Lady?*Eug.* If you mean him that writ upon the Duel,
He was my Kinsman.*Zanch.* Lady, then you know
By the right noble Writings of your Kinsman,
My Honour is as dear to me as the King's.*Eug.* 'Tis very true, Sir.*Zanch.* Therefore I must crave
Leave to go on now with my first dependance.*Eug.* What ha' you more?*Gov.* None here, good Signior.*Zanch.* I will refer me to *Caranza* still.*Eug.* Nay Love, I prithee let me manage this.
With whom is't, Sir?*Zanch.* With that false Man, *Alphonso*.*Eug.* Why he has th' advantage, Sir, in Legs.*Zanch.* But I

In Truth, in Hand and Heart, and a good Sword.

Eug. But how if he will not stand you, Sir?*Alpb.*

Alph. For that,
Make it no question Lady, I will stick
My Feet in Earth down by him, where he dare.

Zanch. O would thou wouldst.

Alph. I'll do't.

Zanch. Let me kiss him.
I fear thou wilt not yet.

Eug. Why Gentlemen,
If you'll proceed according to *Caranza*,
Methinks an easier way, were two good Chairs,
So you would be content, Sir, to be bound,
'Cause he is lame: I'll fit you with like Weapons,
Pistols and Ponyards, and ev'n end it. If
The difference between you be so mortal,
It cannot be ta'en up.

Zanch. Ta'en up? take off
This Head first.

Alph. Come, bind me in a Chair.

Eug. Yes, do.

Gov. What mean you, Dove?

Eug. Let me alone,
And set 'em at their distance; whan you ha' done
Lend me two Ponyards; I'll have Pistols ready
Quickly.

[Exit.

Enter Philipppo.

Pbi. She is not here. *Marc Antonio*,
Saw you not *Leocadia*?

Marc. Not I, Brother.

(her.

Pbi. Brother, let's speak with you; you were false unto
Marc. I was, but have ask'd Pardon: Why do you urge it?

Pbi. You were not worthy of her.

Marc. May be I was not;
But 'tis not well, you tell me so.

Pbi. My Sister
Is not so fair.

Marc. It skills not.

Pbi. Nor so virtuous.

Marc. Yes, she must be as virtuous.

Pbi. I would fain ———

Marc. What, Brother?

Phi. Strike you.

Marc. I shall not bear Strokes,
Though I do these strange Words.

Phi. Will you not kill me?

Marc. For what, good Bother?

Phi. Why, for speaking well
Of *Leocadia*.

Marc. No indeed.

Phi. Nor ill
Of *Theodosia*?

*Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodosia, and one with
two Pistols.*

Marc. Neither.

Phi. Fare you well then.

Eug. Nay, you shall have as noble Seconds too
As ever Duelists had; give 'em their Weapons:

Now *St. Jago*.

Zanch. Are they charg'd?

Eug. Charg'd, Sir?

I warrant you.

Alph. Would they were well discharg'd.

Zanch. I like a Sword much better, I confess.

Eug. Nay, wherefore stay you? Shall I mend your Mark?
Strike one another through these?

Phi. My Love.

Alph. My *Theodosia*.

Zanch. I ha' not the Heart.

Alph. Nor I.

Eug. Why here is a Dependance ended.
Unbind that Gentleman; come take here to you
Your Sons and Daughters, and be Friends. A Feast
Waits you within, is better than your Fray:
Lovers, take you your own, and all forbear,
Under my Roof, either to blush or fear.
My Love, what say you? Could *Caranza* himself
Carry a Business better?

Gov. It is well:

All are content I hope, and we well eas'd,
If they for whom we have done all this be pleas'd.

[Exeunt omnes.]

